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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Owing to lack of space, "The Bookman's Letter-Box" is unavoidably omitted in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, but will appear in the May issue as usual.

❀

A new department called "The Book Hunter" begins in this number of THE BOOKMAN. It is our purpose to make this department one of interest and value, not only to collectors of first editions and rare books, but also to the uninitiated. It will be in the charge of a thoroughly competent and efficient bibliographer.

❀

The announcement is made in London that Mr. George Moore has completed a new novel which will be published this spring. Its title, as was previously noted in these columns, is *Evelyn Innes*. Nothing is yet known of its plot or general character, but it is certain to be a very careful piece of work, as Mr. Moore has devoted to its production all his time since the appearance of *Celibates* three years ago. We understand that it will be published here by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

❀

Professor Brander Matthews has completed a novel of New York life which the Harpers will publish serially in the *Bazar*, beginning in January next. The title is *A Confident To-morrow*, and was suggested by a phrase of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who once described himself as "a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." Colonel Higginson used the first part of this phrase as a title for one of his own books, and presented the other half to Professor Matthews, who has now made use of it. *Cheerful Yesterdays* will be published at once by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The chapters of this book as they appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* attracted a good deal of attention in England as well as in this country.

❀

Benjamin Swift's new novel, *The Destroyer*, is now in the press. Mr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Zangwill are both of the opinion that it will place him where he belongs, among the foremost of our new writers. A friend who has read the last chapter says that in spite of the title of ill-omen the story ends happily. The closing scene takes place in the Cathedral at Milan, and the book is said to be as fine a piece of literature as has been written during recent years. Benjamin Swift left for Florence some weeks ago.

❀

Ever since Mark Twain called attention to the unique beauties of the German language, those beauties have received a wide recognition even among persons who have no first-hand familiarity with the language. But Mark, unfortunately, confined himself chiefly to German inflection. If anyone wishes to study the possibilities of German in the line of syntax and style, he can discover many sources of pure delight almost every day in the columns of our influential contemporary, the *Staats Zeitung*. It is difficult to make a selection when so much richness is everywhere abounding; but we venture to cull out two particularly choice bits that have lately come to our notice, and of which the literal translation here given

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will enable even the person who has no German to gain a good idea of the sinuosities of that language. The first relates to Mr. Gladstone's physical condition :

"As the *St. James Gazette* hears, will himself Gladstone presently to a surgical operation for the relief of the necrosis of the nasal bone, from which he according to the report of a specialist suffers, caused, almost unendurable pain submit."

The second has to do with the gruesome Guldensuppe murder :

"Still are the horrible details of the upon the German bathrubber Guldensuppe committed murder in fresh remembrance, with terror thinks one still to the trial back, in which itself a ghastly picture of human abandonment, before the eyes of the world unrolled, still live Thorn, the perpetrator, and Mrs. Nack, the instigator of one of the most shocking crimes, which the criminal history of our time to show has, and already again traverses the news of a mysterious, involuntarily of the discovery of the remains of the victim of the midwife, reminding corpse-find the city."

❀

The continued vogue of *Quo Vadis* lends especial interest to an announcement just made by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It will be remembered that the central figure of *Quo Vadis* is Petronius, an historical character, who combined the attributes of Beau Brummel, the Admirable Crichton, and the Duc de Lauzun, being at once a gallant soldier, an athlete, a brilliant writer, a refined voluptuary, a thoroughly accomplished man of the world, and an arbiter of fashion. *Quo Vadis* several times refers to a novel written by Petronius, and a good deal of curiosity has been expressed of late by readers of Sienkiewicz as to this book, which has hitherto remained practically untranslated into English, although an imperfect version of it was made by Kelly in 1854. This has long since been out of print. The novel itself, of which the whole has not been preserved, is the only surviving specimen of the realistic novel in antiquity, and it is an extremely curious piece of work in that it gives us what no other ancient book contains, a minute and faithful picture of the life of the lower classes at Rome and in the smaller towns of ancient Italy. Its pages are crammed with epigram and clever conversation, and the characters are presented with wonderful truth to life, including as they do every possible type of humanity—slaves, sharpers, literary men, professional diners-out, men of the world, *nouveaux riches*, bustling matrons, dancing-girls, and courtesans—so that the story has for generations been a mine of information to the student of Roman life and manners.

❀

The most important portion of the book, and the only one that forms a complete episode in itself, will presently be published, in an English version, by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The translation will be made by Professor Harry Thurston Peck, and will be done with much idiomatic freedom, so as to bring out the remarkably realistic features of the original, with all its jokes, colloquialisms, and slang represented by suitable modern equivalents. Professor Peck will also write an introduction, giving an account of the strange history of the recovery of such portions of the book as now exist, and with a sketch of the ancient novel, that will point out some curious coincidences between the work of Petronius and the realistic and naturalistic fiction of the modern French school. A bibliography will also be included to guide the reader to such works as give the best account of the social conditions which Petronius so graphically depicts. The translation will be published under the title *Trimalchio's Dinner*. The book will be liberally supplied with fine illustrations, reproduced from ancient originals and authoritative restorations, and these will throw additional light upon the matters that are treated in the text.

❀

The Robert Clarke Company, of Cincinnati, will publish shortly *The True History of the Missouri Compromise and its Repeal*, by Mrs. Archibald Dixon ; *An Introduction to North American Archæology*, by Professor Cyrus Thomas, and *The Philopolist, or City Lover*, by Charles Frederic Goss.

❀

The Dictionary of Authors, by Charles Gidel and Frédéric Loliée, which has been in preparation for a long time past, has at last been issued by MM. Colin et Cie. The book is, on the whole, very satisfactory and complete, though it is spoiled by the absurd illustrations which in France usually disfigure such works. The notices of contemporary foreign writers are somewhat erratic, but it is

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certainly pleasant to find that so many English writers of the present day are thought worthy of a place in such a book. Mr. Robert Buchanan ought to be particularly flattered, for there is quite an extended notice of his work, though no mention is made of George Macdonald, Thomas Hardy, or Rudyard Kipling.

❀

The title of Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar's volume of short stories will be *Folks from Dixie*. Mr. Dunbar's *Lyrics of Lowly Life* is now in its sixth thousand.

❀

The title of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's new novel, *American Wives and English Husbands* (which has been changed for the third time), might reasonably lead one to expect a disquisition on the general theory of international marriages. Interesting as this topic must ever be so long as an American fortune of sufficient magnitude is considered a fair equivalent for a foreign title, the clever novelist has used it merely as a foundation upon which to build one of the most interesting romances that has yet come from her pen. It goes without saying that the heroine is an American, and that she marries an English nobleman, but she is by no means a great heiress. The marriage is one of love, and the result of a friendship formed in childhood. In this story Mrs. Atherton depicts a well-defined and easily recognised type of warm-hearted, loyal, impulsive, unconventional womanhood, but withal high-bred, and possessing the faculty of readily adapting herself to new conditions and environment. Mrs. Atherton has given her subject careful and sympathetic treatment, and the English and American points of view are set forth with impartial fairness. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish the book this month.

❀

The note of congratulation addressed to Mr. George Meredith on his seventieth birthday was written by Mr. Leslie Stephen, but it is understood that the arrangements for signature were mainly left to Mr. Edmund Gosse. There has naturally been some complaint as to the choice of signatories. A correspondent in the London *Daily Chronicle* complained reasonably enough because Mr. Meredith's staunch advocate in the press, Mr. W. E. Henley, was left out. The *Chronicle* itself complains of the omission of Mr. Edward Clodd's name. Mr. Clodd has long been one of Mr. Meredith's most intimate and nearest friends. The name of Mr. William M. Rossetti should also have been on the list of signatures. Mr. Rossetti was really the first to recognise Mr. Meredith's genius. It was he who in the *Critic* (London), so long ago as 1851, called attention to that "very charming, rhythmical, and melodious poem, 'Love in a Valley.'" But if some names were omitted that might have found a place among old friends and supporters of Mr. Meredith, it is to be remembered that no blame attaches to any one, as Mr. Meredith's admirers are legion.

❀

Mr. Meredith is as bright as ever in his conversation. It is known that for purely private reasons Mr. Theodore Watts, the eminent critic and poet, lately added Dunton to his name, becoming Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. This excited some speculation, and Mr. Meredith's solution of the mystery was that as Mr. Watts was about to publish a book of poems, he was afraid that he might be confounded by posterity with good old Dr. Isaac Watts.

❀

The many admirers of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton will be glad to know that he has definitely decided to publish his novel, *Aylwin*, which has been in type for more than twenty years. As the novel deals largely with gipsy life, of which Mr. Watts-Dunton has unique knowledge, the book will be looked for with exceptional interest.

❀

We understand that the Messrs. Harmsworth, in London, are considering a scheme which, if carried out, will mean a revolution in magazines. They think of fixing the price of their new periodical, the *London Magazine*, at threepence, the contents in quality and quantity to be equal to the *Strand*, *Pearson's*, the *Windsor*, etc. It is thought that half a million may be sold.

❀

The title of the new novel upon which Sir Walter Besant is at present engaged

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is *The Orange Girl*. The scene of the story is laid in the last century, a period which has formed the background of some of Sir Walter's best work. *The Orange Girl* will of course be published serially in this country, in England, and in Australia, prior to its publication in book form. In London it will first see the light in one of the more prominent illustrated weeklies.

❀

Mr. H. G. Wells's next scientific romance will appear in the *Graphic* in England and in *Harper's Weekly* in this country. Directly the book is finished, Mr. Wells intends leaving for Italy, where he will join Mr. Gissing for a couple of months' holiday. On his return, Mr. Wells will probably take up the character novel on which he has been working intermittently for the last eighteen months. It is entitled *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, and will be in the vein of *The Wheels of Chance*.

❀

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new book will be a volume of essays somewhat in the style of his *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*. We believe that *Idle Thoughts* was, and still is, the most popular book that Mr. Jerome has ever written.

❀

The title of the new story which Mr. S. R. Crockett has written for publication in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, to commence after the conclusion of Mr. Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*, is *The Silver Skull*. We understand that the "Silver Skull" is the crest of a great Italian family, with some of the members of which the story deals. Mr. A. E. Keet, formerly editor of the *Forum*, has recently undertaken the management of this first-class magazine in America, and is pushing several plans to extend its popularity in this country.

❀

Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel, *A Woman of Kronstadt*, seems to be attracting an unusual amount of attention as it runs its serial course in *Munsey's Magazine*. Mr. Pemberton has already been approached in several quarters with reference to a dramatisation of the story, and there is little doubt that a play based upon the novel will be seen in due course either on the London or American stage or both.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has laid aside novel-writing for the present, and is at work on a play which has been ordered by a well-known manager in London.

❀

An adaptation which Mr. A. E. W. Mason has made of his striking story entitled *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler* was recently produced in a London suburban theatre. The play deals cleverly with a woman's revenge, but has certain touches of amateurishness in it which entail for its complete appreciation a previous knowledge of the book. It is so admirably written, however, one hopes that reconstruction is not too late. Mr. Mason was an actor at one time, so that it has not been necessary for him to place his book in the hands of a playwright. Some slight assistance he received from Miss Bateman, under whose management he served his brief histrionic career. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company recently published a new novel of adventure by him entitled *Lawrence Clavering*, the story of a gallant young Jacobite gentleman and a charming and intrepid young Jacobite maiden, the period being that of the disastrous uprising in 1715. This historical romance has received high praise and acute criticism, and reviewers feel evidently that Mr. Mason is a new writer from whom much may be expected. *Literature* says that "the most enthusiastic devotee of Scott can read *Lawrence Clavering* with enjoyment;" adding, "Mr. Mason is, of course, not a Sir Walter. If he could produce some thirty stories as good as *Lawrence Clavering*, he might claim a nearer comparison. We miss, too, the broad, clear touch. . . . But there are scenes of singular power. . . . The whole story is, it seems to us, conceived in the best vein of historical romance."

❀

Mrs. Humphry Ward has prepared a small book on Christian education, partly made up of an article which appeared some time ago in one of the reviews, and including a long preface especially written for this little volume, which will be published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company.

❀

It is not generally known that the author of that remarkable work; *As Others*

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Saw Him, which was published fully two years ago by Mr. Heinemann in England and by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company here, is Mr. Joseph Jacobs, whose scholarly volume of *Literary Studies* (reprinted from the *Athenæum*, to which he is one of the principal contributors) attracted so much attention three years ago. Some American publisher ought to put his imprint on this worthy little volume of essays.

❀

Mrs. Everard Cotes ("Sara Jeannette Duncan") has, we hear, left her duties on the Calcutta *Indian Daily News*, and is expected in England some time in the early part of this month. She is to bring the manuscript of a new novel with her. Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have just published a sequel to the interesting experiences of her *American Girl in London*, entitled *A Voyage of Consolation*.

❀

"Ada Cambridge's" new novel, to which she has given the title of *Mater Familias*, will be published shortly in book form by Messrs. Appleton and Company.

❀

Mr. J. M. Barrie is making steady progress with the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*, but it is not yet quite certain that it will be commenced in *Scribner's* for January, 1899, as was originally proposed.

❀

The book of fiction by Ian Maclaren, which we announced in our last number as being in preparation, will consist of a series of stories of self-sacrifice, some of which, it will be remembered, appeared in *McClure's Magazine* about two years ago. "Afterward" was the first of these, and was made the subject of a memorable paper by Mrs. Phelps-Ward, the author of *A Singular Life*. The stories are not all written yet, but the book is expected to be ready for publication in the autumn.

❀

The wildest and most extravagantly untrue statements have appeared, especially in this country, as to the story of Mr. Ruskin's married life. There exists a letter which will probably be printed when the time comes giving the whole story from Mr. Ruskin's point of view. In the meantime we may reprint a letter which has been strangely overlooked, though already published, by Mr. Ruskin to Miss Mitford:

KESWICK, CUMBERLAND, GOOD FRIDAY, 1853.

MY DEAR MISS MITFORD: The pain of deep self-reproach was mixed with the delight which your letter gave me yesterday. Two months back I was each day on the point of writing to ask for your sympathy—the kindest and keenest sympathy that, I think, ever filled the breadth and depth of an unselfish heart. But my purpose was variously stayed, chiefly, as I remember, by the events on the Continent, fraught to me with very deep disappointment, and casting me into a depression and fever of spirit which, joined with some other circumstances nearer home, have, until now that I am resting with my kind wife among these quiet hills, denied me the heart to write cheerfully to those very dear friends to whom I would fain never write sadly. And now your letter comes with all its sweetness and all its sting. My very dear lady, believe me, I am deeply gratified for your goodness, in a state of wonderment at its continuance to me—cold and unthankful as I have seemed—and I earnestly hope that in future it may not so frequently have to take the form of forgiveness, nor my sense of it that of remorse.

Nor did I shrink more from the silent blame than from the painful news of your letter, though I conjecture that your escape, though narrow, was complete—you say nothing of any hurt received. I hate ponies and everything four-legged, except an ass colt and an arm-chair. But you are better and the spring is come, and I hope, for I am sure you will allow me, to bring my young wife to be rejoiced (under the shadow of her new and grievous lot) by your kind comforting. But pray keep her out of your garden, or she will certainly lose her wits with pure delight or perhaps insist on staying with you and letting me find my way through the world by myself, a task which I should not *now* like to undertake. I should be very, very happy just now but for these wild storm-clouds bursting on my dear Italy and my fair France, my occupation gone, and all my earthly treasures (except the one I have just acquired and the everlasting Alps) perilled amid the "tumult of the people," the "imagining of vain things." Oh, my dear Miss Mitford, see what your favourite "Bérangers" and "Gerald Griffins" do! But these are thoughts as selfish as they are narrow. I begin to feel that all the work I have been doing, and all the loves I have been cherishing, are ineffective and frivolous; that these are not times for watching clouds or dreaming over quiet waters, that more serious work is to be done, and that the time for endurance has come rather than for meditation, and for hope rather than for happiness. Happy those whose hope, without this severe and tearful rending away of all the props and stability of earthly enjoyments, has been fixed "where the wicked cease from troubling." Mine was not; it was based on "those pillars of the earth" which are "astonished at His reproof."

I have, however, passed this week very happily here. We have a good clergyman, Mr. Myers, and I am recovering trust and tranquil-

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lity, though I had been wiser to have come to your fair English pastures and flowering meadows, rather than to these moorlands, for they make me feel too painfully the splendour, not to be in any wise resembled or replaced, of those mighty scenes, which I can reach no more—at least for a time. I am thinking, however, of a tour among our English abbeys—a feature which our country possesses of peculiar loveliness. As for our mountains or lakes, it is in vain that they are defended for their finish or their prettiness. The people who admire them after Switzerland do not understand Switzerland—even Wordsworth does not. Our mountains are mere bogs and lumps of spongey moorland; and our lakes are little swampy fish-ponds. It is curious I can take more pleasure in the chalk downs of Sussex, which pretend to nothing, than in these would-be hills, and I believe I shall have more pleasure in your pretty lowland scenery and richly-painted gardens than in all the pseudo sublime of the barren highland, except Killiecrankie. I went and knelt beside the stone that marks the spot of Claver's deathwound, and prayed for more such spirits—we need them now.

My wife begs me to return her sincere thanks for your kind message, and to express to you the delight with which she looks forward to being presented to you—remembering what I told her among some of my first pleadings with her that, whatever faults she might discover in her husband, he could at least promise her friends, whom she would have every cause to love and to honour. She needs them, but I think also deserves them.

Ever, my dear Miss Mitford, believe me,
Faithfully and affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

P. S.—I ought to tell you that we have sent cards to *no one*, or most certainly this formality would not have been omitted with Miss Mitford.

❀

Mr. W. L. Alden, in his London Letter to the New York *Times Saturday Review* of March 5th, writes enthusiastically of Mr. Neil Munro's *John Splendid*, which is running serially in THE BOOKMAN. "There is a new man," he says. "He is a Scotchman, and yet he does not write of 'meenisters' nor chronicle the small beer—or should one say whiskey?—of the kail-yard. His name is Neil Munro, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, he has a future before him." Mr. Alden goes on to say that we have the measure of every writer now before the public, "with, of course, the exception of Mr. Kipling, who may at any time astonish us with a new success in a field totally different from any that he has yet cultivated." George Meredith, George Moore, Thomas Hardy—not one of these may be said to be a man of promise; they are men of performance. Their work has revealed their full capabilities; they may write great books, but they will write nothing that will increase our estimate of them. "But here comes Mr. Munro, with a romance of the days of Montrose, and he at once fills us with curiosity and hope. If the first chapters of his serial *John Splendid* maintain their promise, we have at last a Scotch romance-writer who is worthy of the land of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson. I am not often enthusiastic, but Mr. Munro's story came to me as a surprise, and the sharpness of the contrast between its breezy atmosphere and its manly vigour and the sentimental rubbish of the average kail-yard novel filled me with admiration. Of course, Mr. Munro, who, I believe, is a Scotch Highlander, may prove a disappointment, but if he does not prove to be the legitimate successor of Stevenson, I shall be surprised as well as disappointed."

❀

The Fight for the Crown, just published by the Harpers, is a title that boys and all spirited persons will open their purses for. Let them be warned. The most frivolous reader will find a blue-book entrancing by comparison. Mr. Norris's part in such a dreary performance is perfectly inexplicable. It is a conscientious and respectable book, of course, but from him one expects something better than that.

❀

Mr. W. E. Norris is a novelist whose works have given a great deal of pleasure in their day, and after visiting him in his home one can better understand the secret of their charm. The healthy, open-air life which he leads within sound and sight of the sea is felt through all his writing. From his study window he looks out on one of the most beautiful scenes in England. Mr. Norris occupies one of the most charming houses in Torquay, and has for near literary neighbours Mr. Quiller-Couch, at Fowey, and Mr. Baring-Gould, at Lew Trenchard. In Torquay, as Mr. Norris reminded his visitor, one may live two different lives. There is the life of the town, and the life of the hills where it is always fresh and pleasant. Mr. Norris does not think he could stay the whole year round in Torquay, and finds his best holiday in an occasional visit to

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Paris. He likes French literature and French people, and enjoys the thorough change from English provincial life. No books that deal with the county of Devon, he says, give a truer picture than those of Charles Kingsley and R. D. Blackmore, and Mr. Norris's opinion ought to be worth something, as he is a Devonshire man himself. Mr. Norris began his literary career about twenty-four years ago by writing for the *Cornhill*. Mr. Leslie Stephen was the editor at that time, and encouraged him to go on writing; then the short stories, which appeared in the magazine, were afterward published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company. He writes on an average one novel a year, and employs a secretary to copy out his manuscripts, but does not dictate his work. "If I were beginning again," he remarked, "I think I should use the typewriter."

W. E. NORRIS.

❀

By the way, we wonder why Mr. Norris has never laid the scene of one of his novels in Brixham, one of the most curious of the quaint little towns of Devon, which lies on the other side of the bay, opposite Mr. Norris's home. Nobody is better acquainted with the charms of that Old World harbour, from which, year after year, he has watched the brown-sailed trawlers creeping out and in. Brixham, with its narrow, winding streets, its noisy quay, its high, irregular terraces, its queer statue of King William III., turning a fierce and truculent face to the town, and, strangest of all, its cavern full of primeval relics, must inspire every novelist who visits it. Let us hope that Mr. Norris may yet make the shores of Torbay a "delectable duchy" of his own.

❀

Mr. Henry James, the novelist, has purchased a house in the picturesque English town of Rye, where he intends to spend the rest of his days.

❀

Before the end of the month Messrs. Copeland and Day will publish *Songs from the Ghetto* in the original Yiddish (in German transcription) of the tailor-poet Morris Rosenfeld, with an English prose translation by Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard University. In half a century Yiddish poetry has evolved in Russia from the simple popular songs of Michael Gordon to the elaborate verses of the Russian poet, Frug, which are of sufficient intrinsic value to deserve a wider circulation. But it has been left to the New York Ghetto to set the crown on this humble literature. In the mother-country the Muse is distinctively Jewish, and the ram's horn which is blown on the awful Atonement-day is the instrument she plays upon; in New York, the poet's long, sad experience in the sweatshop has widened his repertoire, so as to include songs of labour. He has overcome the difficulty of creating his own literary norm for the otherwise

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uncouth dialect in which German, Hebrew, and Russian elements jostle each other, and he sings with remarkable sweetness and perfect technique. He strikes powerful tones on the keyboard of human sympathies, now speaking in a voice of thunder, now mingling his tears with the tears of the submerged, of whom he sings. We are permitted to quote a short poem from the forthcoming book.

WUHIN?

ZU A MAEDELE.

Wuhin, wuhin, du schoenes Kind?
Die Welt is noch nit offen!
O seh', wie still dā is arum:
Var Tāg—die Gassen stēhen stumm—
Wuhin, wuhin asō geschwind?
Jetzt is doch gut zu schlāfen!
Die Blumen träumen doch noch,—sehst?
Es schweigt noch jedes Vōgelnest.
Wuhin fort treibt es dich azünd,
Wu läufst du, sāg', beginnen?
"Ich gēh' verdienen."

Wuhin, wuhin, du schoenes Kind?
Sō spät bei Nacht spazieren?
Allein durch Finsterniss un Kält'!
Un Alles ruht; es schweigt die Welt,—
Wuhin fort trāgt es dich der Wind?
Du west doch noch verirren! . . .
Kaum hāt der Tāg dir nit gelacht,
Wās kann dir helfen denn die Nacht?
Sie is doch stumm un taub un blind,—
Wuhin mit leichten Sinnen?
"Ich gēh' verdienen."

WHITHER?

TO A GIRL.

Whither, whither, pretty child? The world is not yet open! Oh, see, how quiet all is about us; 'tis before daybreak, the streets are mute—whither, whither with quick step? 'Tis good to sleep now: you see—the flowers are still a-dreaming; every bird's nest is still silent—whither, then, are you carried now, and what to do? "To earn a living."

Whither, whither, you pretty child? So late at night a-walking? Alone through darkness and cold! And all is at rest, the world is silent—whither, then, does the wind carry you? You will yet lose your way! . . . Scarcely has day smiled on you, how can the night, pray, help you? For it is mute and deaf and blind—whither, with easy mind? "To earn a living."

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day announce the fifth thousand of *Free to Serve*, by E. Rayner. *Free to Serve* is a first book, and was published just before Christmas.

❀

Mr. Clement Shorter's *Victorian Literature*, which was published recently by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, has gone into a second edition in England. It is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the best compendiums we have had of the literature of the Victorian era.

❀

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman has recently written a short story for publication in the next Christmas number of the *Queen*.

❀

The Little White Hood is the title of a novel upon which Mrs. Coulson Kernahan is now at work. It may be expected not very long after the issue of her new book, *Trewennet of Guy's*, which is to be the first publication of Mr. John Long, a new accession to the publishing craft in London.

❀

Mr. Walter Raymond has finished his new novel, which he calls *The Men of Mendip*. It will run through *Longman's Magazine* this summer, and be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company in the autumn. It is a modern story, and, perhaps, the most graceful and finished book which this promising writer has yet given us.

❀

An error into which many readers fall, and which the reviewer of *Varia*, Miss Repplier's latest book of essays, did not escape in the February BOOKMAN, is that the author of the charming essays, which have continued for some years to attract by their wit and style, is a dweller in New England and of Puritan stock. Nothing could be further from the mark. She has always lived in the Quaker City, her parents were of French extraction, which probably accounts for her vein of vivacity, and she is an adherent of the Roman Catholic faith, in which she was reared. Miss Repplier, far from being a young prodigy, persisted in refusing to learn to read, and at the age of nine presented a case of hopeless illiteracy to a friend of the household, who pronounced her "plainly deficient," and gave her education up in despair. But at eleven Miss Agnes thought better of it, was sent to a convent school, and remained there three years. Perhaps because of the memories of her own childhood, one of her most pleasant characteristics is her sympathetic interest in children, and she is an advocate, born of her own experience, of growth

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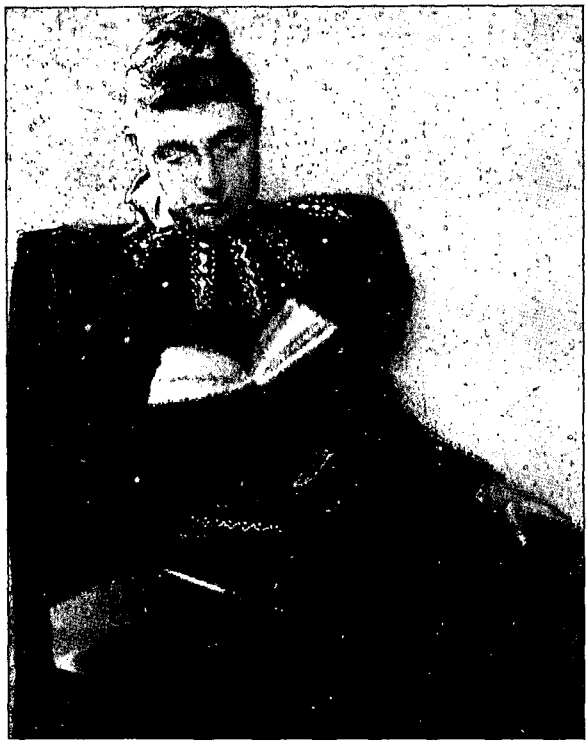
by unconscious assimilation. She began very early to write sketches, essays, stories, poems, which found their way into the newspapers and into the *Catholic World*. Then followed her introduction to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has printed some of her finest essays, and their subsequent publication in delightful little volumes by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. She does most of her writing in the morning, and only when she is able to work with pleasure, imperfect sight forbidding long hours of labour. For some years past Miss Repplier has lived partly in Europe. The photograph from which the accompanying portrait is taken was recently made by Miss Mathilde Weil of Philadelphia.



Sincerely yours
Agnes Repplier

❀

The "Tompkins Poems," which created some stir while appearing in the London *Daily Chronicle*, are to be published shortly by Mr. John Lane. They will include nearly all Mr. Barry Pain's poems which have appeared in that paper, whether under the signature of the philosophic costermonger or anonymously.

❀

Tommy Atkins in the person of Mr. Edgar Wallace, a private soldier, greeted Mr. Rudyard Kipling on his arrival at the Cape with a set of verses after his own manner. They appeared in the *Cape Times*, from which we quote the following three stanzas :

"You 'ave met us in the tropics, you 'ave met us in the snows ;
But mostly in the Punjab an' the 'Ills.
You 'ave seen us in Mauritius, where the naughty cyclone blows,
You 'ave met us underneath a sun that kills,
An' we grills !
An' I ask you, do we fill the bloomin' bills ?

* * * * * *

"But you're *our* particular author, you're our patron an' our friend,
You're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear,
You're the poet of the people, where the red-mapped lands extend,
You're the poet of the jungle an' the lair,
An' compare,
To the ever-speaking voice of everywhere !

* * * * * *

"There are poets what can please you with their primrose vi'let lays,
There are poets wot can drive a man to drink ;
But it takes a 'pukka' poet, in a Patriotic Craze,
To make a chortlin' nation squirm an' shrink,
Gasp an' blink :
An' 'eedless, thoughtless people stop and think !"

❀

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who has been delving in the romantic past of old France, is now busily engaged on a novel touching the fruitful epoch of Francis I. This writer's book upon the dungeons of Paris has enjoyed much

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WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

success in England, and is still finding an increasing audience.

❀

Mr. Herbert Ward, whose work upon the Upper Congo is practically a standard book, intends shortly to publish a collection of stories telling of the strange life of several races which are almost unknown to us, and illustrated by himself. Mr. Ward has visited people of the Congo among whom no other white man has ever set foot, and he has witnessed scenes there of which, he says, no one could speak or write.

❀

A readable *pot-pourri* of interesting material has been thrown together in a volume of *Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story* by Mary E. Phillips, and published by Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company. No book with Story's personality behind it could fail to have a certain charm for the reader. The above portrait is herewith reproduced by permission of the publishers from the frontispiece to the book, which is reviewed on another page.

❀

Mr. Joseph Conrad's stirring and clever sea story, *The Children of the Sea*, or, as it is called in England, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, is still meeting with generous appreciation from brother-authors in England. Mr. H. G. Wells recently spoke in very commendatory terms of it, and now Mr. Quiller-Couch in his *Pall Mall Magazine causerie* endorses it with enthusiasm. He writes :

"Had I to award a prize among the novels of the past season, it should go to Mr. Joseph Conrad's *Nigger of the "Narcissus."* Mr. Conrad has something of Mr. Crane's insistence ; he grips a situation, an incident, much as Mr. Browning's Italian wished to grasp Metternich ; he squeezes emotion and colour out of it to the last drop, after a fashion of which I believe Carlyle was the first discoverer. He is ferociously vivid ; he knows the life he is writing about, and flings his knowledge at the reader in the truculent fashion we are all growing accustomed to. But he knows the inside of his seamen, too : he is no mere counter of buttons. And by consequence the crew of the *Narcissus* are the most plausibly lifelike set of rascals that ever sailed through the pages of fiction.

❀

A volume of West Indian tales, entitled *Where the Trade Wind Blows*, has just been published by the Macmillan Company, which will well repay the reader attracted to its contents. The author, Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, is already well known through her stories for children, among which, perhaps, the most popular is *Among the Lighthouses*. This book was founded upon actual experience gained while her husband, Captain Crowninshield, was Inspector of Lighthouses, and later while he was in command of one of our training ships. Captain Crowninshield has had an adventurous life in the Navy, in which branch of the service his family have distinguished themselves, two of his ancestors having filled the office of Secretary of the Navy. Only recently he resigned the command of the

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MRS. SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD.

Maine to take charge of the Bureau of Navigation at Washington. It was after his resignation that Captain Sigsbee took command of the ill-fated ship. In following the fortunes of her husband Mrs. Crowninshield has found material for many charming stories and sketches. Her imaginative power and artistic temperament have entered a new field, and have brought the West Indian from the land "where the trade wind blows" to our very door, so that we can realise his character as it has not been realised before in fiction. Mrs. Crowninshield has also a gift for poetry, and is a composer of considerable merit. Several of her songs, notably "There is a Land," being well known in this country and in England. Her home is at present in Washington, but much of her time is divided between residence in New York and Boston. She comes of Colonial and Dutch ancestry, and is a direct descendant of Governor William Bradford of the Plymouth Colony.

❀

Mr. R. H. Russell has made a *Pinero Birthday Book* with quotations for each day of the year from the plays of this author. Mr. Pinero's work is so studded with epigram and sententious wisdom, that the lover of his plays as well as the reader will be grateful for this little book. Mr. Russell also promises us a beautifully illustrated volume by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith on *Venice of To-Day*, and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's delightful child's story, *Two Prisoners*, with a frontispiece in photogravure by Kemble. Mr. Russell's announcements are numerous, and we advise the reader to write for his new spring catalogue—a thing of beauty—and consult it for themselves.

❀

Mr. George Gissing, whose new novel, *The Whirlpool*, has just been published by the F. A. Stokes Company, paid a visit recently to his friend Mr. Harold Frederic in the vicinity of a London suburb. As the train was just starting to bear Mr. Gissing homeward again, Mr. Frederic "pressed the button"—and the picture given below is the result.

❀

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have in the press an authorised translation of Tolstoy's characteristic essay in ethical criticism entitled *What is Art?* The translation has been made by Aylmer Maude. Another valuable translation which the same firm has in preparation is Brunetière's *Manual of the History of French Literature*. The work is brought down to the year 1875, including the epoch of Naturalism. There will be several portraits in the book. The Messrs. Crowell will also publish the seventh volume of Heinrich von Sybel's *Founding of the German Empire by William I.* The translation is by

GEORGE GISSING.

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DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.
From a painting by himself.

Hélène S. White. This volume completes the set, and brings the story of the Empire down to the Franco-Prussian War. Dean Farrar's *Men I Have Known*, published at Christmas by this firm, is now in its fourth thousand.

❀

Last month we had occasion to notice a new biography of Christina Rossetti, and in this number there is a review of *Dante G. Rossetti's Letters to William Allingham*, published by the F. A. Stokes Company. The portrait of Rossetti from his own painting is given above, through the courtesy of Mr. John Lane.

❀

We have received the following letter in reference to the articles which have appeared in recent numbers of THE BOOKMAN on a Hundred Books for a Village Library:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIRS: In a letter to THE BOOKMAN, published in the January number, in regard to the choice of books for a village library, I notice this statement by a librarian of experience, "Poetry is never taken out." To exclude works of the standard poets from the list of books for any public library, however small, would, in my opinion, be a great mistake. I have formed this conclusion from my own experience as librarian for more than six years in a village of less than six hundred inhabitants. Since the study of English has occupied a more prominent place in the curriculum of even the smallest of our schools, the demand for poetical works has steadily increased among the children, but, aside from that, the number of books of poetry taken out by the older subscribers compares well with the number taken

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out in the other classes, excluding fiction of course.

As you see, my experience has led me to an opinion contrary to that of the writer of the letter to which I have already referred, but I trust as mine is formed by close observation of the wants of the people in one small village, it will have weight with any book committee about to purchase books for a library.

From an interested reader.

C. BELLE MALTBIE.

❀

A newspaper of this city recently called attention to the remarkable rapidity with which the American edition of Zola's *Paris* was put into type. It really seems to have been almost a record-breaking performance; for the copy was sent to the printers on Friday afternoon, and on Tuesday night the entire work, which is in two volumes, had been set up, twice read by the proof-readers, paged, and transmitted to the foundry. A review of *Paris* is printed on another page. We are indebted to the Macmillan Company for the accompanying portrait of Zola.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

From his latest photograph.

❀

We have it on good authority that His Imperial Majesty of Germany is never without two books that are printed in English. Moltke's *Franco-Prussian War* and Moltke's *Letters*, published several years ago by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. These books, so it is averred, must always be on the Kaiser's desk; whether he is at home or abroad, they form part and parcel of his travelling equipage, and are in the libraries of his private train, his yacht, and his hunting-boxes. It appears that the Kaiser is very fond of reading and speaking English. All the members of his retinue are English scholars, and whenever there arises a question of a strategical nature once touched upon by the field-marshal, he turns to his English Moltke and settles it without delay. His Majesty's library is also provided with an English edition of Moltke's works, and the Kaiser's little boys have to read their English Moltke before they see the original German.

❀

When these translations first appeared the Emperor ordered the then Chancellor, Count Caprivi, to express his Imperial admiration to the translator, Mr. Henry W. Fischer; and now comes this ingrate, and offers us a book in two volumes, entitled *Private Lives of William II. and his Consort* and *Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, to be published shortly by Messrs. George Barrie and Son. The facts for Mr. Fischer's book, we understand, were furnished by a lady who for many years held a confidential position in the palaces at Potsdam and Berlin. She was factotum in the Kaiser's household, was present at the births of the children, and attended to the comforts of the royal guests. She was keeper of the keys, had the care of the Imperial beds and living-rooms, and was within their Majesties' call at any hour, day and night. She was in daily, almost hourly, contact with both their Majesties, as well as with their relatives and friends, and had the very best opportunity, for a number of years, of observing the intimacies of royal life. She reports on family jars and intrigues, scandals, and political riddles, but all in an amiable spirit and without malice. This lady is not a professional writer,

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but she formed the habit of jotting down the information which has furnished the facts for these two volumes. Mr. Fischer has verified her statements, put them into shape, and made them readable and coherent. We are assured that the purveyor of these facts is to this day a frequent visitor at court, and has no axe to grind, being of independent means and occupying a good position. There will be English, French, and German editions of the work, and Mr. Fischer's book will go far to prove the absurdity of the prevailing notions that accord to those born in the purple a higher intellect, more finesse, more charity, less pettiness, and less penury than to ordinary mortals.

❀

We are glad to hear that Mr. Douglas Sladen's remodelled *Who's Who*, a marvel of cheapness, fulness, and excellence, has been cordially welcomed by the public. The edition of the second issue is much larger than that of the first, large as that was. It is published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, and imported by the Macmillan company.

❀

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have added *St. Ives* to the Thistle edition of Stevenson. One more volume is needed to complete the Outward Bound edition of Rudyard Kipling's works in twelve volumes, which this firm has also issued in a handsome manner. American readers, even those who do not include themselves among his admirers, may peruse with fruitful interest an entertaining article on Mr. Kipling's views of Americans, which appears on another page.

❀

In view of the fact that Dr. Watson not only sanctioned a dramatisation of his stories, but has written approving of the play, which he has read, and commends to his friends in America, "whom I hold in grateful remembrance," it is interesting to quote from a dialogue which three persons have over his name on "Amusements" in the March *Woman at Home*. The Rector is easily identified with Dr. Watson, and in summing up the case for the theatre, he thus concludes:

"Don't you think that as there will be a theatre as long as children act by an instinct, and the grown-ups love to see good acting, what good people ought to do is not to ostracise the theatre, but to purify it?

"How can they do that? Why, by encouraging managers to produce pure and noble plays, and supporting well-living actors, till the higher drama be profitable and the lower be left to vicious people, where it will die through destitution. You can never reform by repressing; the Puritans tried that method, and the result was the grossness of the Restoration. You only reform by replacing. . . I wish well to every man and woman who helps to make the stage a blessing and not a curse to society."

Douglas Sladen

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MISS MARIE BURROUGHS.

From a photograph by Aimé Dupont.

The latest interesting bit of news about the dramatic production of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, which opens in Chicago this month, after playing for a week, beginning March 28th, in Washington, D. C., is the engagement of Miss Marie Burroughs for the part of Kate Carnegie. Curiously enough, the last play in which this talented young actress distinguished herself before her two years' retirement from the stage was Mr. Barrie's delightful comedy, *The Professor's Love Story*. Miss Burroughs is one of the best leading ladies Mr. E. S. Willard has ever had, and her Lucy White, played with his Professor Goodwillie in Mr. Barrie's piece, took hold of the heart and imagination with such power and vitality as to make the subsequent performances without her in the part seem lacking in some subtle charm of personality which she instilled into the romantic heroine.

❀

We learn from a friend in Holland that among the English writers who are being read there with enthusiasm is Ian Maclaren. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* has been translated under the title of *Hearts of Gold*, and has been most cordially received.

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From a pastel by Miss Amy Stewart.

Yours without prejudice
I Zangwill

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

An Interview.

It cannot be said of Mr. Zangwill, as of some other writers who have been studied in these columns, that he has not been interviewed before. Mr. Zangwill is a much interviewed man. But though much has been written about him, many pages might be filled with matters that have not hitherto seen the light. Of his life there is, it is true, not much to be said that is not already known. The child of foreign Jewish parents in humble circumstances, he

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was born in London in 1864, passed his early childhood in Bristol and Plymouth, and returned to spend his youth among those East-end scenes which he has portrayed in *The Children of the Ghetto*. Admitted into the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields—the largest elementary school in the British Empire—he won three scholarships, became a pupil teacher, and, in due course, a full-fledged teacher.

In his first year he conducted a large class of sixty boys, with whom he accomplished the hitherto unprecedented feat of passing 100 per cent in the sixth standard. It was a *tour de force* that he set himself to execute of set purpose. He wished to use his success as a lever for protesting against the system of elementary instruction then in vogue. Corporal punishment was not allowed, but was resorted to *sub rosa*. He considered that a moderate amount of such punishment was indispensable to the maintenance of discipline. At the same time, he declined to do anything that was not open and above board. His difference of opinion with the management on this question led to his resignation and not a little unpleasantness. He left, without means or "character," the school which now proudly claims him as its own. Thanks to his agitation, which the Union of Teachers recognised by a special vote of thanks, the régime has since been modified. Elementary teachers are no longer driven to employ the cane in dishonest secrecy.

His first book, *The Premier and the Painter*, had already been published (in collaboration with a fellow-teacher) while he was still at the Free-School. Though the writers were unknown, and exhibited their literary inexperience by crowding into a single volume enough wit and matter for three or four, *The Premier and the Painter* attracted the approving notice of some discerning critics. He had also at this time written several of his *Ghetto Tragedies*. The editor who in the earlier stages of Mr. Zangwill's career bought and published most of his work was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

There was a period in his early career when Mr. Zangwill edited a comic paper, *Ariel*, which he has described as one of those publications which are most appreciated by their free list. One of the *Punch* staff recently told him that it was the only comic paper they took seriously, and which they used to read so as to avoid repeating its jokes. They were not always successful.

Of course Mr. Zangwill can now command large prices for his works, but considering the smallness of his output, his remuneration is nothing like as large as might be supposed. As a matter of fact, he does not, like many popular novelists, write for money's sake. He has refused scores of commissions that would have brought him in money and nothing else. While he is writing, he thinks only of his art. But he has to live, and therefore when once his work is finished, he regards it as a marketable commodity for which he is entitled to get as good a price as possible.

In proof of the sincerity of his views, one need only look to his home life, which is simplicity itself. He lives in an unfashionable London suburb, and in a house the visitor to which is at once struck by the complete absence from his surroundings of anything betokening smug prosperity. Horse-riding and travel are the only two luxuries he permits himself, and both are indispensable to his work. A highly temperate liver, he does not even smoke. His library is a barely furnished and untidy-looking apartment, filled with books that are for use and not for ornament. There are no first editions, no leather bindings; but his collection contains the best and most serviceable things that have been written in three or four languages, and a preponderance of works on metaphysics, of which he is a close student.

The only books one misses from the shelves are the author's own works, of which he can never keep a set; they are either begged, borrowed, or stolen. As for papers, they litter the whole room, and overflow into an adjoining one. Drawers are stuffed full of letters from all sorts of eminent people, many from professionals who write to say how the reading of *The Master* has helped them in their life-work. A large, battered trunk is crammed with press cuttings. Letters and cuttings are in the sublimest confusion. Every two or three days there is a clearance of the papers that accumulate on the writing-table. The mantelpiece is loaded with the spoils of travel. A cabinet and a few other pieces of antique furniture are not his.

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They have been collected by his brother, Louis Zangwill ("Z. Z."), who lives with him, and often writes his novels at the same table.

In this connection it may be mentioned that so far from having made the reputations of his two brothers, Louis and Mark, both the novelist and the artist have suffered from a relationship which has overshadowed them. People naturally rush to the conclusion that there cannot be three clever men in one family, and they attribute whatever publicity the younger men may have attained to the influence of their brother. Louis Zangwill had to adopt the pseudonym "Z. Z." to save confusion. In his reviews of books in the *Pall Mall Magazine* and *Cosmopolis*, Israel Zangwill felt constrained to ignore his brother's works out of deference to a censorious world. This was hardly fair to "Z. Z.," but "Z. Z.," who has now set up as a critic on his own account, threatens to repay him in kind.

As to Israel Zangwill's methods of work, they may be described as irregular. He writes in great spurts of industry, which are preceded by weeks in which he can do nothing except read and study. When this feeling has worn off, he begins to grow restless. Then he takes up his writing again, and never puts it down until he has finished. He requires frequent change, and finds a long stay in London depressing.

When I called on him the other day, he had only a few hours before completed the manuscript of his forthcoming work, *Dreamers of the Ghetto*.* The lines which are here reproduced in facsimile bring to a close the chapter on "The People's Saviour" (Ferdinand Lassalle). But, though the last written, "The People's Saviour" will not form the final chapter of the book.

"The chapters," he remarked, "will follow in a sort of chronological sequence corresponding to the age in which each historical personage lived. But some of the dreamers are mere artistic typifications, like the first, 'A Child of the Ghetto,' which represents the early environments of childhood that may be said to have been common to them all. The last, 'Chad Gadya,' is also merely a type of Jewish character, intended to represent the modern spirit of scepticism and pessimism by which the nineteenth-century Jew is influenced."

"My object," he remarks, in reply to a question I put to him as to the general purpose of his work, "is mainly to exhibit what contributions to human thought and aspiration Jewish thinkers in every age have made. The minds of the Jews have always been playing about the problems of the universe. This book will exhibit the play of the best intellects — Spinoza, Heine, Lassalle, and others unknown to European fame, as well as attempt to paint their portraits."

Most of the separate chapters that comprise *Dreamers of the Ghetto* having already appeared in magazine form, some idea of Mr. Zangwill's methods of treatment can already be formed. The book must be classed with the historical novel, its author bringing to bear upon his subject the novelist's power of making historic figures live. As a rule, historical novelists aim at diverging from the facts of life by weaving into them elements of romance. Mr. Zangwill does not do that—at least, very seldom. His subjects sit to him as models, and he paints their portraits as an artist. He is certainly not wanting in inventive power, as many of his stories show, but he rates it lower than the power of translating the dead facts of history into life.

"The function of art," he once said to me, "is to focus. Invention is the smallest thing in art; treatment is the most important. I think the true life-story of a man so much finer than those lime-light dramatisations which one finds in novels and plays. The real tragedy of Uriel Acosta, for instance, is the tragedy of the thinker which can hardly be dramatised, and which Gutzkow's famous play misses."

"What is the idea you have sought to carry out in your chapter on Spinoza?" I asked.

"I have endeavoured," he said, "first, to give a living portrait of the man in his historical environment; secondly, to show the relationship of his philosophy to his personality; and, thirdly, to suggest subtly the inadequacy to life of his own philosophy, and his unavoidable contradictions of it. No; I have not drawn him as a plaster saint. Spinoza would have been the first to laugh at such an idea. He is neither absolutely faultless nor passionless."

* Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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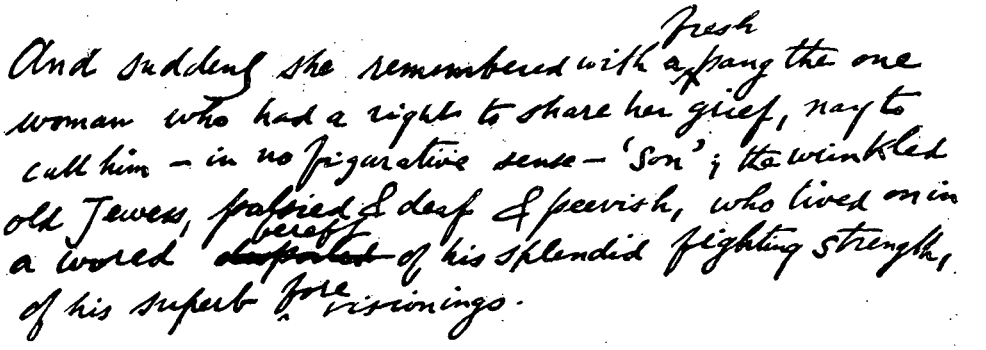
"You have treated Ferdinand Lassalle on the same lines as Meredith has done?" I ask, noticing a copy of *The Tragic Comedians* on the table.

"No; I am sorry that the exigencies of my theme have brought me into collision with Meredith's fine Shakespearian treatment. Fortunately for me, however, he has concentrated himself on the love-drama, and not upon the *Dreamers of the Ghetto* aspect, so to speak; so that only the concluding portion of my story touches the same ground. Having had access to later Lasselle literature than Meredith, I read the details of his love-drama somewhat

"So there is nothing in the suggestion that is sometimes put forward as to your having found fault with the contemporary stage because you could not get your own plays produced?"

"No, it is sheer nonsense. When I do write a play, I want to write it as a piece of literature, and I am not even sure that I should not publish it first, instead of offering it to a manager. I do not believe in distorting one's own books to make plays. One's artistic product should be sacred to one. And I do not believe a piece of art can have two endings, any more than a statue can have two heads. If I do dramatise one



FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF MR. ZANGWILL'S NEW BOOK, "DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO."

differently. With him the Jew and the Demagogue are only things that make the course of true love not to run smooth; with me they are the essence of the picture."

"Are you going to continue writing on Jewish subjects?"

"No, I shall drop the Ghetto for a time, as I did before. I shall alternate my Jewish work with an ordinary novel. I shall also amuse myself by writing a play. I have a large batch of correspondence on this matter. There is scarcely a London manager who has not coquetted with me, but it has never come to anything. I always find that a manager looks upon a playwright as a tailor who must cut to measure. One very distinguished man said to me: 'Zangwill, you can write the play of my life.' But I don't want to write the play of *his* life. Richard Mansfield in America has been at me for years; he wants to play *The King of the Schnorrer's*, and once offered me a *carte blanche* commission to write no less than four plays for him."

of my books, I should strictly adhere to the spirit of the original; but I would much prefer writing an original play."

"What other plans?"

"One day I shall collect my verses; and some day my more important criticisms or essays, preceded by that article on Criticism which I purposely excluded from *Without Prejudice*, when it appeared in volume form."

Mr. Zangwill has done a deal of lecturing in various parts of the world. Within the past twelve months he has lectured in Palestine, Holland, and Ireland. I asked him when he was going to America on a lecturing tour. "Major Pond," he answered, "has made up his mind that I am going next year, but I have no such intention at present. I rather shrink from the publicity and glare of it all. Lecturing in a small country like Holland or Ireland is a recreation. If ever I do go to the States, it will be an old promise to an intimate friend that will primarily take me there."

Isidore Harris.

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TENNYSON AND MUSSET ONCE MORE.

I had just ceased reading, a few weeks since, the interesting but rather bulky volumes which the present Lord Tennyson has devoted to the memory of his distinguished father, when chance led me to examine in succession two yellow-backed books published this year in Paris. They were M. Paul Mariéton's *Une Histoire d'Amour* and the letters of George Sand to Alfred de Musset and to Ste. Beuve, with an introduction by M. S. Rocheblave. No contrast could have been greater than that afforded by the severe restraint of the Tennyson memoir and the utter *abandon* of the two latest contributions to the history of the most famous love affair of the nineteenth century. The impulse to draw a sort of Plutarchian parallel was almost irresistible, and equally potent was the desire to read once more Taine's well-known comparison of Tennyson and Musset in the last chapter of his *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise.*

We all remember how Taine contrasted the two poets and the respective publics for which they wrote, and we recall the impressionist note with which he closed what he tried to make a rigidly scientific work—"but I prefer Alfred de Musset." We can most of us probably, if we were under Tennyson's influence when we read these words—and who of us was not in those golden days?—remember the fine scorn we felt for the Frenchman who had the audacity to maintain that his country, land of broken-backed Alexandrines, as it was, had produced a poet worthy of being mentioned in the same breath with the author of *Œnone*, *Maud*, and *Elaine*. This fine scorn which we felt then has lingered on with some people; but to those of us who have been allowed to see the error of our way through our reading of Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, and Musset himself, who have learned to our surprise that much of what our teachers had told us about the insufficiency of the French language to the expression of high poetic thought and sentiment was due to mere ignorance on their part, a doubt has perhaps come more than once whether Taine was not partly justified in his preference for Musset over Tennyson—a doubt which the perusal of the four volumes named above does not altogether allay. For from contrasting the lives of the two poets, one proceeds inevitably to the weighing and contrasting of their works.

With regard to the memoir of Tennyson little need be said. Since its appearance in October last there has been no such personage as an "indolent reviewer" to be found in the land. The critics seem to have gone down like nine pins before it, and they are still lying in a state of prostrate and hardly becoming adulation. Could the Laureate have foreseen their postures, he would probably have burned more letters than he did, and would have been still more determined to have his poem, "The Gleam," received as the sole authorised memorial of his life. The gift of prescience was not his, however, and so we are left to wonder whether the reading world of a hundred years from now will really peruse with rapture the letters of Queen Victoria, the reminiscences of Mr. Tyndall and other famous contemporaries, the mere social notes of Mr. Lowell and his peers, the extracts from private diaries, that make up a large portion of these volumes which the critics have already placed by the side of Boswell's *Johnson.* But whatever our conclusions as to the mortality or immortality of this memoir in its present bulky shape, we should surely be blind if we failed to recognise the essential nobility of the life portrayed. The man whom the English have been extolling, while their French neighbours have been picking his great rival to pieces, was obviously a noble and conscientious artist in verse, a poet fully impressed with the sacred nature of his calling, a critic of remarkably acute powers, a widely read and observant student of nature and of men, an intensely spiritual seeker after God, a loyal patriot and friend—in short, an ideal character of a high and attractive type.

Such was the man—except perhaps in his rôle of critic—that had stood out behind the Poems; such is the man that stands out behind the Biography. But neither the poetry nor the memoir proves Tennyson to have been the profound

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ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

From the engraving by Rajon, which ranks as being the best portrait of Tennyson in his hale and vigorous old age.

seer that Mr. Gladstone and other contemporaries have thought him, nor does either source of information disprove the charge that he was morbidly sensitive, and hence unable to give full expression to the lyric passion that was a fundamental constituent of his nature. It is in view of this charge that the destruction of the letters to Arthur Hallam and to Miss Sellwood before she

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became Lady Tennyson is so much to be regretted. Whatever the admirers of *Maud* may say, the Tennyson that we know through his poems after 1842 and through the memoir is rather the poet of idyll, elegy, and artificial epic than the poet of lyrical passion, whether of love or grief. That he was profoundly passionate we have reason to believe from the evidence of friends, from some of the early verses, and from lyric outbursts in the long roll of poems that succeeded the volumes of 1842. But, whatever the cause, the atmosphere about the matured poet did not furnish sufficient oxygen for the flame of his passion, and it flickered and burned low. Yet it was diverted rather than suppressed, and it kindled his other poetic powers. He became the artist passionate for perfection, he searched the ages for noble characters, and imparted some passion to them, his spirituality and his patriotism glowed brighter with the years, even the pessimistic utterances of his latter days had a certain lurid quality about them. So at least it seems to some of us, and prizing though we do what he has chosen to give us, we miss both in the poetry and in the life that lyrical expression of Tennyson's innermost nature which he would surely have given us had he been a contemporary of Byron's or a countryman of Musset's. It is vain to tell us that he took the more dignified course, that he had a right to keep his deepest and most sacred emotions hidden from the world; it is vain to quote to us from Leconte de Lisle's fine sonnet, "Les Montreurs," which derives its interest from the very quality its author denounces in others. If Tennyson had not shown us that his real strength or a great part of his real strength lay in the lyrical expression of his passion, we should be content to praise him as we do reflective poets like Wordsworth; but having given us reason to believe that he had in him the fire that burned in Sappho and Catullus, in Shakespeare, Byron, and Musset, he disappoints us by rarely or never breaking into flame, either in his verse or in the biography which his son has constructed according to his wishes. "From him that hath not even that which he hath shall be taken away." Are we unreasonable in our demands upon Tennyson? Ought we to be contented with the noble work he has given us? Perhaps so; yet a few of us at least, after reading the memoir and going back to the poems, have found ourselves asking for precisely what Taine demanded over thirty years ago, and what he averred he found in Alfred de Musset. But this leads us naturally to take account of our two yellow French twelvemos, which show up so pitifully in appearance beside the royal English octavos.

It would not be true to say that the Parisian public has been for the past eighteen months as busy discussing the relations of Musset and George Sand as the English-speaking public has been for a shorter period with regard to the secluded life of the recluse of Farringford—for they have a multitude of things to talk about in Paris—but it is certainly true that the famous love-story has attracted a great deal of attention, and that Sandists and Mussetists have been waging a new Battle of the Books, or else floundering once more in that old Slough of Scandals which Bunyan forgot to describe for us. M. Mariéton's book, for example, might seem to be hurled at his Sandist adversaries from out the very midst of the slough, for while giving a history of the whole love affair it devotes itself mainly to answering in the affirmative one question important to the controversy—viz., was George Sand unfaithful to Musset *during* the latter's illness at Venice, or was she not? An affirmative answer to this unsavoury question not only convicts George Sand of deliberate falsification, but also convicts her, author though she be of *La Mare au Diable*, of being far looser in her actions than that Juliette of hers who went back to her scoundrel lover, Leone Leoni. M. Mariéton having made an affirmative answer based on various hitherto unedited documents, it is, of course, in order for a Sandist like M. Rocheblave to call the authenticity of the documents into question, although one could wish that he had better grounds for doing so than the mere fact that they are contradicted by certain statements of George Sand, a not uninterested party. Indeed, throughout this whole controversy a partisan lack of care in weighing evidence is as apparent as it is in literary controversies with which we are more familiar—for example, that which is

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continually being waged over the life of Shelley.

It would not be profitable to undertake a minute analysis either of M. Mariéton's book or of George Sand's passionate letters. The details of the affair may be left to those who care to go to the sources; its outlines are well known and may be easily recalled. We all remember that by the spring of 1833 Madame Dudevant had broken with Jules Sandeau, and was lying in the trough of the sea of romanticism waiting to be washed higher by its oncoming waves. With her inherited passions, with her artistic instincts, with her banal experience of married life, and with her stimulating contact with literary success and the romantic fervour of the times, she had no chance to escape a psychological crisis of the most acute kind. A similar fate was impending over Alfred de Musset. The normal debauchery of an idle aristocratic youth about town, the easy success obtained with the Cénacle by his Andalusian verses, could not satisfy the most passionate heart in Europe now that Byron was dead. He, too, must have his psychological crisis, and it would be more acute than George Sand's. Whether Ste. Beuve perceived all this when he played the part of uncle to the modern Cressida, and tried to bring the romantic pair together is not clear; but it is at least certain that from the time they first met, in June, 1833, the more inflammable heart was set aglow, and that the more indurated one speedily responded. Then, while Tennyson was in the flush of his grief for Arthur Hallam, came the seclusion of the *quai Malaquais*, the honeymoon—for such the infatuated lovers really deemed it—at Fontainebleau, so well described in the *Confession* and in *Elle et Lui*, then the fateful journey to Italy.

The land of lovers had known few more passionately sincere for the time being than these two, and it had known few fates more really tragic than that which awaited them. For their passions, raging outside the bounds of law, moral as well as physical, had to rise to the height like waves and then break. Musset's broke first. His nerves were strained from his recent life of dissipation, and his colossal *amour-propre* revolted from the self-centred independence of a companion who could write for hours without taking note of his presence. He ruptured the alliance by harsh words, and probably by acts which he lived to regret and despise. Then came the illness at Venice, the appearance of Dr. Pietro Pagello upon the scene, the faithlessness of George Sand, the fantastic attempt of Musset to reconcile himself to a *ménage à trois*, and finally his departure for Paris a worn-out wreck of body, mind, and soul. Nemesis had attached herself to him, seeming to forget George Sand left behind in unromantic relations with Pagello. But Nemesis was not really forgetful. She presided over the letters, passionate on both sides, though with that curious maternal note on the woman's part that one finds never leaving her, which were sent over the Alps; she presided over the undignified return journey made by George Sand with Pagello in leash; she presided over the renewals of intimacy, the swift partings, the letters, the private journals, the tears and wailings of the remainder of that eventful year, 1834; and finally she has presided ever since over the literary exploitation of the whole frantic episode, over the quarrels raised by the publication of *Elle et Lui* and *Lui et Elle*, and the contentions of the Sandists and Mussetists of the present day.

I have no desire to incur her displeasure by going too deeply into these unpleasant matters myself, but there are at least two points, one specific and one general, that ought to be touched on. The first is how far M. Mariéton's anti-Sand position is tenable. He has published a journal of Dr. Pagello himself, an incriminating romantic fragment by George Sand, entitled *En Morée*, by means of which, it is claimed, she made her love known to the physician, and a number of interesting and valuable letters of Musset chosen from the correspondence still somewhat jealously guarded by the poet's sister. In addition he gives two draughts in Paul de Musset's handwriting of the alleged account dictated by Alfred of the now famous "vision" of the sick-room at Venice and its consequences, which readers of *Lui et Elle* have not forgotten. Judged impartially, these documents, if genuine, are the most damaging testimony yet brought against George Sand's character. As has been

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intimated, doubt is thrown upon their authenticity by her friends, but although M. Mariéton has not given us all the information that could be desired about them, it is hard to see how the journal of Pagello (who was living at a great old age when M. Mariéton wrote) can be thrown out of court, and if that stays the fragment *En Morée*, George Sand's *gage d'amour* stays also. Indeed, there are *à priori* reasons why it should stay, for Pagello could read French fluently, but spoke it poorly, while George Sand was just picking up Italian. A few romantic pages in her facile style would, therefore, be the most natural and effectual means she could choose for a confession of so delicate a nature.

As for M. Mariéton's reliance upon the truth of Paul de Musset's sick-room scene, it is only in keeping with his confidence in the latter's entire defence of his brother. M. Mariéton, relying, it would seem, upon Madame Lardin de Musset, and ignoring the general verdict with regard to Paul's character, declares that the latter's novel *sweats truth* (*sue la vérité*) where we should prefer to say that it perspires dulness. In this frank credence in Paul de Musset he is certainly bold, but if the dictated memoranda can be shown by examination of water-marks, etc., to bear the date assigned them, December, 1852, nearly four years and a half before Alfred de Musset's death, they are certainly documents that cannot be lightly treated. They are supported, too, by a small piece of corroborative evidence that has not, perhaps, been sufficiently noticed—to wit, the fact that the incident of the single tea-cup drunk out of by the two lovers is also to be found in Musset's *Confession*, the details of which are frequently quoted by the Sandists. Was it one of the touches that made George Sand weep when she read Alfred's novel?

The second point that must be touched on is the question what possible value can attach to books treating of such an unpleasant episode. Nearly all the reviewers have expatiated on the delight they experienced when they found the Tennyson volumes free from scandal, so that one is left to infer that unless they were indulging in cant, British and American critics are above all vulgar curiosity, and would prefer to draw a veil over the inner history of literary men, except when, as in Tennyson's case, there is practically nothing to hide. It is needless to say that such is not the French view, and that no one who has studied his Ste. Beuve will continue to throw his influence on the side of British cant. We shall do well to wish that our literary heroes and heroines would lead clean lives, but if they will not, and we propose to be their critics, we must follow them at least to the banks of the Slough of Scandals. From this point of view, then, the books we are considering should have been published, and should be read by all serious students of George Sand and of Alfred de Musset. That they will be read by many who are not serious students is, of course, matter for regret; but so is religious hypocrisy, and surely no one would suggest that we should do away with all religions in order to put an end to the propagation of Tartuffes.

But the documents contained in these books have claims to be regarded as something far higher than mere evidence in a famous case of scandal. The letters that passed between the two lovers are among the most intense ever written, and are not merely precious sources of information for all students of Romanticism, but also lyrical outbursts of two passionate hearts that must be ranked in the future, but little below the incomparable "Nuits" of the more poetical and sorely strained of the two protagonists of this drama of suffering. Here, indeed, we find the best excuse for the publication of all the volumes and essays that have dealt with this remarkable episode. Out of them some anthologist, perhaps, still unborn, will be able to cull a volume of letters, poems, pages of description and extracts from private journals that will be a source of delight to all who care for the literature of passion, and will serve to make the memory of Musset and George Sand, as the former predicted, as abiding as that of Abélard and Héloïse. With the lapse of years the grosser features of the story will be more or less eliminated, and the flame of passion, which in Musset's case at least was never really extinguished, will burn clearly for all time. It is, of course, impossible to prove such statements as these, for the charge of ro-

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mantic extravagance and insincerity may be brought against the lovers, and such a charge can never be thoroughly refuted. Documents relative to any great passion will always be judged favourably or unfavourably, according to the capacity of the critic or reader to understand or experience passion. Shakespeare's "Sonnets" have caused some people to wonder why he wrote them, and have been held by other people not to refer to any specific passions at all. Still at least one burning passage may be cited from these letters that will help to indicate the perfervid character of the whole correspondence.

Here is how Musset could write to the woman who had abandoned him when he feels that they must have one final inter view and part :

"Que ce ne soit pas l'adieu de monsieur Un tel et de madame Une telle. Que ce soient deux âmes qui ont souffert, deux intelligences souffrantes, deux aigles blessés qui se rencontrent dans le ciel, et qui échangent un cie de douleur avant de se séparer pour l'éternité."

George Sand's letters are equally moving even when she is cool enough to bid her lover :

Aime et écris, c'est ta vocation, mon ami. Monte vers Dieu sur les rayons de ton génie et envoie ta muse sur la terre raconter aux hommes les mystères de l'amour et de la foi."

Alfred took his "brother George" at her word, and the next two years were the most fruitful of his life. But how does the work produced under such circumstances, together with that of his youth and of his sterile later years, compare with that of his more fortunate British contemporary—for to compare the lives of the two men further is surely unnecessary? Putting to one side the delightful comedies and *contes*, have we any right to share Taine's preference for Musset's poetry as compared with that of Tennyson? Obviously not if Tennyson's admirers, like Mr. Aldrich and Dr. Van Dyke, are justified in maintaining that their favourite must rank next to Shakespeare and Milton in the hierarchy of the English poets. If the *Idylls of the King* be a sustained and noble epic rather than the "boudoir epic" Mr. Frederic Harrison finds them to be ; if *In Memoriam* be really the most profound poem of the century rather than an unequal series of elegiac verses appealing to an over-emotional and not very thoughtful public ; if *Maud* fails in any way to suggest a sensational novel, and the *Princess* is a work of perfect, not hybrid art, then these poems, together with the ballads, the idylls of English life, the monologues, and the wonderful songs, are surely enough to set Tennyson far above the author of the "Nuits," the "Letter to Lamartine," and the "Stanzas to Malibran." If, however, Tennyson's longer poems are to be forgotten save for selected passages, and if his reputation is to rest on the shorter poems in his early manner and on the tradition of his artistic command of rhythm and diction ; if, furthermore, the world that is now sated with composite art renews its youth through some stirring crisis, and once more demands passion as a primary element of literature, will the bard of Aldworth and Farringford hold his own against the poet of the streets of Paris? Surely he will in spite of all that may be said about the suppression of his passion and about the deficiencies of his longer poems. Should the world come once more to demand passion, it will be Byron that will eclipse Tennyson, not Alfred de Musset, whose star will nevertheless rise splendidly in the poetic heavens. For, after all, Musset's strictly poetical work, great as it is at its best, is not sufficient in amount to balance that of Tennyson, even if the latter poet is shorn of half his present glory by envious time. But leaving the question of the relative position of the two poets aside, it is surely permissible for those who care for the lyrical expression of intense passion to maintain that they find little or nothing in Tennyson that takes the place for them of Musset's chief poems. If they are pressed to point out a passage illustrating the kind of passion they demand from Tennyson, but do not find, they may quote these lines from the "Nuit de Mai :"

"J'ai vu le temps où ma jeunesse
Sur mes lèvres était sans cesse
Prête à chanter comme un oiseau ;
Mais j'ai souffert un dur martyre,
Et le moins que j'eu pourrais dire,
Si je l'essayais sur ma lyre,
La briserait comme un roseau."

"Here," they may say, "is the 'lyric cry' which we have missed more or less in British poetry since the days of

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Byron," and if they are pressed to describe still further the voice that has moved them so profoundly, they may reply, quoting the "Stanzas to Malibran:"

"C'est cette voix du cœur qui seule au cœur arrive,
Que nul autre, après toi, ne nous rendra jamais."

W. P. Trent.

SPRING-TIDE IN THE SOUTH.

The reign of the Frost King is over
And the cat-birds are gay by the rill—
The thrush is a musical rover
'Mid the verdure of valley and hill;
No longer the North Wind is storming
The haunts of the bird and the bee,
And the down of the thistle is forming
Like surf on a magical sea.

The breast of the lark in the meadow
Upgathers the gold of the morn,
And light is divorced from its shadow
When his wings through the ether are borne.
The delicate bloom of the hedges
By the plumes of the redbird are lit,
And through silvery depths of the sedges
The sparrows in ecstasy flit.

The mocking bird seems in his singing
A troubadour gallant and free,
And his lyrical love notes are winging
Their flight to his mate on the tree.
The cups of the blossoms are spilling
Their perfumes so subtle and fine,
For the spirit of bloom is fulfilling
The pledge of her vintage divine.

The owl in his dark nest reposes
And the clear streams in melody glide,
As I watch the young hearts of the roses
And the dogwood arrayed as a bride.
Tyrannical Winter is banished
By the green resurrection of grain,
And where his grim footsteps have vanished
I revel in song-tide again.

William Hamilton Hayne.

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JOHN SPLENDID.

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.*

By Neil Munro, the Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER X.

We made good speed up the burnside, through the fields, and into the finest forest that was (or is to this day, perhaps) in all the wide Highlands. I speak of Creag Dubh, great land of majestic trees, home of the red-deer, rich with glades carpeted with the juiciest grass, and endowed with a cave or two where we knew we were safe of a sanctuary if it came to the worst, and the Athole men ran at our heels. It welcomed us from the rumour of battle with a most salving peace. Under the high fir and oak we walked in a still and scented air, aisles lay about and deep recesses, the wind sang in the tops and in the vistas of the trees, so that it minded one of Catholic kirks frequented otherwhere. We sped up by the quarries and through Eas-a-chosain (that little glen so full of fondest memorials for all that have loved and wandered), and found our first resting-place in a cunning little hold on an eminence looking down on the road that ran from the town to Coillebhraid mines. Below us the hillside dipped three or four hundred feet in a sharp slant bushed over with young *darach* wood, behind us hung a tremendous rock that few standing upon would think had a hollow heart. Here was our refuge, and the dry and stoury alleys of the fir-wood we had traversed gave no clue of our track to them that might hunt us.

We made a fire whose smoke curled out at the back of the cave into a linn at the bottom of a fall the Fisherland burn has here, and had there been any to see the reek they would have thought it but the finer spray of the thawed water rising among the melting ice-lances. We made, too, couches of fir-branches —the springiest and most wholesome of beds in lieu of heather or gall, and laid down our weariness as a soldier would relinquish his knapsack, after John Splendid had bandaged my wounded shoulder.

In the cave of Eas-a-chosain we lay for more days than I kept count of, I immovable, fevered with my wound, Sir Donald my nurse, and John Splendid my provider. They kept keen scrutiny on the road below, where sometimes they could see the invaders passing in bands in their search for scattered townships or crofts.

On the second night John ventured into the edge of the town to see how fared Inneraora, and to seek provand. He found the place like a fiery cross—burned to char at the ends, and only the mid of it—the solid Tolbooth and the gentle houses—left to hint its ancient pregnancy. A corps of Irish had it in charge while their comrades scoured the rest of the country, and in the dusk John had an easy task to find brandy in the cellars of Craignure (the invaders never thought of seeking a cellar for anything more warming than peats), a boll of meal in handfuls here and there among the meal-girnels of the commoner houses that lay open to the night, smelling of stale hearth-fires, and harried.

To get fresh meat was a matter even easier, though our guns we dare not be using, for there were blue hares to snare, and they who have not taken fingers to a roasted haunch of badger harried out of his hiding with a club, have fine feeding yet to try. The good Gaelic soldier will eat, sweetly, crowdy made in his brogue—how much better off were we with the stout and well-fired oaten cakes that this Highland gentleman made on the flagstone in front of our cave-fire!

Never had a wounded warrior a more rapid healing than I. "*Ruigidh an roghiullach air an ro-ghalar*"—good nursing will overcome the worst disease, as our antique proverb says; and I had the best of nursing and but a baggage-master's wound after all. By the sec-

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ond week I was hale and hearty. We were not uncomfortable in our forest sanctuary; we were well warmed by the perfumed roots of the candle-fir; John Splendid's foraging was richer than we had on many a campaign, and a pack of cards lent some solace to the heaviest of our hours. To our imprisonment we brought even a touch of scholarship. Sir Donald was a student of Edinburgh College—a Master of Arts—learned in the moral philosophies, and he and I discoursed most gravely of many things that had small harmony with our situation in that savage, foe-haunted countryside.

To these, our learned discourses, John Splendid would list with an impatient tolerance, finding in the most shrewd saying of the old scholars we dealt with but a paraphrase of some Gaelic proverb or the roundabout expression of his own views on life and mankind.

"Tuts! tuts!" he would cry, "I think the dissensions of you two are but one more proof of the folly of book-learning. Your minds are not your own, but the patches of other people's bookish duds. A keen eye, a custom of puzzling everything to its cause, a trick of balancing the different motives of the human heart, get John M'Iver as close on the bone when it comes to the bit. Every one of the scholars you are talking of had but my own chance (maybe less, for who sees more than a Cavalier of fortune?) of witnessing the real true facts of life. Did they live to-day poor and hardy, biting short at an oaten bannock to make it go the farther, to-morrow gorging on fat venison and red rich wine? Did they parley with cunning lawyers, cajole the boor, act the valorous on a misgiving heart, guess at the thought of man or woman oftener than we do? Did ever you find two of them agree on the finer points of their science? Never the bit!"

We forgave him his heresies for the sake of their wit, that I but poorly chronicle, and he sang us wonderful Gaelic songs that had all of that same wisdom he bragged of—no worse, I'll allow, than the wisdom of print; not all love-songs, laments, or such naughty ditties as you will hear to-day, but the poetry of the more cunning bards. Our cavern, in its inner recesses, filled with the low, rich chiming of his voice; his face, and hands, and whole body took part in the music. In those hours his character borrowed just that touch of sincerity it was in want of at ordinary times, for he was one of those who need trial and trouble to bring out their better parts.

We might have been happy, we might have been content, living thus in our cave the old hunter's life; walking out at early mornings in the adjacent parts of the wood for the wherewithal to breakfast; rounding in the day with longer journeys in the moonlight, when the shadows were crowded with the sounds of night bird and beast; we might have been happy, I say, but for the thinking of our country's tribulation. Where were our friends and neighbours? Who were yet among the living? How fared our kin abroad in Cowal or fled farther south to the Rock of Dunbarton? These restless thoughts came oftener to me than to my companions, and many's the hour I spent in woeful pondering in the alleys of the wood.

At last it seemed the Irish who held the town were in a sure way to discover our hiding if we remained any longer there. Their provender was running low, though they had driven hundreds of head of cattle before them down the Glens; the weather hardened to frost again, and they were pushing deeper into the wood to seek for bestial. It was full of animals we dare not shoot, but which they found easy to the bullet; red-deer with horns—even at three years old—stunted to knobs by a constant life in the shade and sequestration of the trees they threaded their lives through, or dun-bellied fallow-deer unable to face the blasts of the exposed hills, light-coloured yeld hinds and hornless "heaviers" (or winterers) the size of oxen. A flock or two of wild goat, even, lingered on the upper slopes toward Ben Bhrec, and they were down now browsing in the ditches beside the Marriage Tree.

We could see little companies of the enemy come closer and closer on our retreat each day—attracted up the side of the hill from the road by birds and beast that found cover under the young oaks.

"We'll have to be moving before long," said Sir Donald, ruefully looking at them one day—so close at hand that we unwittingly had our fingers round the dirk-hilts.

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He had said the true word.

It was the very next day that an Irishman, bending under a bush to lift a hedgehog that lay sleeping its winter sleep tightly rolled up in grass and bracken, caught sight of the narrow entrance to our cave. Our eyes were on him at the time, and when he came closer we fell back into the rear of our dark retreat, thinking he might not push his inquiry further.

For once John Splendid's cunning forsook him in the most ludicrous way. "I could have stabbed him where he stood," he said afterward, "for I was in the shadow at his elbow;" but he forgot that the fire whose embers glowed red within the cave would betray its occupation quite as well as the sight of its occupants, and that we were discovered only struck him when the man, after but one glance in, went bounding down the hill to seek for aid in harrying this nest of ours.

It was "Bundle and Go" on the bagpipes. We hurried to the top of the hill and along the ridge just inside the edge of the pines in the direction of the Aora, apprehensive that at every step we should fall upon bands of the enemy; and if we did not come upon themselves, we came upon numerous enough signs of their employment. Little farms lay in the heart of the forest of Creag Dubh—or rather more on the upper edge of it—their fields scalloped into the wood, their hills a part of the mountains that divide Loch Finne from Lochow. To-day their roof-trees lay humbled on the hearth, the gable-walls stood black and eerie, with the wind piping between the stones, the cabars or joists held charred ends to heaven, like poor martyrs seeking mercy. Nothing in or about these once happy homesteads, and the pertinents and pendicles near them, had been spared by the robbers.

But we had no time for weeping over such things as we sped on our way along the hillside for Dunchuach, the fort we knew impregnable and sure to have safety for us if we could get through the cordon that was bound to be round it.

It was a dull damp afternoon, an interlude in the frost, chilly and raw in the air, the forest filled with the odours of decaying leaves and moss. A greater part of our way lay below beechwood neither thick nor massive, giving no protection from the rain to the soil below it, so that we walked noisily and uncomfortably in a mash of rotten vegetation. We were the length of the Cherry Park, moving warily, before our first check came. Here, if possible, it were better we should leave the wood and cut across the mouth of the Glen to Dunchuach on the other side. But there was no cover to speak of in that case. The river Aora, plopping and crying on its hurried way down, had to be crossed, if at all, by a wooden bridge, cut at the parapets in the most humorous and useless way in embrasures, every embrasure flanked by port-holes for musketry—a laughable pretence about an edifice in itself no stronger against powder than a child's toy.

On the very lowest edges of the wood, in the shade of a thick plump of beech, strewed generously about the foot by old bushes of whin and bramble, we lay at last studying the open country before us, and wondering how we should win across it to the friendly shelter of Dunchuach. Smoke was rising from every chimney in the castle, which, with its moat and guns, and its secret underground passage to the seashore, was safe against surprises or attacks through all this disastrous Antrim occupation. But an entrance to the castle was beyond us; there was nothing for it but Dunchuach, and it cheered us wonderfully too, that from the fort there floated a little stream of domestic reek, white-blue against the leaden gray of the unsettled sky.

"Here we are, dears, and yonder would we be," said John, digging herb-roots with his knife and chewing them in an abstraction of hunger, for we had been disturbed at a meal just begun to.

I could see a man here and there between us and the lime-kiln we must pass on our way up Dunchuach. I confessed myself in as black a quandary as ever man experienced. As for Sir Donald—good old soul!—he was now, as always, unable to come to any conclusion except such as John Splendid helped him to.

We lay, as I say, in the plump, each of us under his bush, and the whole of us overhung a foot or two by a brow of land bound together by the spreading beech-roots. To any one standing on the *bruach* we were invisible, but a step or two would bring him round to the

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foot of our retreat and disclose the three of us.

The hours passed, with us ensconced there—every hour the length of a day to our impatience and hunger; but still the way before was barred, for the coming and going of people in the valley was unceasing. We had talked at first eagerly in whispers, but at last grew tired of such unnatural discourse, and began to sleep in snatches for sheer lack of anything else to do. It seemed we were prisoned there till nightfall at least, if the Athole man who found our cave did not track us to our hiding.

I lay on the right of my two friends, a little more awake, perhaps, than they, and so I was the first to perceive a little shaking of the soil, and knew that some one was coming down upon our hiding. We lay tense, our breathing caught at the chest, imposing on ourselves a stillness that swelled the noises of nature round about us—the wind, the river, the distant call of the crows—to a most clamorous and appalling degree.

We could hear our visitor breathing as he moved about cautiously on the stunted grass above us, and so certain seemed discovery that we had our little black knives lying naked along our wrists.

The suspense parched me at the throat till I thought the rasping of my tongue on the roof of my palate seemed like the scraping of a heath-brush in a wooden churn. Unseen we were, we knew; but it was patent that the man above us would be round in front of us at any moment, and there we were to his plain eyesight! He was within three yards of a steel death, even had he been Fin MacCoul; but the bank he was standing on—or lying on, as we learned again—crumbled at the edge and threw him among us in a different fashion from that we had looked for.

My fingers were on his throat before I saw that we had for our visitor none other than young MacLachlan.

He had his *sgian dubh* almost at my stomach before our mutual recognition saved the situation.

"You're a great stranger," said John Splendid, with a fine pretence at more coolness than he felt, "and yet I thought Cowal side would be more to your fancy than real Argile in this vexatious time."

"I wish to God I was on Cowal side now!" said the lad, ruefully. "At this minute I wouldn't give a finger-length of the Loch Eck road for the whole of this rich strath."

"I don't suppose you were forced over here," I commented.

"As well here in one way as another," he said. "I suppose you are unaware that Montrose and MacDonald have overrun the whole country. They have sacked and burned the greater part of Cowal; they have gone down as far as Knapdale. I could have been in safety with my own people (and the bulk of your Inneraora people too) by going to Bute or Dunbarton, but I could hardly do that with my kinsfolk still hereabouts in difficulties."

"Where, where?" I cried; "and who do you mean?"

He coughed in a sort of confusion, I could see, and said he spoke of the Provost and his family.

"But the Provost's gone, man!" said I, "and his family too."

"My cousin Betty is not gone among them," said he; "she's either in the castle yonder—and I hope to God she is—or a prisoner to the MacDonalds, or—"

"The Worst Curse on their tribe!" cried John Splendid, in a fervour.

Betty, it seemed, from a narrative that gave me a stound of anguish, had never managed to join her father in the boats going over to Cowal the day the MacDonalds attacked the town. Terror had seemingly sent her, carrying the child, away behind the town; for though her father and others had put ashore again at the south bay, they could not see her, and she was still unfound when the triumph of the invader made flight needful again.

"Her father would have bided too," said MacLachlan, "but that he had reason to believe she found the safety of the castle. Lying off the quay when the fight was on, some of the people in the other boats saw a woman with a bundle run up the riverside to the back of the castle garden, and there was still time to get over the draw-brig then."

MacLachlan himself had come round by the head of the loch, and by going through the Barrabhreac wood and over the shoulder of Duntorval, had taken Inneraora on the rear flank. He had lived several days in a bothy above the Beannan on High Balantyre, and, like ourselves, depended on his foraging

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upon the night and the luck of the woods.

We lay among the whins and bramble undisturbed till the dusk came on. The rain had stopped, a few stars sedately decked the sky. Bursts of laughing, the cries of comrades, bits of song, came on the air from the town where the Irish caroused. At last between us and Dunchuach there seemed to be nothing to prevent us venturing on if the bridge was clear.

"If not," said Sir Donald, "here's a doomed old man, for I know no swimming."

"There's Edinburgh for you, and a gentleman's education!" said John Splendid, with a dry laugh; and he added, "but I daresay I could do the swimming for the both of us, Sir Donald. I have carried my accoutrements dry over a German river ere now, and I think I could convey you safe over yon bit burn even if it were not so shallow above the bridge as I expect it is after these long frosts."

"I would sooner force the bridge if ten men held it," said MacLachlan. "I have a Highland hatred of the running stream, and small notion to sleep a night in wet tartan."

John looked at the young fellow with a struggle for tolerance. "Well, well," he said; "we have all a touch of the fop in our youth."

"True enough, you're not so young as you were once," put in MacLachlan, with a sly laugh.

"I'm twenty at the heart," cried John —"at the heart, man—and do my looks make me more than twice that age? I can sing you, or run you, or dance you. What I thought was that at your age I was dandified too about my clothing. I'll give you the benefit of believing that it's not the small discomfort of a journey in wet tartan you vex yourself over. Have we not—we old campaigners of Lumsden's—soaked our plaids in the running rivers of Low Germanie, and rolled them round us at night to make our hides the warmer, our sleep the snugger? Oh, the old days! Oh, the stout days! God's name, but I ken one man who wearies of these tame and comfortable times!"

"Whether or not," said Sir Donald, anxious to be on, "I wish the top of Dunchuach was under our brogues."

"*Allons, mes amis*, then," said John, and out we set.

Out we went, and we sped swiftly down to the bridge, feeling a sense of safety in the dark and the sound of the water that mourned in a hollow way under the wooden cabars. There was no sentinel, and we crossed dry and safely. On the other side, the fields, broken here and there by dry-stone dykes, a ditch or two, and one long thicket of shrubs, rose in a gentle ascent to the lime-kiln. We knew every foot of the way as 'twere in our own pockets, and had small difficulty in pushing on in the dark. The night, beyond the kiln and its foreign trees, was clamorous with the call of white-horned owls, sounding so human sometimes that it sent the heart vaulting and brought us to pause in a flurried cluster on the path that we followed closely as it twisted up the hill.

However, we were in luck's way for once. Never a creature challenged our progress until we landed at the north wall of the fort, and crouching in the rotten brake, cried, "Gate, oh!" to the occupants.

A stir got up within; a torch flared on the wall, and a voice asked our tartan and business.

"Is that you, Para Mor?" cried John Splendid. "It's a time for short ceremony. Here are three or four of your closest friends terribly keen to see the inside of a wall."

"Barbreck, is't?" cried Para Mor, holding the flambeau over his head that he might look down on us.

"Who's that with the red tartan?" he asked, speaking of MacLachlan, whose garments shone garish in the light beside our dull Campbell country war-cloth.

"Condemn your parley, Para Mor," cried Sir Donald; "it's young MacLachlan—open your doors!"

And the gate in a little swung on its hinges to pass us in.

CHAPTER XI.

This mount of Dunchuach, on which we now found ourselves ensconced, rises in a cone shape to a height of about eight hundred feet, its bottom being but a matter of a quarter-mile from the castle door. It is wooded to the very nose, almost, except for the precipitous

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sgornach or scaur, that, seen from a distance, looks like a red wound on the face of it. The fort, a square tower of extraordinarily stout masonry, with an eminent roof, had a sconce with escarpment round it, placed on the very edge of the summit. Immediately behind Dunchuach is Duntorvil, its twin peak, that at less distance than a shout will carry, lifts a hundred feet higher on the north. The two hills made, indeed, but one, in a manner of talking, except for this hundred feet of a hollow worn by a burn lost midway in long sour grasses. It had always been a surprise to me that Argile's grandfather, when he set the fort on the hill, chose the lower of the two eminences, contrary to all good guidance of war. But if he had not full dominition on Dunchuach, he had, at any rate, a fine prospect. I think, in all my time, I have never witnessed a more pleasing scene than ever presents itself in clear weather from the brow of this peak. Loch Finne—less, as the whim of the fancy might have it, a loch than a noble river—runs south in a placid band ; the Cowal hills rise high on the left, bare but of heather and gall ; in front Argile, green with the forest of Creag Dubh, where the stag bays in the gloaming. For miles behind the town and castle lies a plain, flat and rich, growing the most lush crops. The town itself, that one could almost throw a stone down on, looks like a child's toy. And away to the north and west the abundant hills, rising higher and higher—sprinkled here and there with spots of moor loch.

The fort this night was held by a hundred men of the body called the Marquis his Halberdiers, a corps of antique heroes whose weapon for ordinary was the Lochaber *tuagh* or axe, a pretty instrument on a parade of state, but small use, even at close quarters, with an enemy. They had skill of artillery, however, and few of them but had a Highlander's training in the use of the broadsword. Besides two culverins mounted on the less precipitous side of the hill—which was the way we came—they had smaller firearms in galore on the sconce, and many kegs of powder disposed in a recess or magazine at the base of the tower. To the east of the tower itself, and within the wall of the fort (where now is but an old haw-tree), was a governor's house perched on the sheer lip of the hill, so that, looking out at its window, one could spit farther than a musket-ball would carry on the level.

We were no sooner in than MacLachlan was scenting round and into this little house. He came out crestfallen, and went over to the group of halberdiers, who were noisily telling their story to myself and Splendid.

"Are no people here but men?" he asked Para Mor, who was sergeant of the company, and to all appearance in charge of the place.

He caught me looking at him in some wonder, and felt bound, seemingly, to explain himself.

"I had half the hope," said he, "that my cousin had come here ; but she'll be in the castle after all, as her father thought."

John Splendid gave me the pucker of an eye and a line of irony about the edge of his lips, that set my blood boiling. I was a foolish and ungoverned creature in those days of no-grace. I cried in my English, "One would think you had a goodman's interest in this bit girl."

MacLachlan leered at me with a most devilish light in his black eyes, and said, "Well, well, I might have even more. Marriage, they say, makes the sweetest woman wersh. But I hope you'll not grudge me, my dear Elrigmore, some anxiety about my own relatives."

The fellow was right enough (that was the worst of it), for a cousin's a cousin in the friendly North ; but I found myself for the second time since I came home grudging him the kinship to the Provost of Inneraora's daughter.

That little tirravee passed, and we were soon heartily employed on a supper that had to do duty for two meals. We took it at a rough table in the tower, lighted by a flambeau, that sent sparks flying like pigeons, into the sombre height of the building, which tapered high overhead as a lime-kiln upside down. From this retreat we could see the proof of knavery in the villages below. Far down on Knapdale, and back in the recesses of Lochow, were burning homes, to judge from the blotched sky.

Dunchuach had never yet been attacked, but that was an experience expected at any hour, and its holders were ready for it. They had disposed their guns round the wall in such a way as to

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command the whole gut between the hills, and consequently the path up from the Glens. The town side of the fort wall, and the east side, being on the sheer face (almost) of the rock, called for no artillery.

It was on the morning of the second day there that our defence was put to the test by a regiment of combined Irish and Athole men. The day was misty, with the frost in a hesitancy, a raw gowsty air sweeping over the hills. Para Mor, standing on the little north bastion or ravelin, as his post of sergeant always demanded, had been crooning a ditty and carving a scroll with his hunting-knife on a crook he would maybe use when he got back to the tack where his home was in ashes and his cattle were far to seek, when he heard a crackle of bushes at the edge of the wood that almost reached the hill-top, but falls short for lack of shelter from the sinister wind. In a second a couple of scouts in dirty red and green tartans, with *fealdags* or pleatless kilts on them instead of the better class *philabeg*, crept cannily out into the open, unsuspicious that their position could be seen from the fort.

Para Mor stopped his song, projected his firelock over the wall as he ducked his body behind it—all but an eye and shoulder — and with a hairy cheek against the stock, took aim at the foremost. The crack of the musket sounded odd and moist in the mist, failing away in a dismal slam that carried but a short distance, but it was enough to rouse Dunchuach.

We took the wall as we stood—myself, I remember me, in my kilt, with no jacket, and my shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder ; for I had been putting the stone, a pleasant Highland pastime, with John Splendid, who was similarly disaccoutred.

"All the better for business," said he, though the raw wind, as we lined the wall, cut like sharp steel.

Para Mor's unfortunate gentleman was the only living person to see when we looked into the gut, and he was too little that way to say much about. Para had fired for the head, but struck lower, so that the scout writhed to his end with a red-hot coal among his last morning's viands.

Long after, it would come back to me, the oddity of that spectacle in the hollow—a man in a red *fealdag*, with his hide-covered buckler grotesquely flailing the grass, he, in the Gaelic custom, making a great moan about his end, and a pair of bickering rooks cawing away heartily as if it was no more than a sheep in the throes of braxy.

After a little the moan of the MacDonald stopped, the crows slanted down to the loch-side, stillness came over the place. We talked in whispers, sped about the walls on the tiptoes of our brogues, and peered wonderingly down to the edge of the wood. Long we waited and wearily, and by-and-by who came out high on the shoulder of Duntorvil but a band of the enemy, marching in good order for the summit of that paramount peak ?

"I hope to God they have no large pieces with them yonder," said John ; "for they'll have a coign there to give us trouble if once they get mother of muskets in train."

But, fortunately for us, no artillery ever came to Duntorvil.

Fully two hundred of the enemy massed on the hill, commanded by a squat officer in breeks and wearing a peruke *Anglicè*, that went oddly with his tartan plaid. He was the Master of Clanranald, we learned anon, a cunning person, whose aim was to avail himself of the impetuousness of the kilts he had in his corps. Gaels on the attack, as he knew, are omnipotent as God's thunderbolts ; give them a running start at a foe, with no waiting, and they might carry the gates of hell against the Worst One and all his clan ; on a standing defence where coolness and discipline are wanted, they have less splendid virtues. Clanranald was well aware that to take his regiment all into the hollow where his scout was stiffening was not only to expose them to the fire of the fort without giving them any chance of quick reply, but to begin the siege off anything but the bounding shoe-sole the Highlander has the natural genius for. What he devised was to try musketry at long range (and, to shorten my tale, that failed), then charge down the one summit, over the rushy gut, and up the side of Dunchuach, disconcerting our aim and bringing his men in on their courageous heat.

We ran back our pieces through the gorge of the bastions, wheeled them in on the terre-plein back from the wall,

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and cocked them higher on their trunnions to get them in train for the opposite peak.

"Boom!" went the first gun, and a bit of brown earth spat up to the left of the enemy, low by a dozen paces.

A silly patter of poor musketry made answer, but their bullets might as well have been aimed at snipe for all the difference it made to us; they came short or spattered against our wall. We could hear the shouts of the foe, and saw their confusion as our third gun sent its message into the very heart of them.

Then they charged Dunchuach.

Our artillery lost its value, and we met them with fusil and caliver.

They came on in a sort of echelon of four companies, close ordered, and not as a more skilly commander would make them, and the leading company took the right. The rushy grass met them with a swish as they bounded over it like roebucks, so fast that our few score of muskets made no impression on them until they were climbing up the steep brae that led to our walls.

Over a man in a minority, waiting, no matter how well ensconced, the onslaught of numbers carried on the wings of hate there comes a strange feeling—I'll never deny it—a sort of qualm at the pit of the stomach, a notion to cry "'Cavi!" and turn atail disgraceful. I felt it but for a second, and then I took to my old practice of making a personal foe of one particular man in front of me. This time I chose a lieutenant or sergeant of the MacDonalds (by his tartan), a tall, lean rascal, clean shaved, in trews and a tight-fitting *cota gearr* or short coat, with an otter-skin cap on his head, the otter-tail still attached and dangling behind like a Lowlander's queue. He was striding along zealfully, brandishing his sword, and disdaining even to take off his back the bull-hide targe, though all his neighbours kept theirs in front of them on the left arm.

"You have wrecked honest homes!" I argued with him in my mind. "You put the torch to the widow's thatch, you have driven the cattle from Elrigmore, and what of a girl with dark eyes like the sloe? Fancy man, man of my fancy! Oh! here's the end of your journey!"

Our assailants, after their usual custom, dropped their pieces, such as had them, when they had fired the first shot, and risked all on the push of the target and the slash of the broad brand, confident even that our six or seven feet of escarpment would never stay their onset any time to speak of. An abattis or a fosse would have made this step futile; but as things were, it was not altogether impossible that they might surmount our low wall. Our advantage was that the terre-plein on which we stood was three or four feet higher than they were at the outer side of the wall, apart from the fact that they were poised precariously on a steep brae. We leaned calmly over the wall and spat at them with pistols now and then as they ran up the hill, with Clanranald and some captains crying them on at the flank or middle. In the plain they left a piper who had naturally not enough wind to keep his instrument going and face the hill at the same time. He strode up and down in the deadliest part of the valley where a well-sent musket-ball would never lose him, and played a tune they call "The Galley of the Waves," a Stewart rant with a hint of the zest of the sea in it. Nobody thought of firing at him, though his work was an encouragement to our foes, and anon the hill-tops rang with a duel of pibrochs between him and a lad of our garrison, who got round on the top of the wall near the governor's house and strutted high-shoulderedly up and down, blasting at the good braggart air of "Baile Inneraora."

Those snorting, wailing, warring pipes mingled oddly with the shout of the fighting men, who had ways of battle new to me in practice though they were in a sense my own countrymen. Gaelic slogans and maledictions they shouted, and when one of them fell in the mob, his immediate comrades never failed to stop short in their charge and coolly rob him of a silver button off his coat, or a weapon if it seemed worth while.

In a little they were soon clamouring against our wall. We laughed and progged them off with the long-handled axes to get free play with the fusils, and one after another of them fell off, wounded or dead.

"This is the greatest folly ever I saw," said Sir Donald, wiping his brow with a bloody hand.

"I wish I was sure there was no trick

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in it," said John. He was looking around him and taking a tug at his belt, that braced him by a couple of holes. Then he spat, for luck, on a ball he dropped into his fusil, said a Glassary charm on it as he rammed home the charge and brought the butt to his cheek, aiming at a white-faced Irisher with a leathern waistcoat, who fell backward into a dub of mud and stirred no more.

"Four!" said John; "I could scarcely do better with my own French fusil Mairi Og."

The enemy drew off at a command of their captain, and into the edge of the wood that came up on the left near our summit. We lost our interest in them for a time, watching a man running up the little valley from the right, above Kilmalieu. He came on, waving his arms wildly and pointing ahead; but though he was plain to our view, he was out of sight of the enemy on the left.

A long black coat hampered his movements, and he looked gawky enough, stumbling through the rushes.

"If I didn't think the inside of Castle Inneraora was too snug to quit for a deadly hillside," said John, "I could believe yon was our friend the English minister."

"The English minister sure enough," said half-a-dozen beside us.

"Here's ill luck for us then!" cried John, with irony. "He'll preach us to death; the fellow's deadlier than the Clanranald banditty."

Some one ran to the post beside the governor's house, and let the gentleman in when he reached it. He was panting like a winded hound, the sweat standing in beads on his shaven jowl, and for a minute or two he could say nothing, only pointing at the back of our fort in the direction of the town.

"A parish visit, is it, sir?" asked John, still in his irony.

The minister sat him down on a log of wood and clutched his side, still pointing eagerly to the south of our fort. No one could understand him, but at last he found a choked and roupy voice.

"A band behind there," he said; "your — front — attack is — but — a — feint."

As he spoke, half-a-dozen men in a north-country tartan got on the top of our low rear wall that we thought impregnable on the lip of the hill, and came on us with a most ferocious uproar. "Badenoch!" they cried in a fashion to rend the hills, and the signal (for such it was more than slogan) brought on our other side the Clanranald gentry.

What followed in that hearth-stone fight so hot and brisk took so short a space of time, and happened in so confused and terrible a moment, that all but my personal feelings escape me. My every sense stirred with something horrible; the numb sound of a musket-butt on a head, the squeal of men wounded at the vitals, and the deeper roar of hate; a smell of blood as I felt it when a boy holding the candle at night to our shepherds slaughtering sheep in the barn at home; before the eyes a red blur cleared at intervals when I rubbed the stinging sweat from my face.

Half a hundred of those back-gate assailants were over our low wall with their axe-hooks and ladders before we could charge and prime, engaging us hand to hand in the cobbled square of our fort, at the tower foot. The harassment on this new side gave the first band of the enemy the chance to surmount our front wall, and they were not slow to take it.

Luckily our halberdiers stood firm in a mass that faced both ways, and as luckily, we had in Master John M'Iver a general of strategy and experience.

"Stand fast, Campbell Halberdiers!" he cried. "It's bloody death, whether we take it like cravens or Gaelic gentlemen!" He laid about him with a good purpose, and whether they tried us in front or rear, the scamps found the levelled pikes and the ready swords. Some dropped beside, but more dropped before us, for the tod in a hole will face twenty times what he will flee from in the open wood; but never a man of all our striving company fought sturdier than our minister, with a weapon snatched from an Athole man he had levelled at a first blow from an oaken rung.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" he would cry; "for all the kings of the Amorites that dwell in the mountains are gathered together against us." A slim elder man he was, ordinarily with a wan sharp face; now it was

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flushed and hoved in anger, and he hissed his texts through his teeth as he faced the dogs. Some of youth's schooling was there, a Lowland youth's training with the broadsword ; for he handled it like no novice, and even M'Iver gave him "Bravo, *suas é!*"

That we held our ground was no great virtue—we could scarcely do less ; but we did more, for soon we had our enemy driven back on the walls. They fought—there's no denying it—with a frenzy that made them ill to beat ; but when a couple of score of our lads lined the upper wall again and kept back the leak from that airt by the command of John Splendid, it left us the chance of sweeping our unwelcome tenants back again on the lower wall. They stayed stubbornly, but we had weight against them and the advantage of the little brae, and by-and-by we pinned them, like foumarts, against the stones. Most of them put back against the wall, and fought, even with the pike at their vitals, slashing empty air with sword or dirk ; some got on the wall again and threw themselves over the other side, risking the chance of an uglier death on the rocks below.

In less than an hour after the shot of Para Mor (himself a stricken corpse now) rang over Dunchuach, our piper, with a gash on his face, was playing some vaunting air on the walls again, and the fort was free of the enemy, of whom the bulk had fallen back into the wood, and seemingly set out for Inneraora.

Then we gathered and stroked our dead—twenty-and-three ; we put our wounded in the governor's house, and gave them the rough leech-craft of the fighting field ; the dead of the assailants we threw over the rock, and among them was a clean-shaven man in trews and a tight-fitting *cota gearr*, who left two halves of an otter-skin cap behind him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RETURN.

A day ago, as she passed through
(September, with foreshadowed hair),
The great doors of the year swung to,
And little leaves fell here and there.

Behind white drifted clouds was lost
The pageant of the level sun ;
We knew the silence tokened frost
And that the old warm eves were done.

And so we mourned and slept. But he
(The Master of the moving hours)
Called up the Southern wind ; and we
Awoke—to see, across the flowers,

The gates flung back a morning's space,
And (while the fields went wild for mirth !)
Above the threshold Summer's face
Yearning for her old lover, Earth.

Francis Sherman.

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WHAT IS GOOD ENGLISH?

They have a saying in London to the effect that if you see a person in the Row between the hours of twelve and one o'clock on Sunday, wearing a shooting-jacket and a particularly shabby hat, it is safe to assume that the person in question is a Duke, as one of lesser rank would never venture to appear there in a costume so utterly *négligé*. This little dictum has an application of its own in matters relating to our English speech and usage. The speaker and writer who is always spick and span in his verbal dress, who clothes his ideas only in the language of books, and who pronounces his words absolutely in accordance with the orthoëpy enjoined in dictionaries, may perhaps be an educated man, but his education is, in all probability, a very superficial one. On the other hand, the style that draws freely upon all the sources of our mother tongue, that is seasoned and vivified with good racy idioms, that at times and in the proper places allows itself a colouring of colloquialism, and that is not afraid of even a strong and striking bit of slang when it will serve a special purpose—this is the style not merely of an educated man, but of a master and moulder of language, the style of the linguistic artist, the style of the accomplished scholar.

Professor Hill, of Harvard University, not long ago, in writing down some thoughts about the underlying principles of usage, gave utterance to this very useful admonition: "Above all things, avoid the use of schoolmasters' English." What he meant was: Do not be pedantic, do not always limit yourself to a narrowly restricted vocabulary, do not think that formal grammar and the arbitrary work of the lexicographer have drawn a line in language over which you must never pass. Yet the teaching of English in American schools is too often circumscribed in just that way. It is a national superstition with us that "the dictionary" came down direct from heaven, and that it contains all that is necessary to our linguistic salvation, when supplemented by the cut-and-dried pronouncements of a grave grammarian. Hence, when any question of the propriety of a word is broached, every one goes trotting to the dictionary; and after its pages have been reverently consulted, *causa finita est*. So, too, when a question of syntax arises, the grammar is raked over to see if some formal rule applies; and if it does not, or if the suspected sentence cannot be "diagrammed," then the sentence is anathema. Now it is all right to trot to the dictionary and to consult the grammar. A good dictionary and a good grammar are useful works; but it is the very first mark of inefficiency in a teacher of English if he leads his pupils to look upon either of these as though it had descended amid the crash of thunder and the blaze of fire that accompanied the decalogue on Sinai.

If, indeed, the word-mongers and the diagrammers could ever have their way unchecked, our literary English would be as fixed and lacking in mobility as Sanskrit or Egyptian; for it would be as dead as they, and as incapable of enrichment and expansion. But fortunately, there are limits to the repressive authority of the schoolmen. Side by side with that portion of our language which has received their gracious sanction runs the rich stream of spoken English, continually renewed from a thousand verbal rivulets. The pedants will not recognise its existence, and those timid writers who are bound by formal precept and tradition dare not dip into it for fear of being called "inelegant;" but every little while some independent, vigorous-minded genius, who sees with his own eyes and who has a sense of what the literary language lacks, will fearlessly resort to the swelling stream of colloquial English, and he will take from it what pleases him, and by the force of his example will lead others on to follow him. Hence the English of our literature is being always reinforced against the will of its self-appointed guardians; and when each new edition of a dictionary appears, the compilers will be found to have been compelled to recognise as good and classical what all their predecessors stigmatised as incorrect and censurable. Who does not remember that when Johnson made his dictionary "pony" was set down as slang, and that ex-

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quisitely beautiful word "gloaming" as a vulgarism?

The same thing has been true in the history of many languages. Take Latin, for example. In the third century before Christ, the Roman speech was bare indeed. The process which was finally to develop it into a great instrument of melody and power had only just begun, so that its vocabulary was meagre and its forms of expression bald and commonplace. Then came Plautus, a marvellous master of language, with a genius like that of Shakespeare, a luxuriant fancy, and a bold, creative mind. He threw at once into the literary crucible a thousand vivid, picturesque, and glowing terms culled from the language of the streets and shops, and on their analogy he himself made hundreds of other curiously expressive words, while his daring spirit flung into his work a richness of expression, a variety of diction, and a felicitous fertility of phrase such as still remains a model of what can be done in any language by one who is enough at home to take with it inspired liberties. But Plautus was a man of humble origin; the drama was in no high repute; and so his splendid vocabulary remained largely untouched and unrecognised by the stiff-backed purists of Rome, until there arose another great master of style in the person of Cicero, whose influence was so dominant as to make his usages the law of Latin literature, and who, perceiving the perfection of the Plautine speech, made much of it his own, and gave to it the stamp of his supreme authority, and thus converted into classic diction what had before been kept without the pale of authorised Latinity.

Now the English language, as a whole, is the richest of all modern tongues, and it is not to be bounded by the comparatively narrow limits of its literature. There exists, as well, the easy, fluent usage of conversation, and there is also the strong, simple, homely speech of the common people, rooted in plain Saxon, smacking of the soil, and having a sturdy power about it that is unsurpassable for downright force and blunt directness. So, when a writer comes to the task of dealing with a large and varied theme, must he be satisfied to cramp his language by keeping always to the prim elegance, the neat hedgerows of scholastic diction? Shall he not avail himself of all the wonderful resources of the entire language, drawing from all its treasure-houses, and selecting, with no pedantic sniffs or questions as to origin, whatever will best suit his own immediate purpose? If he be independent enough to defy convention, he surely will do this. Like a musician seated at a mighty organ, like a painter beside his palette, he will choose, with unerring taste, whatever note, whatever tint he most may need. His one aim will be to make his meaning absolutely certain, to drive it home to the mind of the reader with all the fire and force of which he is a master,—to inform, to please, to persuade, and to convince. Therefore he takes the very word he wants, whether it be a learned compound or whether it be a product of the music-hall; only, whatever he takes, it must be the word or the phrase that will give the precise shade of meaning which he is endeavouring to convey, having just the right colour and just the point and power that will make it linger in the memory. And so the writer of the best English is he whose language responds exactly to his mood and thought, now thundering and surging with the majestic words whose immediate ancestry is Roman, now rippling and singing with the smooth harmonies of later speech, now forging ahead with the irresistible energy of the Saxon, and now laughing and wantoning in the easy lightness of our modern phrase.

This instinct, this discretion, this insight, this feeling for the exact word and the exact expression can never come from merely taking thought. It cannot be acquired in the schools nor from the text-books. Even the widest reading and the closest observation will not create it. A purely formal style, one of correctness and precision, one that is true to the ordinary literary models, may be acquired; but that is all. The style of the born writer who flings himself joyously into his subject, who revels in the wealth and fertility of his own linguistic resources, and who creates a literary manner for himself, is as truly a gift of Nature as is the poet's inspiration or the sculptor's sense of form; for it is largely a matter of temperament. It cannot be man-given, though it may be disciplined and wonderfully enriched by culture. What is of more importance is the fact that it can be cramped and

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dwarfed and stunted. When it is still in the early stages of its evolution it can be made self-conscious by cheap criticism, and the mind that is back of it may be brought to be ashamed of its own originality by those persons whose source of inspiration is discoverable in a text-book. While it is still sensitive to authority, dull minds that move by rule and formula may clip its wings and make its spontaneity seem lawless, its unconventionality barbaric. And if one has been taught from the beginning to feel an unreasoning reverence for mere printed precepts, then the process of discouragement is made still easier, so that, in many cases, rare originality is caged and cramped into a literary formalism.

Remembering all these things, what ought to be the attitude of a practical teacher of English, who knows that among the minds for whose development and training he is to become responsible, there may, perhaps, be one or two possessed of a capacity for high achievement? He must necessarily impart a knowledge of the ordinary canons of language and of style. He must, in much of what he does, rely upon such text-books as exist. He must accept and teach the usual standards, the technical traditions, the rules and principles that have come down to us from the days of Priscianus and Quintilian. All this he must inevitably do. But if he be a teacher worthy of the name, and one who is imbued with the spirit of the language and its genius, he will not stop here. He will teach these things; but his point of view will never be the point of view of him who sees no further than the printed page. He will impart a knowledge of the formal rules, but in doing so he will never fail to show how every formal rule is only a convenience; that it embodies only a portion of the truth and not the whole of it; that it stands for a norm, a convenient every-day expression of usual fact, and not for an ultimate and invariable standard to which all usage must of necessity be conformed. He will rehearse the conventional laws of style, but he will make it clear by numerous and striking examples how these laws are often gloriously violated, and how they are not to be viewed as fettering the freer play of genius. He will, above all, show that usage makes a rule rather than a rule the usage, and that while one may be safe inside the rule, he may be splendid beyond it. In this way the teacher will offer a perfectly consistent training to the mind that is commonplace, without at the same time discouraging the exceptional mind that has within itself a capacity for what is striking and unusual. But he will not glorify the unconventional for its own sake, since he will show that there is an unconventionality which is slovenly and vulgar, as well as an unconventionality which is original and magnificent.

It is an open question, as to which the present writer must confess that he has not yet made up his mind, whether the teaching of English grammar in any strictly technical sense ought to begin before the learner's intellect has reached a condition of comparative maturity. But, assuming that it should, then this teaching ought to be the very best, the very furthest removed from dusty dogmatism, and the most attractive that the class-room ever sees. For, as a rule, no subject that is taught to-day is so poorly and unintelligently taught as English, while none is actually so important as being the very foundation and underpinning of every possible type of education. It is shameful to see our very colleges filled with students who never set down three consecutive sentences that do not reek with solecisms of expression, of syntax, and of style; while not a few, when they leave the college hall, the winners of a university degree, make blunders even of orthography that might well disgrace a swineherd.

The ideal teaching of English would not, at first, in our opinion, be based upon a text-book at all, but it would be wholly oral. An instructor combining a scholar's breadth of knowledge with the finest literary taste and a sane perception of what the young mind will grasp most eagerly, would sit down with a class of two or three and tell them interesting things about the language to whose use they have been born. He would give them some idea of the history of our tongue, of how it rose from the humble position of a mere provincial dialect to the stately dignity of a great world-language; he would explain just how its growth went hand in hand with the political and commercial and intellectual development of those

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who spoke it; he would sketch the process of its enrichment, and make it clear by illustrations how it has drawn its marvellous vocabulary from every other speech, and how its very words embody the history of our Anglo-Saxon civilisation. He would compare the literary forms of expression with the popular, and would try to give a sense of what is admirable in each locution; and then he would explain with continual illustration and example the nice distinctions of variant usage, pointing out how in one way force is gained and how in another harmony and grace; and thus he would gradually bring their minds to a genuine appreciation of the vital interest of a theme whose importance to every one of us is just as marked as is its fascination. And when he had reached this point they would be ready to accept, not only with sound understanding, but with zestful eagerness, the purely technical side of grammar and of rhetoric, for these two ought to be combined in English teaching. The learner would not then regard the rules and principles as dull, unmeaning dogmatism, but as clues to something that is really worth his while, as keys that can unlock a wondrous jewel-casket, as the title to a gift that may enable him to charm, convince, delight, and entertain; for these things are the heritage of him who truly masters all the glorious resources of our mother tongue, so rich, so manly, so harmonious, so strong, and so majestic.

This would be ideal teaching, but it can scarcely have a frequent place in the scheme of the Actual, for there exist unfortunately, very few such teachers as we have here described, while the teaching of elementary English grammar must go on in every hamlet of the land; and, in the second place, the great mass of students must always be instructed in large classes rather than in an individual way. Hence, the best that one can reasonably look for is a text-book that may be put into their hands with the knowledge that its spirit is the spirit of common sense, and its information the sort of information that the learner will most certainly require and most readily assimilate. Such a book is almost as rare as the ideal teacher himself; yet we have now before us one that may be very fairly regarded as belonging to precisely such a category.* Its author does not believe that the study of grammar as a system should be taken up until the high-school course begins, but that the beginner should be grounded in the essential principles of the language only. These principles are not, he thinks, to be acquired by rote, with "parsing" done almost by ear, and with diagrams that represent in their victim a kind of acquired instinct. He seeks to facilitate by the preparation of this book the attainment of four definite results,—the knowledge of a logical method for the classification of words, a familiarity with the English systems of inflection, the underlying principles of English syntax, and a thorough comprehension of the structure of the English sentence. Those things, he thinks, a young student can master in a year or two; and we also think it wholly possible, if the spirit in which this book is written should be infused into the work of those who use it.

Professor Carpenter lays stress in his preface upon the fact that he has "avoided categorical statements affirming that certain usages occurring frequently in literary and colloquial English are 'wrong.'"

> "It seems to me exceedingly important that pupils should learn to study and judge the facts of language as they at present exist, in a candid and scientific fashion, tabooing only words and expressions that are actually vulgar, and recognising the natural diversity of usage."

It remains for us to consider how far, in the book itself, these very sensible intentions have been successfully carried out. It opens with an introductory chapter on grammar and its divisions, containing a clear statement of the true purpose of the study of grammar and an indication of its value as a means of mental discipline, to which is added a paragraph that explains to the young student the meaning of Historical Grammar. The following chapter describes simply and with easy lucidity the place that English occupies in the Indo-European family of languages; and it gives a brief sketch of the linguistic and historical distinctions between Old English, Middle English, and Modern English. Professor Carpenter also calls attention

* The Principles of English Grammar. By G. R. Carpenter. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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to the three varieties of Modern English —literary, colloquial, and vulgar. Then follow chapters in which is developed in a very attractive way a description and explanation of the parts of speech, of inflection, derivation, and composition; from which one passes through the parts of speech themselves to Syntax and Sentence Analysis. All the information is given, not dogmatically and drily, but in the manner which we have already indicated as best adapted to the comprehension of a beginner, with no formal rules, but with an abundance of apt illustration, and with perfect clearness and simplicity. We note with especial pleasure the very lucid explanations given of many niceties of language that are so often stumbling-blocks to the educated as well as the uneducated. Such, for instance, is the statement regarding the use of "shall" and "will" (pp. 131, 132), of "should" and "would" (pp. 134, 135), of collective nouns (pp. 183, 184), of such words as have at different times the form of different parts of speech (pp. 195, 196), and of conditional sentences (pp. 200, 201). Professor Carpenter's good sense and liberality toward varying usages are seen in his acceptance of such expressions as "more universal," "more perfect," etc. (p. 105), and in his recognition of the fact that usage has given a binding sanction to the use of "United States" as a noun in the singular (p. 59). He even gives a quasi-approval to such an expression as "the best of the two" (p. 178), which he styles "an innocent error," though he objects to such common phrases as "sugar's rise," "India's famine," and "Boston's fire" (p. 175).

Although Professor Carpenter naturally confines himself in general to modern English usage, he does at times, and very wisely, refer to both Old and Middle English in order to make the origin of some apparently irregular expressions plain to the student, as in his notes on the alleged vulgar English phrase "these kind of men" (p. 177), "'em" as an equivalent for "them" (p. 81), and on nouns whose singular and plural forms are identical (p. 58). We are glad that he still holds to the use of "politics" and "athletics" as plurals, in spite of the recent tendency in newspaper English to make them conform to the analogy of "news."

More specific enumeration of the excellences of this grammar in its details it is hardly necessary to give. What we said at the outset truthfully indicates the value of the book: it is a fair substitute for a very unusually able teacher, and it is just the sort of grammar that such a teacher would wish to put into the hands of every student. Were its merits not here and there counterbalanced by some obvious defects, the volume would be unlike any other book of human production; and some of these defects we may briefly indicate, not in a spirit of captious criticism, but because two or three of them relate to matters that are more than trivial, and because, therefore, it would be wrong to let them pass without a protest.

The least important are the touches of inconsistency that are here and there observable. Professor Carpenter in general abstains from asserting positively that this, that, or the other thing is "wrong;" yet he does at times give utterance to a sort of condemnation, as in saying of a certain construction that it "is not to be commended" (p. 175). Now if he is going to disapprove of one form of speech that may be defended by usage, he ought to go on and condemn others also which are equally censurable from their lack of taste and elegance. Again, he disclaims any intention of urging rhetorical considerations in his treatment of purely grammatical quotations; yet again and again his objections to certain verbal practices are frankly put upon rhetorical grounds, as on pages 181, 198. Personally, we think that the art of rhetoric should always be brought in to supplement and enrich the science of grammar; and as Professor Carpenter in practice often seems to think so too, we could wish that in some of his observations he had laid more stress upon rhetorical laws; for there is no reason why stylistic taste should not be cultivated side by side with the acquisition of grammatical principles.

A neglect of this consideration has led Professor Carpenter into giving a modified approval to the split infinitive because, so he says, "it is used without hesitation by many writers of repute" (p. 193). Well, there have also been men of sound morality and great integrity, from Cato the Censor down, who have been overcome by drink in public; yet such a weakness is not to be com-

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mended merely because of their general good character. The *exemplar vitiis imitabile* is just the one thing that the discriminating person ought always to be on his guard against; and it is depressing to find in a book so sensible as Professor Carpenter's any traces of a tendency to overlook the fact that faults and errors of taste are no less faulty and erroneous when they are imbedded, like flies in amber, in the pages of some otherwise impeccable writer. Professor Carpenter has here, in fact, illustrated the dangers of "liberality." It is very sensible to make usage the great criterion in matters of language; but this liberality ought to be an enlightened and critical liberality. It should recognise that there is usage and usage, that a crude expression in a writer of repute is no better than when it is used by a penny-a-liner, and that the masterly, high-bred, aristocratic carelessness of a man of perfect taste is quite as far removed from a slovenly and stupid carelessness as it is from a pedantic scrupulosity—the *obscura diligentia* which Terence once rebuked.

No usage can justify things that are in their very essence absolutely at variance with the fundamental laws of language itself. Thus, Professor Carpenter dogmatically allows the use of the "retained object" in such expressions as "I was paid the money" (p. 176), which embodies a perfect monstrosity of speech, and which it is wholly impossible to defend or even to explain. But having admitted this into his grammatical canon Professor Carpenter goes a step further, and by implication defends even the common blunder "It is me." This he tries to explain, if not to justify; but his explanation, which is a novel one to us, in reality explains nothing whatsoever. He says (p. 174) that "'It is me' has become a stereotyped, idiomatic, colloquial expression, used without hesitation by the mass of the people *and shunned only by the fastidious.*" He thinks this natural enough; for "*me* bears in form and sound a closer analogy to *he* and *she* than *I* does, and so would sound more natural." That is, he thinks that people say "It is me" because of an analogy in sound to the correct expressions, "It is he" and "it is she." But as a matter of fact, the persons who say "It is me" do not say "It is he" and "It is she;" but they rather say, with equal ignorance, "It is him" and "It is her." Curiously enough, our author has nothing to say in behalf of "It is him." He does not mention it at all, and that is wise; for if he had done so it would have left his argument for "It is me" wholly in the air and without a leg to stand on. The fact is that "It is me" arises from ignorance of the nature of the neuter verb, and represents a general tendency to use the objective case after any verb whatever. And, indeed, if one may use the "retained object" after a passive verb, that is really no reason on earth why he should not indulge in any other linguistic debauch that pleases him, and say not only "It is me," but "It is him" and "It is her" as well.

An appendix to the grammar, by Mr. E. H. Babbitt, contains a great deal of useful and pertinent information in a small compass; and its first paragraph neatly knocks the underpinning from beneath the fatuous and blatant advocates of Fonetik Refawrm. Altogether the book is to be commended very warmly; and, apart from the casual defects that we have just enumerated, it is admirably adapted to bring back to a healthy and normal linguistic vision all persons who are suffering from grammatical myopia and strabismus.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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KIPLING'S VIEW OF AMERICANS.

Some four centuries ago a venturesome voyager named Columbus crossed the Atlantic and discovered the Americans. This first and original discoverer of the Americans was an Italian. On his return to the other side, he embodied his impressions in a book. The Americans, in his opinion, were a curious and barbarous people. A few years later a traveller named Cabot discovered the Americans again. He was an Englishman. He, too, wrote a book. He, too, found the Americans a curious and barbarous people.

During the four centuries that have elapsed since Columbus and Cabot, Americans have not remained undiscovered. On the contrary, year by year since those early times, traveller after traveller of every nationality in Europe, but especially of French and English, has come to these shores, discovered the Americans, and pronounced them a curious and barbarous people. Almost the latest in the long line of discoverers of America is the Anglo-Indian prodigy, the great Rudyard Kipling. We had thought that the supply of discoverers had run out; but no, in India a new genius arose, and we were discovered again. We had thought that there was nothing left to discover; but lo! Kipling came to us, entered "into our midst," so to speak, and succeeded in discovering a number of strangely familiar facts.

We Americans, with conscientious industry, have read all these accounts, and have not yet lost interest in the process of being discovered. Instead of being gratified by the occasional bits of praise, and resenting the persistent faultfinding and occasional abuse, we have been delighted and amused. Our market has stood wide open to books of this kind. We have not yet invented the plan of *protecting* our "infant literary industries."

The reason for this peculiar attitude is, perhaps, to be found in our national self-complacency. We have prosperity and most of the other gifts of the gods, and in addition, if we may believe Mr. Kipling, "almost human intelligence." All we want is some one before whom we may display our finery. Consequently we like to hear ourselves talked about, and greedily seize any morsel of comment, bitter or sweet. The compliments we take as a matter of course; the criticism, if clever, amuses us, but does not annoy us, because we do not for a moment suspect that it can be true. We are like a precocious schoolboy, not Macaulay's, who aches for an opportunity to "show off."

Consequently, we have greedily bolted books of comment, good, bad, and indifferent, from the time of Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and Charles Dickens to the time of Max O'Rell, Paul Bourget, James Bryce, and Rudyard Kipling. Our power of belief, in the words of Andrew Lang, "has verged on credulity." We have enjoyed the praise and, strange to relate, have not seriously resented the criticism. Encroachments in Venezuela and Bering Sea seals we take very seriously, but criticism of our language and manners we receive with a very becoming sense of humour. To be sure, there are exceptions. The ardent patriotism of our Brander Matthews cannot be entirely smothered, but finds a vent in the collection of Britticisms to offset the Americanisms to which English writers are so fond of alluding. The American editor, too, cannot always contain himself, and we have an occasional vicious "sending of Dana's *Sun*." But, as a rule, the twist-the-lion's-tail, lick-creation, jingo spirit is not prominent in our literature.

Naturally we are eager to hear the opinion of Kipling on this subject so near to our heart. This opinion seems to be an unstable quantity, dependent upon the time of writing and upon the public to whom he is addressing himself. In the esteem of Kipling, the clever young Indian journalist, the American had a place on a plane with that of the much-reviled globe-trotter. Kipling at this time had very little real knowledge of us, but said a few things about us from hearsay. For instance, in the amusing story of missionary life, "The Judgment of Dungara," he says, "Speak to the Racine Gospel Agency, those lean Americans whose boast is that they go

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where no Englishman dare follow." Again, in the "Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House" is represented an American character, Salem Hardicker, "A lean Bostonian he ——." Again, in "His Private Honour" occurs the savage innuendo, "Ortheris, being neither a menial nor an American, but a free man, had no excuse for yelping." Again, in "A Matter of Fact," Kipling makes some wicked thrusts at the methods of American journalism. Keller, the over-enthusiastic young journalist from Dayton, O., is utterly foiled in attempting to put his American methods into practice in England. Keller's account of the sea-serpent is thus described: "Keller triple-headed his account, talked about our 'gallant captain,' and wound up with an allusion to American enterprise in that it was a citizen of Dayton, O., that had seen the sea-serpent. This sort of thing would have discredited the Creation, much more a mere sea tale, but as a specimen of the picture-writing of a half-civilised people it was very interesting." The wise Britisher follows this not too delicate remark with the withering advice: "Don't be an ass, Keller. Remember, I'm seven hundred years your senior, and what your grandchildren may learn five hundred years hence I learned from my grandfathers about five hundred years ago. You won't do it, because you can't."

Such not too eulogistic passages reflect Kipling's general view of Americans. This disdainful feeling, however first aroused, was certainly fostered by practical considerations. American appreciation of Kipling's clever tales did not assume a substantial form. In our eagerness to read, we forgot the rights of the author. Large editions fail to gladden when they are pirated, and Kipling in his *American Notes* thus expresses his resentful feelings: "This may sound bloodthirsty; but remember, I had a grievance upon me—the grievance of the pirated English books." And again: "Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the Yankee school-marm, the cider, and the salt codfish of the Eastern States are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. I know better. They stole books from across the water without paying for 'em, and the snort of delight was fixed in their nostrils forever by a just Providence. That is why they talk a foreign tongue to-day." To general disdain of Americans was added personal grievance, so that Kipling arrived in San Francisco, on his first visit to America, equipped with keen powers of observation, numerous clever and original tricks of expression, and a genuine prejudice against everything American.

In his *American Notes* Kipling has made many of the conventional comments which have been common literary property since the time of Dickens and Mrs. Trollope. To these he has added a few comments of his own, usually in the same eulogistic strain, and he has expressed all these in the peculiar and inimitable Kipling manner. The moderation and restraint shown in his work are well described in the note of the American editor prefixed to Mrs. Trollope's work of more than a half century ago. "In presenting to the American public the following work, the publishers cannot refrain from congratulating their countrymen on the appearance of so just and happy a delineation of American character and manners. Moderate, conciliating, and good-humoured, it cannot but astonish us with the display of our own virtues, and fill us with a proud gratification at finding ourselves so much better than we had expected. Coming from the source it does, we had reason to expect the usual quantity of prejudice, ignorance, and misrepresentation which has heretofore distinguished most English travellers in the United States; but the reader will be surprised and delighted to find that the good-natured author has actually, on several occasions, omitted some capital opportunities of introducing picturesque incidents, such as dirkings, gougings, and the like, on which Mr. Fawkes, Mr. Fearon, and others have dwelt with such singular satisfaction. Had the author cherished the least feeling of ill-will toward the people of this country, instead of contenting herself with merely making every man in the United States a chewer of tobacco and spitter of tobacco-juice, she might with almost equal truth have extended the practice to women and children, the latter of whom, from a feeling of friendly commiseration, she has neglected to tell her readers begin to use tobacco by the time they are a week old, and some of them still earlier. The good-natured author has also neglected to apprise the

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English public that it is the universal practice in the United States for gentlemen, as soon as they have finished their dinner, to call for a pitchfork or a chestnut rail, wherewith to pick their teeth. Some prefer one, some the other; but on the whole, the pitchfork is the favourite. We might instance various other particulars in which the spirit of Christian moderation appears with such lustre in the work; but the omission to notice practices so unseemly as those just specified, and so notorious to all, will, I think, be quite sufficient evidence of the character of the writer." Evidently, then, the suave, genial tone is not peculiar to Kipling's *Notes*, but is shared by the earlier books on America.

The general spirit of Kipling's work is well shown by a contrast with the work of Dickens. The latter author, at the end of his *American Notes*, feeling that some effort should be made to soften the asperity of his remarks, soothingly says: "I have little reason to believe, from certain warnings I have had since I returned to England, that it will be tenderly or favourably received by the American people; and as I have written the Truth in relation to the mass of those who form their judgments and express their opinions, it will be seen that I have no desire to court, by any adventitious means, the popular applause. It is enough for me to know that what I have set down in these pages cannot cost me a single friend on the other side of the Atlantic who is, in anything, deserving of the name. For the rest, I put my trust implicitly in the spirit in which they have been conceived and penned, and I can bide my time." All this seems a little cringing from the author of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Kipling, more candidly, though evidently with a feeling of guilt, frankly says at the beginning of his book: "Protect me from the wrath of an outraged community if these letters be ever read by American eyes." There is a certain sweetness of revenge in reading Kipling's *American Notes* in a pirated edition.

Kipling, in a judicial spirit, finds some things in America to commend. The glories of the Yellowstone Park he wonders at and describes in a marvellously effective manner. He decidedly appreciates the pleasures of American salmon-fishing. He finds solace in our "superior cigars," as he deigns to call them. But, above all, he is enamoured of the American girl. On the most out-of-the-way occasions he bursts forth into such rhapsodies as, "Whose women are of a remarkable beauty." "Also the women are very fair." "That one falls in love with them goes without saying." "Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating, for all their demureness, the damsels of France, clinging closely to their mothers, with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian 'spin' in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever, they can talk—yea, it is said that they think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing which is delightfully deceptive."

Here, unfortunately, his praise terminates. To borrow the words of the American pirate editor, he makes "incisive jabs at the hotel-clerk, catarrh, and other defects in American character." The American art of expectoration excites his wonder and contempt. The American up-to-date gospel, the dazzling ornamentation of the saloons, the political system, the army, the navy, the language, and the general materialism of the American spirit are described in withering terms of scorn. The judicial attitude of the writer and the delicacy of his language may be inferred from remarks like the following: "San Francisco is a mad city—inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of a remarkable beauty." "But the American has no language. He is dialect, slang, provincialism, accent, and so forth." "I have struck a city—a real city—and they call it Chicago. . . . Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages."

The *American Notes* as a whole is a brilliant and entertaining account of America, the first impressions of a very young man, and intended to amuse the readers of an Indian journal. The writer has not been hampered by any respect for the facts in the case, and gives free scope to his fancy in producing a work valuable to Indians as an authentic source of information regarding things American.

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In Kipling's more recent writings there is manifest a decided change of attitude toward Americans. Whatever his real opinion may be, his expressed opinion is different. To be sure, he is now writing, in part at least, for an American audience. In the *American Notes* he is attempting to amuse an Indian public at the expense of Americans. In the *Naulakha*, in the *Walking Delegate*, and in *Captains Courageous* he is writing about America for Americans. Policy dictates a change of manner. Then, too, he has been subjected to new influences. American friends, an American wife, and perhaps not least of all, an American international copyright law have done something to conciliate his hostile humour.

To be sure, his old contempt for democracy still breathes forth in some of his works. It is a mooted question whether or not the anarchy of the bandar-log community, described in the first *Jungle Book*, is intended as a satire on Americans. Perhaps it is a case of the shoe fitting, though not so intended by the writer. In such case Kipling builded better than he knew.

But aside from occasional satirical touches, the spirit of his later writings is decidedly friendly and appreciative. Even his occasional jabs are much less vicious than formerly. His satire has lost much of its bitterness. His sarcasm has become something closely akin to humour. In the *Naulakha*, for instance, Kipling cannot refrain from making a few side thrusts at the American character and language. But such allusions are no longer abusive ; on the contrary, are legitimate humour. Referring to the American hero, Tarvin, the Maharajah remarks, "Thy friend here speaks such English as I never knew." Again Tarvin remarks, "You don't lose anything by keeping your weather-eye open, you know." To which the king innocently replies, "I do not understand, but go to the missionary's house to-day, my son." Later on Kipling alludes to the "irresponsible race who stride booted into the council-halls of kings, and demand concessions for oil-boring from Araccan to Peshun." Again the agent's wife remarks, "But, then, all Americans are extraordinary, you know, though they're so clever." Such mild, humorous allusions stand in marked contrast with the biting sarcasm and direct abuse of the *American Notes*. Then, too, Nick Tarvin, the American hero, partly Kipling's creation, is a rough, genial, git-up-an'-git, never-say-die American of whom we may justly be proud.

But the American nation is not a homogeneous body. The git-up-an'-git Nebraskan is very different from the conservative Bostonian. In the *Walking Delegate* Kipling makes a slight departure, and attempts to distinguish between these different types. He does not go far, to be sure, but under the guise of horses he pictures to us the conventional Northern, Western, and Southern types. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and most of the horses on the Vermont farm represent the quiet, domestic New England character. Muldoon, the ex-car-horse, represents the city element. Tweezy, "with the affliction in his left hip," represents the conventional proud, but warm-hearted, hospitable Southerner. "His affliction makes him bashful, but he is ever the most courteous of horses. 'Excuse me, suh,' he said slowly, 'but unless I have been misinfohmed, most of you' prominent siahs, suh, are impo'ted from Kentucky ; an' *I'm* from Paduky.' There was a little touch of pride in the last words." But the central figure in this interesting story is the visionary yellow-horse, Boney, who with his fluency and advanced ideas stands for the anarchistic popocracy of Kansas. "Hesh, sis," says Nip, "they feed words for beddin' where he comes from." In the words of Boney, "What the horses of Kansas think to-day the horses of America will think to-morrow." The types represented in this story are the purely conventional ones, and in their conception show little originality on Kipling's part. Still the story is interesting, as showing that Kipling is gradually becoming acquainted with the different phases of American life.

Another interesting feature of this story is the step that Kipling has taken toward mastering the intricacies of the "dialect, provincialism, and slang" which he calls the American language. In his latest work, *Captains Courageous*, Kipling has taken another step in this direction, and has attempted to reproduce the language of the Gloucester fishermen. About his success there seems to be some reason to doubt.

This story, *Captains Courageous*, con-

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tains less to injure American vanity than any of Kipling's other works. To be sure, the story is written down to our level; evidently the author had in his ear the jingle of the American dollar. But certain it is that the extremest jingo among us may read it with the greatest of complacence. Disko Troop and his son Dan are distinctively American heroes, but are fit to move in the society of Kipling's Anglo-Indian heroes, Strickland and Mulvaney. Harvey Cheyne proves to be an admirable specimen of a boy, and even Harvey's father, the multimillionaire railroad king, is marvellously near a human being.

In that fearful tale, again, *The Rhyme of the Three Sealers*, the American buccaneers, Tom Hall and Reuben Paine, display a hardy courage coupled with rude gallantry worthy of heroes in a Norse saga.

"English they be and Japanee that hang on the Brown Bear's flank,
And some be Scot, but the worst, God wot, and the boldest thieves, be Yank."

In most of the writings that we have considered thus far, Kipling's expressed opinions have either been coloured by prejudice or influenced by policy. Kipling himself would be the first to point out the absurdity of taking these views seriously. All this is extremely unfortunate, because a candid expression of opinion from Kipling, a man of keen observation, critical judgment, and cosmopolitan spirit, would be interesting and important. Fortunately we have what seems to be such an expression. In his last collection of poems, *The Seven Seas*, is included a poem which seems to express Kipling's calm, settled opinion of Americans. The tone of the poem is severe, even bitter, but if we will be frank, we must acknowledge, for the most part, just. Independence combined with servility, together with an awful *irreverence*, are the qualities upon which he lays most stress.

"Through many roads, by me possessed,
He shambles forth in cosmic guise;
He is the Jester and the Jest,
And he the Text himself applies.

* * * * * *

"Calm eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
Or panic-blinded stabs and slays:
Blatant he bids the world bow down,
Or cringing begs a crumb of praise;

* * * * * *

"Euslave, illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
Or match with Destiny for beers.

"Lo! imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And in the teeth of all the schools
I—I shall save him at the last."

The American reader who wishes to be soothed with soft words of praise must not turn to Kipling. The progressive, enterprising, but materialistic American does not meet Kipling's ideal, and from him we get but half-hearted supercilious commendation. If we are not satisfied with this we must console ourselves after the manner of the famous "Man from Boston," who in lamenting in a patriotic manner the recent defeat at Carson of his erstwhile conqueror, and the American champion of the ring, found consolation in the fact that the new champion had taken out naturalisation papers in the United States. If we cannot have a native-born champion, the next best thing, in the opinion of the immortal Sullivan, is to have one who has become a citizen by adoption. In the same way, if crestfallen after reading Kipling's *American Notes*, we may derive consolation from the fact that our supercilious critic, when he came to select a place for a home, found that place in the much-reviled United States, the home of the Yank.

George Harley McKnight.

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CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE.

I.—Max Halbe's "Mother Earth."

The rapidity with which things have been moving in Germany since the final establishment of political unity, in 1870, is truly astonishing. Thirty years ago no one would have dreamed of the possibility of English commerce ever being seriously threatened by Germany; to-day the German flag is the principal rival of the Union Jack in nearly every quarter of the globe. At the Centennial Exposition of 1876 the German industrial exhibit was characterised by the German commissioner himself as "cheap and worthless;" at Chicago, in 1894, German manufactures formed in quality as well as bulk perhaps the most noteworthy part of the whole exposition. Twenty years ago hardly a woman student was to be found at the German universities; during the current semester there are two hundred women hearers at the University of Berlin alone. Fifteen years ago the répertoire of the German stage depended, apart from Shakespeare and the German classics of the eighteenth century, largely on Norwegian and French importations; to-day Sudermann and Hauptmann are being brought out in London and Paris, and in Germany itself there has rallied around their names a new dramatic school, thoroughly German, thoroughly realistic, and thoroughly alive to the vital questions of the day.

One of the latest productions of this new school—*Mother Earth*, a tragedy by Max Halbe—has recently been received with such general approval, both by the critics and the public of the great centres of German culture, that it may fairly be accepted as representative of the prevailing literary drift of the present generation. Halbe is not a novice in dramatic art. Among his earlier dramas there are at least three of decided individuality and power: *The Upstart* (1889), a fearful picture of elemental passions burying a German peasant home in wreck and ruin; *Icedriftings* (1892), a merciless exposition of the moral rottenness which, according to Halbe, has undermined the very breastworks of modern society, so that they will surely crumble away when the autumnal floods of popular revolt are coming; *Youth* (1893), a fascinating though depressing tale of a boyish love heedlessly rushing into sin and disaster. But only with *Mother Earth* has Halbe struck a theme which leads into the very midst of the great struggle that divides modern Germany into two hostile camps, the struggle between the traditions of the past and the ideals of the future.

The particular form which this struggle assumes in the present case is the conflict between love pure and simple, based upon instinct and the emotions, and the sublimated love of intellectual companionship.

Paul Warkentin, the son of an East Elbian country gentleman (all these modernest Germans are East Elbians), became acquainted, while studying at Berlin, with a young woman of superior intellect and will power, Hella Bernhardy by name. The daughter of a university professor, she had from childhood on led a city life, and being of an almost masculine bent of mind, had early become absorbed in the problems of the day, particularly in the woman movement. To Paul, the dreamy, undeveloped country boy, she opened a new world of ideas; and the natural consequence was their engagement and subsequent marriage. The latter, however, was not accomplished without a violent catastrophe. For Paul's father, who naturally wished his son to be his successor in the management of the estate, insisted on his marrying one of the girls of the neighbourhood, Antoinette, a playmate of Paul's in his country school-days, to whom he had been as much as engaged when he left for the university. And when Paul refused both to marry Antoinette and to assume the management of the estate, the irascible old gentleman forbade him his house.

All this has happened some ten years ago. Since then Paul and his wife have plunged into the exciting life of Berlin journalism, they have been editing a paper bearing the suggestive name of *Women's Rights*, and, if we may trust

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Hella's own statements, have played a considerable part in radical politics. Now the father has suddenly died; and, for the first time since his marriage, Paul re-enters the house of his ancestors to pay the last homage to the departed one. Hella accompanies him, although she hates to leave the city, and begrudges the delay which this trip will cause in the printing of her next editorial in *Women's Rights*. However, to recompense herself for this intellectual sacrifice, she has brought with her a young admirer of hers, who will help her reading proof while Paul is busy with the funeral arrangements or receives visits of condolence! Paul, on the other hand, with the first step over the threshold of his old home, feels himself drawn back into the spell of the long-neglected but ever-precious recollections of his youth. And so it is not surprising that husband and wife do not harmonise as well in these new, quiet surroundings as they seemed to do in the bustling stir of the capital. In fact, they are at odds in small things as well as great. Paul is deeply touched at the sight of the parlour chandelier lit in his honour by the old maiden aunt, his foster-mother; Hella thinks such sentimentality ridiculous. Paul comes in, covered with snow and glowing with delight over a ride he has taken on horseback through the wintry landscape, the first one for ten years: "Ah, you don't know what it is to be a man until you feel a horse under you!"—Hella wishes herself to be back at her desk in the editor's office. And when Hella reminds her husband of the days when they were still battling shoulder to shoulder in the good fight for the betterment of the race, he breaks out: "Fight for the betterment of the race? You had better speak of the dissipation of my energies, the benumbing of my natural instincts, the bankruptcy of my moral life—that is what has been the result of this artificial existence of ours, this continual restlessness, this bookishness, these airy abstractions, this cutting loose from the soil where our true strength is rooted."

It is after one of these scenes (needless to say!) that Antoinette, the love of Paul's boyhood, appears. After having been jilted by Paul, the impetuous girl, out of sheer despair, had thrown herself away on the first man that asked for her hand, a worthless, rollicking, dissipated Junker of the neighbourhood; and since then she has been leading a wretched and ignominious life, hating herself, her husband, the world. Now she sees Paul again, and his face at once reveals to her his history. "One consolation is left me," she tells him; "you have made me unhappy, but you are unhappy too! And to enjoy that I am here!" Paul, on his part, is transfixed. All his ideals of an active and useful life, all the traditions of his home, with its friendly human intercourse, its naturalness, its honesty and soundness, seem to him to have taken form in this daughter of his own native soil, this superb, beautiful woman, all the more beautiful to him for her grief. For she is grieving for him! She might have been his! And he has thrown her away to attach himself to a mere shadow, to a sexless being in whose veins there flows no blood, and whose brain is thinking thoughts that have no meaning for him!

Up to this point the action of the play is perfectly consistent, in a way even fascinating; for Halbe is a master of those little illuminating touches which bring out with lifelike energy the great contrast that pervades the whole drama. But now we have arrived at the crucial point of the plot. What is Paul to do? Is he to leave Hella and return to his first love, or is he to remain faithful to his marital vow and suppress his instinctive longings? Either solution, it seems to me, would have been artistically possible, and to a degree even satisfactory, for Hella appears from the very first so entirely devoid not only of womanly grace, but of womanly feeling also, so utterly incapable of even understanding her wifely duties, that one would greet Paul's deserting her for Antoinette almost with joy, savage though this joy might be. It would be a return to nature—to undefiled, sensuous, exuberant nature; it would be violence, but it would be violence that overturns a false, a vicious order of things, that sets things into their right relations. On the other hand, if Paul and Antoinette were to renounce each other, this, too, would be in a way a satisfactory ending. It would be a moral victory—a victory of duty over instinct. Both Paul and Antoinette would return to their daily tasks, enriched and strengthened by the

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rapturous feelings which the assurance of their spiritual inseparableness has brought them. And both would find ample opportunity for making humanity reap the fruits of their bitter experience —Paul by devoting himself with a higher heart and a nobler purpose to the cause for which he has been working these last ten years; Antoinette by giving herself to that most womanly of occupations, the healing of wounds and the relieving of distress.

Halbe has chosen to follow neither of these two lines of thought. Instead, he makes the two lovers go hand in hand into death, "return to Mother Earth," as they say themselves. This seems to me, even apart from the melodramatic manner in which it is brought about, an utterly indefensible ending of the play, for it is in vain that Halbe tries to justify it by Hella's unwillingness to relieve her husband from his vows. Its true reason (not justification) lies in the fact that Halbe, like nearly all the other representatives of youngest Germany, is given over to a hopeless fatalism which makes him shrink from any kind of free moral decision. And here, too, is to be sought the reason for the inexpressible gloom which nearly all the productions of this latest literary school exert upon us. No one would deny the power and brilliancy of these young writers, no one could help feeling grateful for the new life which they have infused into the drama. Works like Sudermann's *Heimat* and *Das Glück im Winkel*, like Hauptmann's *Einsame Menschen* and *Die Weber*, like Halbe's *Jugend* and *Mutter Erde* are symptoms of a literary activity that promises much. But these promises will not be fully realised until the Germans have, once for all, cast the materialism of Ibsen and Tolstoy behind them, until they have learned once more to believe in moral freedom, until they once more shall dare to defy reality. This it is that gives to words like Hauptmann's *Versunkene Glocke*, and above all to Sudermann's *Johannes*, such a great symptomatic significance. For here we feel indeed the pulse of a new time, here we see clearly the beginnings of a new idealism.

Kuno Francke.

SPANISH JOHN *VS.* MR. WILLIAM McLENNAN.

Mr. T. G. Marquis's charge of plagiarism against the author of *Spanish John*, in the March BOOKMAN, has called forth the following reply from Mr. McLennan:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIRS: In reply to the article in your current issue headed "Spanish John *vs.* William McLennan," and signed T. G. Marquis, I wish to make the following statement:

In my manuscript of *Spanish John* is a preface carefully acknowledging every source from which I drew the facts woven into the story. This preface was not required for its appearance in serial form, where it was cut down to thirty-five thousand words, and the *literal extracts* from the memoir, on which Mr. Marquis lays so much stress, do not amount to more than one-tenth of the matter used.

The work of reading the proof and preparing the story for book form fell at a time when I was under pressure of heavy professional work, and in my preoccupation I entirely overlooked the introduction of a preface, which would not only have materially added to the interest of the story, but entirely relieved me from such a charge as is now made. I left for the West Indies when the book was in the last stages of preparation, and by the time I returned it was published. In any future edition such a preface will appear.

Now as to the charges of Mr. Marquis.

Colonel McDonell, after his emigration from Scotland, played his part here during the War of the American Revolution, his sons were romantic figures in the history of the Northwest, and his descendants are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

The memoir in question is not by any means the bibliographical rarity that Mr. Marquis believes. He puts six copies as the probable total in existence; I personally know of at least that number in Montreal alone, and it is an old story to students of Canadian history. Besides the printed memoirs, at least one manuscript exists, and it was through this source I heard the story many years ago.

Colonel McDonell died in 1810, aged eighty-two. The manuscript has, therefore, been in existence for nearly a century, and the memoir was printed over seventy years ago. It consists of about twenty-one thousand words, and gives an account of the early life and adventures of the writer in a simple, direct manner, with such detail as an old man of extensive memory would set forth.

Surely, if any printed matter could be looked upon as "material," this was such. I had so little question of my right to use it, that I not only took every pains to preserve the names, but even the exact words where they could be used effectively. Not a very safe proceeding for any attempt at literary imposture when the original was so easily accessible!

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Mr. Marquis constantly refers to the high literary quality of the memoir. It is a curious commentary on this, that those portions suggested by the editor for omission in serial form should contain more than half the *literal extracts* used in the whole story.

Mr. Marquis, after quoting two passages which are literally reproduced in the story, states that "it would be safe to say that more than one-half of *Spanish John* is taken with the fidelity shown in these extracts from Colonel McDonell's strong autobiographical sketch."

Now the sketch contains about twenty-one thousand words, and the story about forty-eight thousand. Surely Mr. Marquis does not pretend that the sketch is incorporated *verbatim et literatim* in its entirety, though even this would not be sufficient to bear out his charge. By the most liberal construction as to what constitutes a literal extract, the total material used in unaltered form will be found to form not more than one-fifth of the whole.

I made no attempt to invent incidents. I took them as I found them in this memoir, in le père Labat, O'Callaghan, le President Desbrosses, "Ascanius," and other writers on the period, and used them with or without alteration as best suited the purposes of my story, for the originality of which Father O'Rourke and Captain Creach are qualified to stand as sponsors.

As to the dedication to my father. I cannot conceive it to be within the limits of literary criticism to distort into a pretended acknowledgment of facts, within the easy reach of any student of last century memoirs, an expression of affection and gratitude for assistance in my portrayal of types and conditions now passed away, to which I am largely indebted for that very flavour of the past which Mr. Marquis finds so acceptable.

Thanking you for your courtesy in permitting me to make this statement through your columns,

I am, dear sirs,
Yours very truly,

WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

1056 DORCHESTER STREET, MONTREAL,
March 5, 1898.

PARIS LETTER.

Zola is a martyr! On the question whether he be a martyr for the cause of truth or for the cause of self-advertisement there will be, of course, a good deal of discussion, but the fact remains that a heavier sentence has been passed upon him than has been passed for a long time upon a man of letters charged with an offence committed with his pen. He is to pay a heavy fine and to spend a year in prison. You should not, however, be led to believe that he is going to languish in a dungeon, and that his fate, while away from his home and family, is to be a peculiarly painful one. The prison where he is to be kept is Sainte-Pélagie, and Sainte-Pélagie is very much unlike all other prisons. It holds a separate ward for political and press offenders, who used to be pretty numerous in France in days gone by, and where the prisoners have always enjoyed special privileges. Their rooms are better than those of common offenders, they can receive visitors, all facilities are given them for intellectual labour, they can send for their meals to a restaurant in the neighbourhood, and I am not quite sure that they cannot have with them some of their own furniture. Confinement and regular hours are about their only hardships, when they have managed to be as well provided with worldly goods as Zola is. I remember the time when many a man of letters was casting longing eyes toward Sainte-Pélagie, when a stay there as a political prisoner was the best recommendation he could bring to the republican voters (that was under Napoleon III.) in his candidacy for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. Rochefort, who has just served there a term of *five days*, for libelling Joseph Reinach, remembers that time, too, and remembers also the day when he was dragged by the mob from that very prison, and triumphantly carried to the Hôtel de Ville, there to be made a member of the Government of National Defence. One may seriously doubt whether the mob, if it could get hold of Zola, would make him a member of the government, and Sainte-Pélagie is, perhaps, as safe a place as there is in France for him just now, or at least in Paris. Of one thing we may be sure—that is, that Zola will give us some day a book on his prison days, and for that reason I would not be extremely surprised if he should insist on being incarcerated in some other prison than Sainte-Pélagie, and on sharing the life of all other prisoners. As material for literary work it would be decidedly more interesting than what can be gathered in a press offender's cell.

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I cannot leave Zola without telling you that "*Tout Paris parle de 'Paris.'*" Yes, all Paris is speaking of *Paris*, Zola's new novel, which has just appeared in book form. Although he is as dithyrambic in speaking of the great city as even Hugo was, it is doubtful whether the book will make him more popular among those who charge him with showing in his works a decided preference for the kind of descriptions which do his country the most harm in the eyes of foreigners.

At the same time with Zola's *Paris* we have Daudet's last novel, *Soutien de Famille*, which he had completed just before his death. The work is far from unworthy of him, but I doubt whether it will add much to his reputation. The best part is the first half; the rest is a great deal more dramatic than most of Daudet's novels, or perhaps more melodramatic, and therefore unnatural.

While thinking of Zola and Daudet, one of whom would not be of the Academy, while the other would and never could, and probably now never will be, we have had to think of another writer who also wanted to be of the Academy, and who, according to all appearances, was just about to be elected when he died, the other day—I mean Ferdinand Fabre. Although he published a good many books, dealing almost all with clerical life, he will be remembered as *homo unius libri;* he will be spoken of as the author of *L'Abbé Tigrane*, his masterpiece, which he published in 1872.

We shall soon have two new academicians, as elections are just about to take place, for the vacancies created by the deaths of the Duc d'Aumale and Henri Meilhac. For the former's seat there had been at first much talk of Ernest Daudet, who has just made a great bid for the honour by his publication of an excellent biography of the Duke. But it seems now pretty well settled that the Academy will elect a soldier, and the successful candidate is likely to be General Du Barrail, a former Minister of War, and the author of bright and interesting military recollections.

For Meilhac's seat a new candidate has just appeared, who seems to have great chances, and who is certainly in great luck just now; it is Henri Lavedon, whose name I mentioned to you in my last letter, in reference to a play of his, *Catherine*, just produced at the Théâtre Français with a good deal of success. Hard on his victory there followed a triumph at the Variétés Theatre, with a play of quite a different nature, *Le Nouveau Jeu*, which I do not expect to be ever performed in America, but which was received none the less by the Parisian public with screams of laughter. The young and successful author comes from literary stock; his father was for quite a while a contributor to the *Figaro* and other Catholic and Royalist papers, under the assumed name of Philippe de Grandlieu, and was afterward placed at the head of the National Library in Paris.

Another man has just passed from life into immortality, but a most dubious kind of immortality, to be sure. It is the now notorious, but until recently quite unknown, Dr. Pagello, the Italian who supplanted Alfred de Musset in the affections of George Sand while the former was lying sick in Venice. Pagello was the physician in attendance, and devoted his attentions to the nurse no less than to the patient, and succeeded as well with the one as with the other. It is the formerly mysterious, but now too well-known story of *Elle et Lui*, all the characters of which have now, at last, being gathered in death. Dr. Pagello was eighty-eight years of age.

The most successful book of the month has been a play. The French have been as eager to read Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* as to see it acted, and already fifty thousand copies of the book have been sold! I doubt whether anything like that number of copies will be sold of Sardou's new play, *Paméla*, just acted at the Vaudeville, with Réjane in the title part. It can hardly be called literature, though it does, like all of Sardou's plays, contain some really interesting scenes. The subject of the play is the carrying of the Dauphin, the little Louis XVII., away from the prison of the Temple, a most doubtful event, as you know, but one about the reality of which Sardou claims to be entirely satisfied.

A new word in the French language! It seems to be a good one, and has been invented by Gyp, who chose it for the title of her last book, *Sportmanomanie*, a series of clever sketches, fully worthy of the reputation of their author.

Sportmanomanie is French, and will, no doubt, be accepted, but what shall

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we think of Count de Contades, who publishes a book with this strangely exotic title, *Le Driving in France?* The book, fortunately, will not corrupt many; it is for the select few, as it costs no less than twenty-five francs.

Americans will specially be interested in two books just published. One is *Le Comte de Vergennes; son Ambassade en Suède*, by L. Bonneville de Marsangy. Count de Vergennes is, as you know, the diplomat who, as French Minister of Foreign Affairs, signed the treaty of alliance with the United States during the War of Independence. The other is *L'Ame Nègre*, by Jean Hess, an eloquent plea on behalf of the negro, from an intellectual and artistic as well as from a moral standpoint.

The Napoleonic period continues to provide us with new reading matter. It claims two books this month, *Les Mémoires du Sergent Bourgogne, Grenadier—Lévite de la Garde Impériale*, published by Paul Cottin, and the *Souvenirs and Anecdotes de l'Ile d'Elbe*, of Pons de l'Héricault, edited by Léon G. Pélissier.

Side by side with these memories of a warlike period one might place as an antidote G. de Molinari's curious book, *Grandeur et Décadence de la Guerre*. I wish to mention also a book by one of our provincial university professors, M. Antoine Benoist, *Essais de Critique Dramatique*. It does not deal simply with the plays of to-day, but with the dramatic writers of the last forty years.

It was quite an event, on the 15th of this month, to have again a literary article by Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The title is *L'Histoire de la Littérature et la Doctrine Evolutive*, and the article is a defence of the author's system of criticism, as well as of the underlying ideas of his recently published History of French Literature. I understand that we shall have more articles of that kind now from the same pen, and also that Brunetière is preparing an important work on the subject of the *Encyclopédie* of Diderot and D'Alembert. And I may as well tell you that there is no truth whatever in the reports that he is to relinquish the editorship of the *Revue* and to enter political life.

His friend and collaborator, René Doumic, has just left France for the United States, where he is to deliver lectures at Harvard and other universities. René Doumic may be considered in literature the *bras droit* of Brunetière. We wish him the best of success.

Another man has also just left Paris, leaving behind him a queer kind of reputation. I mean Gabriele d'Annunzio. You know that he was greatly lionised. He accepted all the invitations that were extended to him, sometimes two or three for the same day and hour. His system was then to send at the last moment a very prettily worded note announcing that he had been suddenly compelled to leave for Italy. Once one of the guests, who had heard of the trick, rushed to his hotel, where he was told that M. d'Annunzio was in bed, and had given strict orders that no one should disturb him! But *when* seen he was so fascinating that a good deal will be forgiven him. He may come back; he will not be dealt with very severely.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, February 28, 1898.

THE AUDIENCE.

A REPLY.

The world's a stage. Life is the play,
And every man's an actor in it.
The audience? Who wait their cue—
The players of another minute.

Francis Churchill Williams.

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NEW BOOKS.

ZOLA'S "PARIS."*

At last Zola's *Paris* lies before us both in Mr. Vizetelly's conscientious and, on the whole, adequate translation, and in the more familiar yellow garb of the Bibliothèque Charpentier, which already bears the legend, *trente-huitième mille*, an effectual answer to those who predicted a literary boycott. It forms a logical conclusion to the trilogy of "The Three Cities," in which the three Christian virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity—have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and the downfall of Christianity itself foreshadowed. Considered from the standpoint of the story, there can hardly be two opinions about *Paris;* even a casual reading leaves the impression that it is a powerful book, by far the strongest that he has written since *La Débâcle*, and one which is destined to rank among Zola's most enduring works. It has to a remarkable degree the quality for which he is unsurpassed by writers of contemporary fiction, the gift of portraying life on a large scale, of handling humanity in the mass, and by the swift succession of clause and sentence, and the insistent accumulation of petty details, communicating to his work its inimitable effect of ceaseless activity. It is this quality which, more than anything else, constitutes the true charm of his pictures of Parisian life, the motley, jostling crowds of the busy markets, in *Le Ventre de Paris*, or the gay throng of shoppers in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, the book that Edouard Rod has aptly called the "epic of the bourgeoisie." In the same bold, panoramic fashion he has drawn the artists' bohemia in *L'Œuvre*, the demi-monde in *Nana*, the financial world in *L'Argent*, the political world in *Son Excellence, Eugène Rougon*. But in the present volume he has undertaken to depict, or at least to symbolise, all these different "worlds" of Paris, and to unite and blend them into one stupendous picture, one vast and living cyclorama of the French capital. He shows us every phase of metropolitan life, from a first night at the Comédie Française to an evening at one of the foulest of *café-chantants*, from a fashionable marriage at the Madeleine to the ignoble spectacle of the guillotine. And everywhere there is life and motion, the endless traffic of the boulevards, the army of workers returning from their day's toil, the army of idlers, setting out for a night of pleasure. And predominating all the rest like a vast symbol is Paris itself, a personified, capricious Paris, changing her mood with every hour of the day. At one time it is a "Paris of mystery, shrouded by clouds, buried beneath the ashes of some disaster;" again, it is "a limpid, lightsome Paris, beneath the pink glow of a spring-like evening;" or still again, it is the "Paris of Pleasure lighting up for its night of fête . . . already yielding to an unbridled appetite for whatsoever may be purchased." And most frequently of all it is the "city of the Sower," "Paris, which the divine sun had sown with light, and where in glory waved the great future harvest of Truth and Justice."

As in the previous volumes of the trilogy, the central figure in *Paris* is Pierre Froment, the sceptical young priest, who, having failed in his quest after a renewal of Faith at Lourdes, and of Hope at Rome, returned to Paris to find even "Charity a derision, charity useless and flouted." He has become a mere "personification of the rules of the Church," a "despairing, denying priest, who had dived to the bottom of nothingness," and is seriously debating whether to cast off the cassock altogether. "A third experiment was beginning for him, the supreme battle of justice against charity," and this cry for justice is the keynote of the book.

At the outset of the story Pierre finds a pitiful case of destitution, a poor old workman dying of starvation in a frightful garret, and the way in which the incident is utilised to introduce us successively to the different characters in the book is in itself an admirable piece of art. In his efforts to secure the old man's admission to the Asylum for the Invalids of Labour, he interrupts a *déjeuner* at the house of Baron Duvillard, the wealthy banker who "bought all consciences that were for sale;" attended a stormy session at the Chamber of

* Paris. Par Émile Zola. Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50 cts.
Paris. By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

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Deputies, in search of the Director Fonsègue; visited the salon of the Comtesse de Quinsac, one of the old noblesse, whose son was a lover of the Baroness Duvillard and suitor for the hand of the baroness' daughter; hurried on to a matinée at the cosmopolitan Princess de Harn's, and ended the day at the house of the notorious actress, Silviane d'Aulney, the baron's mistress; "it was hardly the place for him, but to achieve his purpose he would have descended into the very dwelling of the fiend." And all this while the poor old workman was lying dead on his heap of rags, in his wretched garret, a symbol of the "bankruptcy of charity."

It was during his visit to the old workman that Pierre first met with Salvat, the journeyman engineer, the anarchist with "strange, vague, glowing eyes." The latter had been recently employed by Pierre's brother Guillaume, an able scientist, engaged in experiments with a new class of dangerous explosives, and it was with a bomb stolen from Guillaume's laboratory that Salvat attempted to blow up the Duvillard mansion, though the attempt resulted only in the death of a poor little errand girl, one of his own class. Salvat is a prominent figure throughout a large portion of the story, and his capture, after a thrilling chase in the Bois de Boulogne, his trial and execution on the guillotine, form the strongest scenes in the book.

The explosion effects one happy result in bringing about a reconciliation between the two brothers, who have long been estranged through religious differences. Guillaume, who had followed Salvat, was injured by the explosion, and Pierre takes him home and nurses him secretly, for the latter has already been suspected of anarchistic tendencies. Guillaume is soon to be married to a young girl, Marie, whom he has befriended, and who has accepted him as a matter of course, although she does not love him. Very soon, however, Pierre discovers that he and Marie have fallen in love with one another, and is in despair, until Guillaume magnanimously withdraws his claim, and persuades his brother to sever his connection with the Church and wed Marie. The incident which follows, in spite of its dramatic culmination, seems distinctly weak and unworthy of the rest of the book, even if we make due allowance for whatever hidden, symbolic meaning Zola may have had in mind. Guillaume, after his sacrifice, grows morbid and broods upon Salvat's death, until he determines to devote his newly discovered explosives to blowing up the basilica of the Sacred Heart. There is a strong scene in the crypt of the church, where Guillaume and Pierre struggle for possession of the candle, in dangerous proximity to the deadly explosives, and it is only after Guillaume, maddened at the opposition, makes a murderous attack upon his brother, that the reaction comes, and he realises his criminal folly. In the end Pierre and Marie are happily married, and the book closes with prophecies of the early advent of Justice—"Justice after eighteen hundred years of impotent Charity."

Such in brief is the narrative of Zola's *Paris*. There are, of course, countless side issues—the scandal of the African Railways, the shameless rivalry between the Baroness Duvillard and her own daughter over Gérard de Quinsac, Silviane d'Aulney's schemes to appear at the Comédie Française, and the relations of Duvillard *fils* with the little Princess de Harn; all the ignoble undercurrents of Parisian life as Zola understands it, but these we cannot touch upon here. One feature of the book, however, which deserves to be emphasised, is the notable change in Zola's literary method. It has often been observed that Zola is by instinct a symbolist, and that in almost every work there is some central thought, some vast symbol, which seems to dominate the whole book like an obsession. Thus in *Le Ventre de Paris* it is the Halles; in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, the Department Store itself, stretching out like a giant octopus to consume the smaller shops; in *L'Argent*, the Bourse, etc. So in *Paris* there is a central symbol, the city of Paris itself, but the symbolism of the present book does not stop here. As Mr. Vizetelly points out in his preface, the whole trilogy is essentially allegorical. Pierre Froment would seem intended to typify mankind, or rather that portion of humanity which comprises the great, silent body of the people, "the inexhaustible reserve of men who surged up from the masses of the country-sides and the towns," as distinguished from the corrupt life of the upper classes, the "scum" which

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rises in the "huge vat of Paris." And Pierre's doubts, his struggles and anguish, symbolise the struggles between religion, as represented by the Roman Catholic Church, on the one hand, and reason and science on the other; and naturally enough he gives the victory to science, for, according to Zola's philosophy, Christianity is already doomed and destined soon to be a thing of the past. It is evident, even to a casual reader, that Zola has a strong leaning toward socialism, and a genuine pity and sympathy for mistaken visionaries of Salvor's type; yet nothing is more unjust than Philippe Gille's recent criticism in the *Figaro*, stigmatising *Paris* as "a rehabilitation of anarchy." "Violence," says Zola, "cannot last, and all it does is to rouse man's feeling of solidarity even among those on whose behalf one kills." Man's highest happiness, he thinks, is to be found, as Pierre found it, in the peace of a happy home and in labour, "the certain, simply honest labour which man has come to accomplish upon this earth."

But perhaps the most notable and interesting modification in Zola's method is his application, in quite a conservative way, of the Wagnerian *leitmotiv* to the construction of prose, an application first made by D'Annunzio in *Trionfo della Morte*. It is far easier to feel than to describe the curious and subtle effect produced by these recurring passages, which at first have merely a curiously familiar sound, but by degrees take on more and more significance, until they end by haunting the reader with the persistence of a fixed idea. It is hard to decide to what extent this usage, in Zola's case, is the result of deliberate intention, and how far it is unconscious. The frequent repetition of brief descriptions of the different characters, as, for example, Silviane d'Aulney, "the perverse creature with the virginal face," or Pierre himself, "with the impregnable, towering brow," might be largely accidental; but the longer passages, especially where they are subtly varied in order to acquire a new emphasis in each case, can only be the result of delicate art. The limits of the present review will not permit of an exhaustive analysis of the different *motifs* in *Paris*, but a single example will suffice to illustrate the principle, that of the young girl killed in the explosion of Salvat's bomb,

> "The pretty, slim, fair-haired errand-girl, who lay there on her back, her stomach ripped open, while her delicate face remained intact, her eyes clear, her smile full of astonishment" (p. 150).

And this *motif* occurs again and again at intervals throughout the book, each time in a slightly varied form:

> "Did you see, brother, that fair-haired girl lying under the archway, ripped open, with a smile of astonishment on her face?" (p. 164).
>
> "A newspaper soiled by a sketch in outline, which pretended to portray the poor, dead errand-girl, lying, ripped open, beside the bandbox and the bonnet it had contained" (p. 179).
>
> "Pierre was still gazing at him athwart the hateful vision . . . of the poor, dead errand-girl, the fair, pretty child, lying ripped open under the entrance to the Duvillard mansion" (p. 272).
>
> "Then, once more, there came to Pierre, amid his anguish, a vision of the errand-girl lying yonder at the entrance to the Duvillard mansion, the pretty, fair-haired errand-girl whom the bomb had ripped and killed" (p. 411).
>
> "Before him arose another corpse, that of the fair, pretty child ripped open by a bomb, and stretched yonder, at the entrance to the Duvillard mansion" (p. 609).
>
> "Remember the fair-haired, pretty child whom we saw lying yonder, ripped open" (p. 694.)

Instances like the above may be multiplied at pleasure.

As for the translation, Mr. Vizetelly seems to have performed his task with commendable care, although there is small excuse for such a phrase as "She guessed his thoughts, like she guessed those of others" (p. 333), and the expression "cupid press" (p. 725), while quite intelligible, can scarcely be called happy rendering. And why does Mr. Vizetelly think it necessary to invent titles for the chapters? They get along very well in the original without any such scare-head captions as "Ranters and Rulers," "The Man-Hunt," "From Religion to Anarchy," and other reminders of yellow journalism. And lastly, while it is easy to understand that a translator of Zola finds himself under the necessity of making occasional omissions, it does not seem that Mr. Vizetelly's omissions were always requisite; notably a really pathetic passage regarding Mme. Chrétiannot's still-born child, which should have come in on p. 662, and is quite innocent in comparison with much which he has retained.

Frederic T. Cooper.

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LIFE AT HARVARD.*

For some reason or other, as to which opinions may honestly differ, no good novel of university life has ever yet been written. There are three books that might, perhaps, be cited to refute this statement. One is *Verdant Green*, which is, in a way, almost a classic; another is *Tom Brown at Oxford;* and a third is *Hammersmith*, which deals with student life at Harvard. But a moment's consideration will show that no one of these is anywhere near being an approximation to the ideal college novel. *Verdant Green* is amusing; it gives in an entertaining way some picturesque details of English university life; but it is so broadly farcical as to deserve no really serious treatment as a true and adequate exposition of its theme. *Tom Brown at Oxford* is also very readable; but its atmosphere is not really the atmosphere of undergraduate Oxford. It conveys the impression of a desire for recalling something which the writer has half forgotten and entirely outgrown. *Hammersmith* is the poorest book of the three, for in it we find not a genuine, spontaneous story of Harvard life, but rather an attempt to depict that life in such a way as to give to it an exotic flavour—an effort to find in the place and the men and the life mere feeble replicas of what one has learned to expect at the English universities. It is meant to glorify Harvard, but it shows us a Harvard that never in reality existed; and hence it has, though it is carefully written, an utterly unreal and unconvincing air.

What seems to us a reasonable explanation of so universal a lack of success is this: these books and others like them were all written long after their authors' own college days had ended. In each case the writer remembered the superficial details of the life that he set himself to describe. He recalled numerous instances of what had happened in his own experience. He got up his subject well. But what he could not reproduce—what he had absolutely forgotten and outgrown—was the undergraduate's point of view, and hence his work was in reality the work of an outsider, of one without real sympathy and understanding of the psychological side of that of which he was writing, for the undegraduate point of view is very quickly lost. The undergraduate is a curious creature, half man and half boy, partaking of the confidence and independence of the one, and possessed by the crudity, the inexperience, and the irrational impulses of the other. He is far more difficult to recall than is the boy at school. Just as very old men when dotage comes upon them will remember to the last detail the incidents and experiences of their childhood, while forgetting the events of their maturer life, so all of us can go back in thought to the schoolboy era, which was a thing apart from our complete development, while being utterly unable to recollect the chaotic mental attitude that marked the period of transition from puerility to power. Therefore, Mr. Hughes could and did produce in *Tom Brown at Rugby* a schoolboy classic, whereas in *Tom Brown at Oxford* he made an utter failure of the attempt to write a genuine university novel.

Mr. Flandrau's very interesting book is not a university novel; but his ability, insight, and complete understanding are such as to make it probable that he could, if he were to attempt it now, produce a story that would really deserve a place above the level of any of the three books that have just been mentioned. He has not been long enough absent from the college halls to lose his keen appreciation of the spirit and tone of undergraduate life; yet he is sufficiently removed from it to view it with a sense of true proportion, and without the portentous seriousness which it possesses for the undergraduate himself. In the very first story he shows how perfectly he realises the undergraduate standpoint, while recognising also how absolutely it is narrowed and restricted by the conditions under which the undergraduate lives. And all through the volume we note an actual feeling for the verities, so that the whole is written really from within and not from without the academic microcosm that forms the subject of his very realistic study. The students who figure in his pages are the very men that one can find today at Cambridge. They are the real thing; and their ambitions, their judgments, their aspirations, their disappointments, and their very language are all absolutely true to life. Sears Wol-

* Harvard Episodes. By Charles Macomb Flandrau. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

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cott, the magnificent, the wealthy, the one born to be prominent; Hewitt, who comes to Harvard from the West, who stands without the charmed circle in which Wolcott reigns supreme, and who is therefore condemned to loneliness and discontent; McGaw, the hungry private coach, who is for a while an object of charity, so that once without knowing it he appears in the clothing of his own pupil; Curtiss, the young graduate, who comes back, as Mr. Flandrau probably goes back, with an amused yet sympathetic understanding of the undergraduate tribulations—these and a dozen others are real portraits, or rather they are vital human beings seen through the very atmosphere which men at Harvard know so well.

For the sons of our country's oldest university this book must have a very real interest. It will elucidate for him who is still a student much that is a part of his life to-day, yet of which he has, perhaps, only a subliminal consciousness. To the graduate it will recall a thousand things that he has half forgotten, yet which will live again as he turns over these most fascinating pages. To the reader who is not a Harvard man, the chief interest of the book will be found to lie in its perfect reflection of the Harvard spirit, and its implied but very frank defence of the peculiar conditions of Harvard undergraduate life.

From a social standpoint, Yale and Harvard are the most interesting of all our American universities; and, from the same standpoint, they are thoroughly antipodal. Yale, which finds its closest analogue in a great English public school like Eton or Harrow, is the personification of the democratic spirit. A student entering there is taken for what he actually is, and he is not judged by any extraneous and non-academic considerations such as money, or birth, or friends. He makes his way to prominence by sheer force of scholarship, or literary ability, or athletic prowess, or personal popularity. The class is the unit of the whole system. Between the classes the lines are drawn and a great gulf fixed. The curriculum is conservative; the spirit of the place is one of intense solidarity, and it breeds a certain *morgue* that is not displeasing. The students are not very sophisticated, but they are extremely enthusiastic. They love their college customs; they are proud of their classes; they are frantically loyal to Yale itself. They think nothing else so great and glorious; and they have a magnificently barbaric contempt for anything outside of their own university. They are more boys than men, and they are largely treated as such by the authorities; yet it is all rather fine; and the tone of the place, if youthful and a little raw, is inspiring, wholesome, and thoroughly American.

Harvard, on the other hand, is profoundly sophisticated. It is a place where enthusiasms are discouraged, where Good Form is supreme. Its social distinctions are marked out and maintained with the greatest rigour. Its spirit is aristocratic and a trifle supercilious. It is not merely a seat of learning in the academic sense; but, with a wider meaning, it is a place where young men soon come to know the subtle yet very potent disparities that will confront them as soon as they enter upon the larger life of the world outside. Wealth does much; birth does more; friends, or rather associations and an indefinable something savouring of caste, do more than all. These facts have often led to considerable reprobation. Harvard has been called snobbish, yet it is hardly that. Perhaps Mr. Flandrau may be allowed to give us his account of it in the words which he puts into the mouth of Robert Curtiss:

"The undergraduate body faithfully reproduces, in little, the social orders of the whole country, and not only never formally recognises their existence, but takes occasion, every now and then, somewhat elaborately, to deny it—a proceeding that, of course, doesn't change any one's position or make any one happier. 'Fine words,' indeed, never 'buttered the parsnips' of so sophisticated a crowd as you discover at Harvard; but if an American community finds it impossible, by reason of all the thousand and one artificial conditions that make such things impossible, to be 'free and equal,' what is left for the distracted concern to do, but flaunt its freedom and its equality, from time to time, in theory?

"The situation would be in no way remarkable, if it were not for just that fact—our extreme youth. It's taken rather for granted that young men, who are delightful in so many ways, are the complete embodiment, when chance herds them together, of the 'hale-fellow-well-met-God-bless-everybody' ideal a lot of people seem to have of them. The plain truth of the matter is, that at Harvard, at least, they aren't at all. Wander a moment from the one royal road we all try to prance along in

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common here, and you'll find most of us picking our way in very much the same varied paths we are destined to follow later on. The only wonder is that we should have found them so soon. What makes people's hair stand on end is that young America should begin to classify himself so instinctively—the crystallisation of the social idea seems, to put it mildly, a trifle premature. But"—Curtiss's shrug comprehended many things—"what are you going to do about it?"

We cannot spare space for further quotation; but we commend the whole of the first story ("The Chance") to those who wish to get an accurate understanding of what the Harvard spirit really is. This spirit is, in its way, perhaps, as fine a thing as Yale's; but it is vastly different, and a knowledge of it in advance might often save the entering student from a certain disillusionment and disappointment.

Mr. Flandrau's literary touch is light yet strong. The book is intensely readable. It is more. It shows great power of characterisation, and its style is brisk, epigrammatic, sparkling. Some of the scenes and some of the turns of phrase will live for a long time in the reader's memory, and the whole performance seems to give its author the promise of a fruitful literary career.

Harry Thurston Peck.

TWO BOSWELLS FOR ONE JOHNSON.*

It is not often that a Frenchman and an Englishman arrive so nearly at the same point of view as do Marshall Mather, in his *John Ruskin, His Life and Teachings*, and Robert de la Sizeranne, in *Ruskin, et la Religion de la Beauté*. The Gallic mind rarely comprehends thoroughly the Anglo-Saxon temperament, particularly in art matters, while the training, the personality, and the environment of the Gaul scarcely permit him to fully grasp the rather complex and entirely British individuality of the remarkable writer, teacher, philanthropist, philosopher, and political dreamer, John Ruskin, who in his life of great unselfishness has practised what he preached, and though he has been, like all reformers, in advance of his times, has yet lived to see many of his schemes mature and much that he predicted come to pass.

Few men have been, probably, so greatly and reverently admired and so thoroughly detested as John Ruskin. There seems to have been scarcely any moderate point of view taken among those who have followed his critical writings. As the mentor of Art, to such as take him seriously, he is an oracle; to those who discover his preferences inconsistent and his repudiations equally unconvincing, his work is utterly worthless. At the mere mention of his notions on social reform the conservative Tory of the British Isles almost foams at the mouth, while the liberal advocate of sweeping changes hangs on his utterances. Indeed, away back in the early sixties, when Ruskin contributed a series of articles on Political Economy to the *Cornhill Magazine*, the outcry was so great that their publication was stopped, and later, when the editor of *Fraser's Magazine* offered to place the pages of his periodical at the disposition of the reformer, the publishers were again obliged to yield to public opinion and to discontinue them.

When it comes to a question of descriptive writing, however, of an appreciative account of nature—her beauties, her phenomena, and all the delightful intimate discourses of out-of-doors—the whole literary world must bow in respect to his genius, and even the merely casual reader cannot fail to be impressed. His knowledge is almost infinite, his intuition is rare indeed, and his feeling for the poetic stamps him at once as a genuine and faithful admirer of nature, for, after all, it matters little if he dwells with undue insistency on the geological formation of the rock or the scientific arrangement of cloud form; the knowledge of these is born of a deadly serious early training, and it pleases his analytical mind to be absorbed with the minutiæ of growing things and the nebulosity of the heavens. Surely in the mass of beautiful conceptions, in the multitude of dainty thoughts and suggestions with which he has filled many volumes, one may well forgive his modest departures in the botanical, his casual turnings to the scientific.

Mr. Mather's book, which is familiar to the readers of Ruskiniana these ten

* John Ruskin. His Life and Teaching. By Marshall Mather. Fifth edition. New York: Frederick Warne & Company. $1.25.

Ruskin et la Religion de la Beauté. Par Robert de la Sizeranne. Avec deux portraits. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

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years, has passed into a fifth edition, and in an introductory note the author pleads guilty to a lack of critical insight, avowing that he wrote under the spell of the man; but this admission detracts in nowise from the value of the work.

It is not necessary in an account of a man's life and teachings to be critical; that were better left for others. It is evident had he sought to criticise, the author would have failed to make so good a book and have accomplished little of an analytical nature, regarding his hero's sermons. He has given us the man as he sees him, soberly, honestly, without extenuation and with an enthusiasm entirely delightful. He takes us through his parentage, youth, and manhood; he tells of his early literary and artistic efforts; he expounds his notions of social science, education, art, and political economy, and he discourses on the moral influence of his writings. It is all of absorbing interest, however much one may differ with Mr. Ruskin in many of his theories. Mr. Mather's enthusiasm manifests itself continually. He says, for example, *apropos* of Ruskin's relation to the modern pulpit:

"I believe he has done more for the religious teachers of the last fifty years than all the systems of theology so blatant in the ecclesiastical world. . . . Closely following Carlyle, and playing the part of interpreter, he has given a practical bent to the religion of these latter days. . . . *Modern Painters* created a revival in the modern pulpit. . . . From Robertson, of Brighton, down to Farrar, Beecher, and Maclaren, the direct and indirect influence of his writings is discernible."

Again Mr. Mather says:

"One of the best ways of judging the work of Ruskin is to suppose the non-appearance of the man. Supposing he had never lived; or, supposing that, having lived, he had never written; or, supposing (dread thought!) that his mother had had her wish, and he had become a bishop, how great would the blank have been! It would be the merest of commonplaces to speak of the loss to English literature. There would have been other losses, however, heavier and more fatal—namely, the loss to the formative thought of the century. Ruskin's books have made men, because they have made men think, and they have broadened the minds of men, because they have put them in touch with the great thoughts of the past and the prophetic instincts of the future. Appealing to the moral instincts in men, they have created or strengthened the righteous instincts in them, and so conduced to that seriousness without which literature and art and life are fleeting and inane. And because of this they have aroused wrathfulness and mockery. In every age there is the mocker, the man whom it pains to face truth because of the falsity and selfishness of his life; who reads only that which does not disturb the deeps of his soul, where lie all his frozen principles of right and truth and purity. To such as these Ruskin has been, and is, not so much a terror as a plague. Those whose cry is 'let us alone,' cannot let him alone, because his writings are as a whip that torments them. There are, however, those whom he has aroused to a better mind. They are many; and they in their turn have aroused a better national mind. Thus, Ruskin, while not leaving behind him a school, leaves behind him a tone, a temper, and a life that is becoming as widespread in England as any of the ruling sentiments of the age."

If Mr. Mather is duly appreciative of the great Englishman, M. de la Sizeranne frankly admits his undying admiration, and naïvely recounts the beginnings of his acquaintance with the works of the author of *Modern Painters*. It happened while he was in Florence, wandering through the Italian churches, studying the pictures, admiring the architecture, and generally revelling in memories of the past. In the church of Santa Maria Novella he came across a little group of English women standing reverently before the "Triumph of Saint Thomas Aquinas," listening to one of their number who read from a modest volume, bound in red and gold. The reader had a Giottoesque profile and a voice at once soft and low, the tones of which fell like music on the ears of the Frenchman. He stopped and listened with the rest. He was amazed at the minuteness of the descriptions, at the intelligence of the writer, and the general air of thoroughness with which he approached the subject. "Who, then, was the author of this book; who was the priest of this religion of beauty?" he asked himself, and the sacristan, coming that way, answered his question and whispered the magic name, "Ruskin!"

Another year, M. de la Sizeranne found himself in London, for the purpose of attending a congress of political economists. The conversation turned on the subject of machinery, and someone declared that there was no more hand-made work. "But," said the mistress of the house where this conversation took place, "you forget the Langdale linen." Then it was explained to the author that Mr. Ruskin had established in Westmoreland the spinning-wheel of his forefathers, and at Laxey, in the Isle of Man, the windmill

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of other days, where at the first they spun linen and at the second they made cloth. He found that there were societies for reading Ruskin at London, Manchester, Glasgow, and Liverpool; a library for his books in London; a paper devoted to the interests of the society; that artists engraved drawings by Ruskin; writers told of his history, how he lived, what his doctrines were, and publishers vied to get permission to print his writings, his "Birthday" books, and his guides to the museums. Likewise he discovered in the Lake regions the railroad tables announced that they went to the place where from the windows of the hotel one might see the residence of Ruskin. During the strikes, quotations from the writings of Ruskin were introduced into the speeches. Already Frederic Harrison had proclaimed him "the most brilliant genius living in England, the most inspiring soul existing among us," while the director of a school for young ladies in London had said with the greatest solemnity that "the nineteenth century would be famous in the future because Ruskin had lived therein and wrote!"

So it came about naturally that M. de la Sizeranne desired to know something of this remarkable man, and he forthwith gave himself up to the study of Ruskin. For the benefit of his nation, who—the greater part, that is—probably had but vague ideas on the subject, the present book on the religion of beauty was written, and the author has capitulated horse, foot, and dragoon to the charm of the influence of this exponent of æsthetics. There are two excellent portraits of Ruskin, one at thirty-eight and the other at seventy-two. Much as in Mr. Mather's book, the bulk of the volume is made up of quotations from the man's writings, with an explanatory text and the finding out of many qualities strange to the Gallic mind, things that have struck the Frenchman as most peculiar, but which to those at all familiar with the somewhat conventional usages of English life are by no means strange. The man's physiognomy, his words, his thoughts, and his life, these are the themes the author treats of, and though he sees them all with the eyes of an admirer, it is entertaining to read them from the point of view of a Frenchman, for there is always through the book the sense of a literal translation of much from English into French. Thus when Ruskin was Slade professor at Oxford:

"Regardons-le monter dans la chaire d'Oxford, en 1870 par example. Depuis longtemps la salle est" bondé, tous les coins pris d'assaut par les étudients qui, pour l'entendre, ont desérté les autres cours, ou leur *luncheons*, ou, ce qui est à peine croyable, leur *cricket*. Il y en a dans les fenêtres, il y en a sur les armoires. Çà et là, des dames parfois aussi nombreuses que les étudiants, des Américaines qui ont passé l'Atlantique pour voir celui que Carlyle appelle *l'éthéréal Ruskin*.

M. de la Sizeranne has made an interesting book, and he has given very clearly an intelligent idea of what Ruskin has attempted for the reformation of the race. That all are not as enthusiastic as is the author matters little; and the Frenchman, who up to this time has not cared to go through the translations of Ruskin's works, may here get an abiding sense of the man, may glean some notion of the beauty of his writings, and will at least enjoy an intimacy with the scope and the extent of the man's charities, his unselfishness, and his humanity, for M. de la Sizeranne's enthusiasm is contagious.

Arthur Hoeber.

SIMON DALE.*

In *The Dolly Dialogues*, in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and other tales Mr. Hope has shown what unlike things he can do almost equally well. In this latest story he proves his power to combine these widely different and apparently conflicting characteristics with admirable results.

The new book has much of the fine, keen, kindly satire that first made the author known through *The Dolly Dialogues*, and set all English and American society laughing good-naturedly at its own foibles. Yet there is a difference to the advantage of the more recent work. In this the satire does not concern itself with the trivial, as it does, too often, in the other; and its illustrations are wider, because they are general rather than special. It has also in the

* Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

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fullest the dashing spirit which makes the charm of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and which atones for a great deal in *Phroso*. But this, too, with a difference in favour of the new story ; there is here no danger of bathos, nor any approach to the border of burlesque. And this new novel makes more completely than any of the stories have made, that appeal to the highest, the strongest, the truest, the noblest, and the sweetest, wherein lies, perhaps, the real secret of the author's popularity ; for, after all, these are the things that really clutch and cling. The over-sophisticated few may turn for a moment and give jaded appreciation to the other side, but it is never for long ; and the simple, healthy-minded majority instinctively rejects it at once and forever.

This appeal gathers force from the fact that Mr. Hope has been more successful in realising the characters of this story than any others of his creation, with the possible exception of the distinct, but rather unimportant types in *The Dolly Dialogues*. These men and women are flesh and blood, alertly alive and near by—not dim, far-off ideals, as in the other romances, and the atmosphere surrounding them seems as tangible as their figures.

And yet *The Heart of the Princess Osra* is not more romantic than the story itself. In the very beginning a witch predicts that Master Simon Dale "shall love where the king loves, know what the king hides, and drink of the king's cup," and there could scarcely be a more improbable prophecy. For this Master Simon is a simple country youth, well born, 'tis true, but poor, and living far from the court's *liaisons* and secrets and revels. And England's court was at this period one of the most corrupt that the world has ever seen. Charles II. sat on the still tottering throne, laughing, like the lazy philosopher he was, at the mistresses who contended over him and the traitors who intrigued around him. There is nothing better in the book than this speaking portrait of the king—so often portrayed before—unless it may be the likeness of Nell Gwyn, who has been, perhaps, even more often pictured by the greatest painters of two hundred years.

It is this little enchantress—robbing the cradle as well as the grave for lovers, and so mingling force with frailty and good with evil that none can resist—who lures Simon to London and opens his way to the court. It was easy for Nell to work her will in those days, and for many days before and after, and so it comes about that the rustic lad "loves where the king loves ;" but he has barely arrived in town when he learns who the lady is whom he has known in the country under another name. The knowledge stabs him to the heart—as such revelations always wound before they harden. He shrinks from all further communication with her. He declines the commission which he owes to her influence, yet at the same time nearly loses his life in a duel with a courtier, who sneers at him because he has the favour of the king's favourite. He even stands firm against Nell's coaxing, though few were ever able to do that, and the scenes between them are not readily forgotten. There is fine stuff in the boy, and the shock which makes him a man brings it out. There must have been fine stuff in poor Nell, too. One is here made to feel that there is, and to recognise the true heart and the sweet spirit lingering till the last under all the evil in the lovely little bird of prey. Surely it must have been so ! Why else are her sins forgotten and her good deeds remembered as the bell rings to her memory to-day, from the ancient tower of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields ?

But Mistress Nell can hardly be called the heroine of the story. She seems to have assumed the central place against the author's intention. The other woman, Mistress Barbara Quinton, a calm and spotless maiden, follows Nell Gwyn as the moonlight follows the sunshine. In contrasting the two Mr. Hope's knowledge of womankind finds delightful scope, and there is a vivid demonstration of the fact, that while method of expression has altered during two centuries, the manners of thought and the point of view are about the same in certain matters. Indeed, when Nell rescues Barbara from great peril and distress, Barbara—as soon as she recovers strength enough—does exactly what her immaculate prototype of to-day would do.

"'Tell her who I am, Simon,' said Nell. I looked at Nell. As I live, the fear that was in my heart was in her eyes, yet she had faced the world and laughed to scorn all England's

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frowns. She understood my thoughts, and coloured red. 'Tell her,' she repeated angrily.

"But Barbara knew. Turning to her, I had seen the knowledge take shape in her eyes, and grow to revulsion and dismay. I could not tell what she would say; but now my fear was in no way for myself. She seemed to watch Nell for a while in a strange mingling of horror and attraction. Then she arose, and, still without a word, took her way on trembling feet toward the door. To me she gave no glance and seemed to pay no heed. We two looked for an instant, then Nell darted forward.

"'You mustn't go!' she cried. 'Where would you go? You have no other friend.'

"Barbara paused, took one step more and paused again.

"'I shan't harm you,' said Nell. Then she laughed. 'You needn't touch me if you will have it so; but I can help you.'"

Master Simon tells the story with the utmost frankness, and in the impartiality with which his heart remains to the end divided between the two, the author makes interesting confession of the melancholy truth that male human nature is about as imperfectly monogamous in one century as in another.

Here is the same note that Mr. Hope struck first in *The Dolly Dialogues*, but it now sends out a fuller sound. Here is the same atmosphere of romantic adventure, of waving plumes and clanking swords and gallant knights galloping to the rescue of beautiful damsels in distress—all that endows *The Prisoner of Zenda* with charm. But the new story is larger, firmer, finer than either, and altogether the most important work that Mr. Hope has achieved.

George Preston.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S POEMS.*

The characteristics that gave distinction and charm to *Christ in Hades*, which made Mr. Phillips known to us a year or so ago, are found in the new volume that contains the earlier poem and gives it worthy company. There is the same unaffected seriousness, the same delicacy of thought, the same intense humanity, with, in two or three poems, an added grace of style and greater certainty of touch. The book is clear, fragrant, and tender. There are a few things in it which do not say much to me; but there is nothing unredeemed by some light from a gracious mind; while "Marpessa," "The Woman with a Dead Soul," "The Lily," "To Milton—Blind," "Beautiful Death," "The Wound," and "The Apparition" are all of a memorable beauty.

Mr. Phillips has something to say—he has an attitude toward life to express. His verse is not a capricious reflection of other folk's minds—

"Thy hands are too like mine to undo these bonds,
Brother, although the dead world follow thee,
Deep fascinated; love hath marred us both."

These words of the Great Titan to Christ give a hint of one side of his reading of life. The rest is uttered in "Marpessa"—

"The half of music, I have heard men say,
Is to have grieved;
* * * * * *
The mourner is the favourite of the moon,
And the departing sun his glory owes
To the eternal thoughts of creatures brief."

Love is pain, and there is no human blessedness save in love; and pain has the best smile we know. This is linked to his feeling of the wistful beauty of death, and of the use Nature makes of her dead creatures to bless the needy living—

"Thou, who didst mar, shalt make for perfect health;
Thou, so unlucky, fall with fortunate rain,
And I to whom sweet life is dangerous edged,
* * * * * *
The rose is at my silent coming rich;
I on my enemy's eyes like sleep shall drop,
And he at dawn shall bless me and shall drowse."

In "The Lily" a lover of a dead maiden walks the garden where the souls of the departed spring as flowers, and begs the gentle lady Death to have one plant in tender keeping—

"For she, that is this flower, and merely blows
So strangely silent and so white, was used
To be much loved, and guarded wistfully."

"The Woman with the Dead Soul" is an eloquent appeal against the corrupt peace that follows the soul's death, a burning claim for light and warmth and "something beautiful," with all the pain and wild unrest they bring.

In "Milton" the thought rises beyond the pity of human things—

"He gave thee back original night, His own
Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang."

* Poems by Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

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But in all the rest one idea is paramount in various guises—the worth of human life, the sweetness and the tragedy of it. In "The Apparition" the dead lady wins peace at last—

"They gave me drink from some slow stream,
I love thee now no more."

But this is not the end in Mr. Phillips's imagination. The world is a magnet even to souls in rest—

"The other night she hurried in,
Her face was wild with fear:
'Old friend,' she said, 'I am pursued,
May I take refuge here?'"

This love of the world, refined, spiritualised, but never dehumanised, has its fullest expression in "Marpessa," the tale of a maiden's choice between a god and a mortal. In this poem, exquisite in diction and tenderly sympathetic, Mr. Phillips is seen at his strongest. Yet it reveals a weakness. Some kind of dramatic treatment is demanded. Apollo offers the maiden immortality; with him, unfading, she will be a peaceful power to bless humanity. Iras, the mortal lover, says his say, and Marpessa makes her choice. "As yet," she tells them—

"I have known no sorrow; all my days
Like perfect lilies under water stir,
And God has sheltered me from His own wind."

But she has heard of the human heritage of pain, and will not shirk it. Otherwise would she miss the warm comradeship, the love of children, her own, not scornful young gods. So much might a girl, ignorant of evil and of life, speak from hearsay, and out of her own certain knowledge and clear instincts. But when she talks of the taste of sorrow, of its compensations, its terrible beauty and delight, it is with the voice of a woman that has lived and warred and learnt hard things, and found only in the sore travail of them a divine birth. It is a strange blot on the poem that Marpessa and not Iras should utter the exquisite lines in praise of pain I have quoted before, and the others that follow—

"How wonderful in a bereavéd ear
The Northern wind; how strange the summer night,
The exhaling earth, to those who vainly love."

Mr. Phillips makes his creatures talk with his own voice. But though he does not enter into other personalities, at least he has a rare power of linking our common likenesses together, of showing us the brotherhood of pain, and how each of us, great and small, looks wistfully round for love and "something beautiful."

A. M.

ROSSETTI'S LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.*

Even after Mr. William Rossetti's two full volumes it was worth while gleaning in his track. The letters here were only made use of by him to a moderate extent, and most of them are excellent. With Allingham, Dante Rossetti was on very easy, very sympathetic, terms; and then, too, the correspondence lies mainly within the best part of Rossetti's life—the letters of 1860–70 being much fewer and briefer. So he is presented under his most cheerful aspect. He is still schoolboyish in tone, jovial and even genial in temper, with a habit of rough-and-ready joking, and punning, and fooling. No bluff Englishman was ever more reticent as to sentiment in his correspondence, more averse to pretentiousness or humbug. He had time and spirits for fun in those days; and he liked it of an obvious, every-day, quite unsubtilised order—though you could not deny wit as well as fun to his sonnet to the picture-buyer, the famous parody of Tennyson's "Kraken."

"Getting his pictures, like his supper, cheap,
Far, far away in Belfast by the sea,
His scaly, one eyed, uninvaded sleep
MacCraken sleepeth; while the P.R.B.
Must keep the shady side, he walks a swell
Through springings of perennial growth and height," etc.

There are no fresh revelations of Rossetti's character. He is here as elsewhere frankly egotistic, limited in sympathies, uninflammable about many great human interests, but stubbornly energetic to push his own way and his friends', counting nothing trouble where poetry was concerned, and with fitful outbursts of great generosity. There were the makings of an excellent critic

* Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, 1854–70. By George Birkbeck Hill. Illustrated. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $4 50.

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in him, though he had none of the professional omniscient manner or the habit of neat and final epithets. If his first judgments were often mere enthusiasms, his second generally got to the root of the matter, sometimes rather harshly, as when he talks of the "falsetto muscularity" of Mrs. Browning's style, presumably referring to her "Poems before Congress." He had the one essential ability of the real lover of poetry, that he could read anything in metre; but he had mere patience, mere intellectual interest for the vaguer sorts. He wrote in 1873: "It seems to me that all poetry, to be really enduring, is bound to be as *amusing* (however trivial the word may sound) as any other class of literature; and I do not think that enough of amusement to keep it alive can ever be got out of incidents not amounting to events." The vivid had an unfailing attraction for him, and *Wuthering Heights* gave him a strong sensation. "It is a fiend of a book—an incredible monster, combining all the stronger female tendencies from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Brownrigg. The action is laid in hell—only it seems places and people have English names there." Some American poets come in for his slogging scorn. "How I loathe 'Wishiwashi'—of course without reading it. I have not been so happy in loathing anything for a long whiie—except, I think, *Leaves of Grass*, by that Orson of yours."

There is plenty of appreciation, but neither about people nor poetry did he have any vague reverences. Wordsworth is "good, you know, but unbearable." Of Carlyle, who had made a fool of himself by giving stupid advice to a Pre-Raphaelite poet he had not read, he writes, "Now that we are allied with Turkey, we might think seriously of the bastinado for that old man on such occasions." Between the letters and the editor's notes we get a fair collection of good Pre-Raphaelite stories. There is Gambart the picture dealer's grumble at Hunt's "Scapegoat"—"I wanted a nice religious picture, and he bainted me a great goat"; and there is Coventry Patmore's frank avowal, "I would not change 'Tamerton Church Tower,' nor, if I was the author of it, 'The Music Master' [Allingham's] for fifty 'Mauds.'"

But the letters can hardly compete in interest with the series of drawings which the book contains—a valuable and delightful collection, including the beautiful drawing of Mrs. Rossetti by her husband, dated Weymouth, 1856. An exquisite gem, never surpassed by him.

As to Dr. Birkbeck Hill's part, one must speak gratefully, though one offers criticism. He should have cut the letters more. And the editor of Johnson has too much the habit of note-making. His notes are very readable, only sometimes they are quite superfluous. He actually explains the meaning of Colney Hatch, and gives, for no reason at all, save that her poems are mentioned by Rossetti, Matthew Arnold's opinion of Jean Ingelow's power. Occasionally the notes, if not unnecessary, are incomplete, that on Charles Alston Collins, for instance. But his information on Pre-Raphaelite subjects is unusually intimate; and we are glad of everything new that can be gathered in this field while waiting for Mr. Holman Hunt's fuller history of the movement and the men.

A HISTORY OF DANCING.*

Was it Molière who said that the destiny of nations depended upon the art of dancing? Of course one who has ever danced would fret under the restrictions of such a statement; and certainly no one need be reminded that Louis Quatorze himself danced in twenty-seven ballets, that Richelieu executed a saraband to gain the favour of Anne of Austria, or that Napoleon fitted out his Egyptian expedition with Terpsichorean accessories, in order to have a proper sense of the dignity and noble pedigree of the dance. M. Vuillier, however, in showing how spontaneous and elemental it is, and how intimately related its history is with that of poetry, singing, kissing, and even hair-dressing, gives one a new sense of its artfulness and beauty.

Indeed, this should be an exhilarating volume even to one who does not dance. Its twenty full-page plates and four hundred text illustrations are as informing as they are exquisite, and atone for a

* A History of Dancing. From the French of Gaston Vuillier. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $12.00.

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want of proportion discoverable in the accompanying text. There are reproductions of statuary ranging from the Tanagra figurines, which suggest that the Greeks had their Chérets and Caran d'Aches as well as their Phidias, to the inspiriting Bacchante and Carpeaux Dance; of the rural dreams of Watteau and Teniers; of frescoes Egyptian and Parisian; of vases and bas-reliefs with their dancing nymphs and boys; of old prints and engravings, and a host of more recent lithographs, some of which are very quaint and amusing, as, for instance, Vernier's "lively polka," Victor Maurin's Neapolitan dancers supporting their partners with one hand in mid-air, and the sketch from a mediæval manuscript of Bacchus dancing down the vintage in a large tub. Amid village weddings and peasant balls, after so much *pavane*, *bolero* and *branle*, Doré's barrel-organ with a train of wizen-faced youngsters, and Whistler's spindle-legged Connie Gilchrist, and even Stewart's "Cotillon" seem a little out of key. One is inclined to exclaim with Goncourt: "For Heaven's sake, pretend at least to be enjoying yourselves." The pictorial part of the history has an overmastering jollity which brooks no infringement.

The letter-press provided by M. Vuillier is cleverly and harmoniously compiled. His outlook is distinctly Parisian. He devotes by far the greater portion of his space to dances and dancers of France, than which no land has contributed more picturesquely to the choregraphic art. With little pretence of generalising, he shows that Queen Catherine devised a whirl of midnight gaieties to mask her own dark schemes; that under *le Roi Soleil* dances were too ceremonial to be thoroughly enjoyable; that the Golden Age of the minuet was the reign of Louis XV. as the lively gavotte was ascendant in that of Louis XVI.; and that in the theatre of the Empire, men dancers were as popular as women. But he pays slight attention to the dances of primitive races or of the East, which happily have been expounded by Dr. Grosse, of Freiburg, and Mrs. Lillie Grove in the Badminton Library. Unlike Dr. Grosse, M. Vuillier starts with no thesis, and so far from marshalling facts and emphasising results, leaves in the air a score of inevitable questions.

Dr. Grosse favoured the practical and cultural origin of the dance. It enabled lovers, he said with Lacroix, to discover whether their partners were sound and healthy. While M. Vuillier quotes from the famous *Polka Almanack* to the effect that the country dance is especially suited to the sanguine, the galop to the bilious, the waltz to the lymphatic, and the polka to the nervous, he leaves alone for the most part the physical aspect of the matter and furnishes many evidences of a religious origin. Under the Pharaohs the dance was symbolic of sidereal motion. The Nautch girls of India perform a ritual ceremony, and the Great Spirit is invoked by American Indians even in their war dances. In the Spanish theatre, in the days of Philip IV., allegorical and mythological subjects were developed "with immense success." For centuries, in Portugal, itinerant ballets celebrated on all saints' days. But one reads of dramatico-gastronomic dances as well as astrological and ecclesiastical.

While the distinction between ancient and modern dancing is not accentuated, one quickly perceives the fatuity of drawing a hard and fast line. Doubtless David ran and skipped, rather than danced, before the Ark; but Salome has been the inspiration of artists. If in the thirteenth century the sexes first joined in the dance and men and women have always danced separately in India and Persia, it must be remembered that the Greeks had long since gone through the whole gamut of masculine, feminine, and mixed dances, and that Gaditanian darlings (*deliciæ Gaditanæ*) had created a *furore* in ancient Rome no less than Pylades and Bathyllus. If modern theatrical dancing originated with the ballet of the wise and foolish virgins in the castle of St. Angelo, under Sixtus IV., ancient theatrical dancing was introduced by the Roman Emperor Augustus. The dance Homer described as engraved on the shield of Achilles is to-day performed in Greece. From these facts it will be seen that an evolution of dancing must be the despair of an historian. Yet M. Vuillier might, without inconvenience, have drawn more parallels and probed the subject deeper than he did. One likes to know, for example, that the Spanish fandango is in impetuosity akin to the Italian tarantella, which owes its name to the tarantula, a spider whose bite was supposed

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to be cured only by dancing ; and that the tourdion differs from the gaillarde as a gliding does from a jumping step. Indeed, the *danse basse* and the *danse haute* are terms that classify almost all dances ranging from grave to gay.

M. Vuillier has a becoming lightness of touch, and sympathises acutely with the Frenchman in China who spied an advertisement of the Bal Mabille on a newspaper wrapped about a pair of shoes, or with staid provincial magistrates haunted by Bohemian memories. He does not shed crocodile tears because Mademoiselle Guimard, La Taglioni, Queen Pomaré, and Markowski died in poverty. Did they not "have their day"? If perchance a dancer took himself rather seriously, calling his son the "god of dancing" and himself the son's "inspired creator," or won "Bravos!" away from Mozart's divine music, the narrator does not add that superfluous remark which is sure to spoil the story.

The same restraint appears in the following account of the founding of Dantzic :

"It is said that a bishop who owned a property on the shores of the Baltic Sea gave permission to his flock to dance, on condition that they should only use the space enclosed by joining in a large ring the hands of all the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages. On this space was afterward built a town, says the legend, the town of Dantzic, or City of Dancing."

Many Americans will be surprised to learn that we have "inaugurated dancing cars on railways to beguile the tedium of the long journey between San Francisco and New York." Also (p. 378) that the Barrison sisters are "artistes"! And did Moses cause "a solemn ballet" to be danced after the passage of the Red Sea ?

George Merriam Hyde.

GERMAN ORTHOGRAPHY AND PHONOLOGY.*

Professor Hempl's book, succinctly described by the above title, is what its author says he has aimed to make it, a systematic and practical treatise on the various subjects pertaining to the writing, printing, and uttering of modern German. Both "orthography" and "phonology" are, accordingly, used in their most extended sense considering the paramount practical character of the book. The whole is in reality a complete manual of the subject, which for years to come will serve as a breviary to the English-speaking student of German, providing he is after more than the merest *Sprachmeister* knowledge of his subject.

Not only as a whole, but in its several parts, still bearing in mind its purpose of practical utilisation by the learner of German, this is a better book than we have hitherto had. Grandgent's little book, *German and English Sounds*, in many respects both cleared the way and pointed out the subsequent direction of procedure, but it is neither actually nor professedly a complete exposition of its subject. Vietor's book, *German Pronunciation*, which has hitherto seemed to us the most lucid and practical of all works on the subject, stands on an entirely different plane, and, apart from its dissimilar and far less defensible standard of spoken German, of which more anon, is, in comparison with the present book, only a primer of its subject. Many books have been written on German phonetics, of course, of much wider extent. The Germans are nothing if not thorough, and they have done phonetics, or, possibly, better still, the intending phonetician, along certain lines almost to death in their zeal to be exhaustive ; but this is the scientific rather than the practical side of the subject. The author himself has been conscious of this, and has used what there is at hand. Even, however, in his "phonology," the part of the field that the Germans have most assiduously gleaned and garnered, there is much that in its application is new and suggestive. Where phonetic transcription occurs, as occur it must, the author is reasonably abstinent—a word consciously used, for many writers on the subject are led by its seductions just here into a veritable phonetic debauch. The hieratic characters, worse than hieroglyphics, so deterrent to the ordinary student in the great majority of such works, have here, however, wisely been reduced to a minimum. This matter, nevertheless, has from the very nature of things its besetting difficulties ; and

* German Orthography and Phonology : A Treatise with a Word List. By George Hempl, Ph.D. Boston : Ginn & Co.

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while alphabets, as is the state of the case the world over, are and must be for practical purposes but the most conventional representations of the spoken sounds of a language, it will be necessary to supplement and adapt them where exact distinctions are to be conveyed. From its inherent characteristics this is the most perplexing phase of the whole subject and the one most in need of an extended terminology.

The part of the book on "orthography," like that on phonetics and pronunciation, also traverses well-trodden ground, although again it would be hard to find as a whole so good a statement, and important parts are new. The most original part of the book is that on "accent," which makes up a good third of the whole and rounds it off as an entirety. The matter is considered in the light of "pitch" and "stress;" this latter word and sentence-stress. The chapter on "pitch" is in some ways the most unsatisfactory part of the book. The author apologises for its insufficiency because of the inherently evanescent and difficult nature of the subject and the diversity of usage in different parts of German-speaking territory. Fixed pitch exists in German to no greater extent than in English; for the rest, it is a question of emotion, of temperament, of climate, age, or sex. The treatment of stress, and, above all, of sentence-stress, leaves little to be desired. Much of this latter is absolutely new in its elaboration. Here, as elsewhere in the book, new formulations have necessitated new terms of description, which the author seems fearlessly to have coined or as fearlessly to have created by new adaptation—in either case a responsibility that more timid souls have sometimes shrunk from. Words of this kind are "vivic" and "anæmic," the former a new coinage to indicate the more definite concepts of mind; the latter a new application to indicate those that have become more or less vague. The distinction is real enough, and "vivic" is a happy inspiration; "lethargic," however, might have been, it seems to us, a better word than "anæmic" for the state of things described. These terms and others like them—note, for instance, the description under sentence-stress of the "undefined psychological predicate"—indicate the closeness of the author's observation. This is characteristic of the whole book; almost nothing that has a proper lodgment within the field under observation has been forgotten. Even *Bierbass*, a peculiar condition of articulation confined to a few, is physiologically accounted for.

In the matter of a standard of pronunciation the author occupies altogether a rational position. Vietor has taken the consciously normalised language of the theatre as his basis, on the asserted assumption that on the stage is to be found the best German in practical use. Hempl, we think, with all the facts in his favour, denies as a delusion that "there is one positive standard which is observed by a considerable body of educated persons, which it is one's duty to aim at, and that stands a chance of some day being generally attained." The claims of Hanover were, of course, settled long ago. As against them he sets up the speech of the upper classes of Berlin as having a better claim, since—the real issue—it agrees in most points with what is usual throughout the country. This is a chronicle, then, of custom, rather than the attempt to enforce a standard, and therein lies the great measure of its usefulness.

The book, finally, is the work not only of an accurate student and close observer, but of an enthusiast in his subject, who has taken it to bed with him at night and risen with it in the morning; who has walked with it, and, above all, has talked with it. It bears the mark of an unconscionable amount of time spent upon it, but the results are wholly commensurate, since for a long while to come it will constitute a standard of value in its own particular subject, which it has enriched and dignified. The distance between this book and the old orthography and orthoepy, even of books of this generation, is the distance between the exact formulations of modern chemistry and the alchemy of the Middle Ages.

W. H. Carpenter.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.*

Though the present is the seventh edition of this useful volume, it has been

* A Manual of Suggestions for Beginners in Literature. By G. H. P. and J. B. P. Seventh Edition. Rewritten, with additional material. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

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so extended and rewritten as to be practically a new book. No person in the United States, probably, is better fitted to deal with the details of publishing and of arrangements of authors with their publishers, or to advise young writers who seek to have their manuscripts attain the glory of fair type on a white page, than is Mr. George Haven Putnam. He has prepared Part I. of the book, which treats of the relations of authors and publishers, of publishing methods and arrangements, and of securing copyright. Part II., on the making of books, is by his brother, Mr. J. B. Putnam.

The book is more than a guide for "beginners in literature." It is of interest also to what Mr. Putnam calls "that evanescent individual, the 'general reader.'" Why are we all more interested in the private affairs of publishers, and in their arrangements with their authors—for whom they are virtually the business managers—than we are in the private affairs of the banker, the lawyer, or the merchant? Is it because we are more or less, at some time or other, "beginners in literature" ourselves, though rarely are our thoughts written out, much less printed? Whatever the reason, the fact remains that authors and publishers and their private affairs are of interest to almost all who read books.

We have heard often of the poor but honest author ground down by the remorseless publisher, but not so often of the publisher's evidence in the case of authors who did not live up to their agreements; of authors whose books have been printed by too sanguine publishers, and which have proven unprofitable investments. The author has the ear of the public, and is prone to prattle of his troubles and worries, while the publisher has neither the opportunity nor the ability, perhaps, to so present his case that it will be fairly judged. In the introductory chapter of this volume Mr. Putnam has tried to show up the complaining author and to defend the long-suffering and patient publisher.

At least as early as the time of Martial authors were complaining and railing against their publishers. Horace "complained that his publishers, the Sosii, took to themselves the gold produced by his writings, leaving for 'the author's reward only fame in distant lands and with posterity.'" In modern literary history, Milton, Johnson, Goldsmith, Voltaire, Balzac, Heine, Byron, Isaac Disraeli, and others of less note, have all written more or less bitterly against their publishers, and often with much justice. "But," as Mr. Putnam says, "before deciding that a good case has been made out, one or two considerations are entitled to attention. It is proper to remember, in the first place, that nearly all the narratives of the differences that have arisen between authors and publishers have come to us in *ex parte* statements. In the exceptional instances in which the rejoinder of the publisher is placed on record, a very different aspect is usually given to the case. Secondly, these *ex parte* opinions come to us from members of a *genus irritabile*, whose perceptions of the facts and equities of business transactions must in any case be taken with much allowance, and of whom some, at least, such as Voltaire, Balzac, Heine, and others, can hardly be trusted to tell straight stories of matters in which their own vanity or interest was involved."

It has been estimated that one-half of the books published in the United States each year fail to return their cost, and that one-half of the remainder bring no profit, leaving the cost of supporting the publishing machinery of the country to be borne by the publishers' share of the profits of one-fourth of the books issued. We wonder what percentage of the thousands of manuscripts prepared by hopeful scribblers from Maine to Texas, and which, for the most part, find their way to the "literary sifters"—the publishers' offices in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—are ever published, and what proportion of their authors find authorship a remunerative employment.

When manuscripts are received for examination by the publisher with a view of publication, they are usually numbered and sorted and sent out to "readers," who are, in a way, specialists. These readers are often, if not usually, outside of the establishment, men of culture and discriminating taste, who can tell "good literature" when they come across it. They examine the manuscripts carefully, and report on them usually by number, oftentimes not even knowing the author's name. Their judgment, therefore, is, as a rule,

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impartial. If his reader reports favourably upon a manuscript, and recommends its publication, the manuscript will be considered by the publisher himself or his final adviser, and may be printed. But if the reader's report is unfavourable the manuscript is returned to its waiting author with the usual formal letter, stating that, to the publisher's deep regret, it is not available. But what one publisher fails to find suitable may not be so considered by another, and the young author may continue to send out his manuscript until he has submitted it to all those publishers whose imprint he would be glad to see upon his book. Publishers are always on the lookout for the first works of young writers who are to become the leading authors of their time, and each day's manuscripts are scanned carefully, if not hopefully, in the chance that it may contain a *Jane Eyre* or an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The various business arrangements between authors and publishers for putting books upon the market are divided by Mr. Putnam into two classes. First, books published at the risk and expense of the publisher, and, second, books published for the account of the author—that is, he assuming a part or all of the expense of publishing. Arrangements of the first class may be of several varieties. The publisher may purchase the manuscript outright, with the author's copyright, the author losing all pecuniary interest in the book. Or payment may be made by royalties—that is, the author receiving a certain percentage of the catalogue price on all copies sold, but the copyright still being his, and the publisher being unable to transfer the book to another publisher without the author's consent. A third arrangement provides for fixed payments instead of royalties—that is, a certain sum is paid the author upon publication of the book, and a further fixed sum when a certain number, say 5000 or 10,000 copies, have been sold. At the time of this final payment the ownership of the copyright passes to the publisher, and the author has no further pecuniary interest in his book. A fourth arrangement is called the half-profit system. Under this arrangement the expenses of making and marketing each separate book on the publisher's list would be kept separate, and the profits at the end of each year would be divided between the author and the publisher.

Under publishing arrangements of the second class—namely, books published "for the account of the author"—the author may either supply the moneys necessary for setting the type, printing, and binding the book, the publisher receiving a commission only as manufacturing and selling agent; or, instead of this, the author may furnish the funds for setting the type and making the electrotype plates, while the publisher goes on and prints the books at his own expense, allowing the author a certain royalty for the use of his plates.

A third section of the chapter on arrangements between authors and their publishers treats of articles first printed in periodicals or in encyclopædias or other general works. Oftentimes one publisher will own the "serial rights" of a book while it will be brought out in book form by another publisher.

There are chapters on the Obligations of Author and Publisher under the publishing agreement; on the Literary Agent, that new factor, a sort of middleman, who during the past few years has found a place in publishing undertakings; on Authors' Associations, which aim to publish and distribute the books of their members without the intervention of any publisher; on Boards of Arbitration, whose duty it would be to consider and pass upon disagreements relating to literary property, questions of copyright, etc.; on Advertising; and on Copyright. The last includes a reprint of the present laws in force relating to literary copyright in the United States, with valuable and interesting comments and explanations.

The second part of the volume, on the making of books, gives directions for the preparation of the manuscript, specimens of types, directions for reading proof, and explanation of abbreviations and signs used by proofreaders, with something about electrotyping, printing, and binding, and a short account of the various kinds of illustrations adapted to book work.

The book is well printed at the Knickerbocker Press, on good paper, and tastefully bound in blue boards, with a leather back. It is a book which every author and every reader, as well, will be glad to possess.

L. S. Livingston.

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THE UNDERGRADUATE IN VERSE.*

Several years ago Mr. Joseph Le Roy Harrison, now librarian of the Providence Athenæum, brought together, under the title of *Cap and Gown*, a number of verses which first appeared in college papers all over the country. He has now made a second excursion through these journals, and a second volume, *With Pipe and Book*, is the result. Like its predecessor, it is interesting not so much for its poetic wealth as a sign of the times in the undergraduate world. If its only achievements are to show what kinds of thought occupy the collegian's mind when he addresses himself to verse writing, by what models his standards of taste are formed, and what technical skill he can display in the production of his own verses, the interest of such a book as this is not inconsiderable. The collegian, however, must no longer be designated merely as "he;" until a sexless pronoun other than "it" is invented, the undergraduate journalist must be called "he or she." The increased proportion of feminine versifiers marks one of the strongest contrasts between this second book and the first, though the first appeared but four years ago. So much for the New Rhymestress. It is also worth remarking that the "French forms" seem to be less the fashion than of old. No "villanelle" appears, but one "ballade," and a mere sprinkling of "triolets." The "rondeau," indeed, holds its own; but after many of these verses in the more rigid moulds, one recognises names which figured in the older book, and must even then have been taken from the college journalism of a previous decade.

The new singers exhibit to an appropriate degree the technical facility which belongs to our time. They betray, often more frankly than their elders, their debts to the books they have been reading. One would listen in vain, in any age, for the constant striking of new notes by youthful writers. The distinctness of the echoes in this volume serves an excellent purpose in showing where the treasures and where the hearts of the verse-making undergraduates are. Though the "French form" has waned, the spell of Austin Dobson is still potent. One stanza from *A Song of Mistress Anne* will fairly represent many pages in the volume:

> "In farthingale and satin gown,
> Sing hey, my lady!
> Comes Mistress Anne from London-town
> To Dingledale on Crosswood Down
> When country lanes are shady!"

Opinions will differ regarding the value of Dobson as a model for the young. It is our own belief that his scrupulous finish affords the best of examples for those who are learning to say things, even while their things are much less worth saying than his. Concerning the value of Eugene Field as an influence, there is better ground for scepticism. Yet he is clearly to be reckoned with, for there are many signs that his footsteps are religiously followed. Sometimes it is a question whether the path is really his or James Whitcomb Riley's. Occasionally—one could wish less occasionally — his influence is touched with that of Stevenson. One of the most graceful bits in the book comes from this blended strain:

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

With flare of trumpet and roll of drum,
Tho' never a stick have we,
And never a horn save a dimpled hand—
A roistering, rollicking, warlike band,
Right valorous soldiers three.

Our line of march through the parlour dim,
And out to the open hall,
A step and a stamp and a fearless stride—
And a paper-knife strapped to each valiant side,
Then way! we are heroes all.

Shall it be a charge on the rocking-chair?
Or a siege of the balustrade?
Or a slow, strategical night-attack
On the castle walls of the old hat-rack,
Or merely a dress parade?

'Tis one I vow to the soldiers three,
Polly and Prue and I,
With never a horn save a dimpled hand,
We'll march all over this Downstairs Land
Till the stars peep out in the sky,
And the moon says bed-time's nigh.

CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS.

Yale Courant.

Of other influences, there is one clear reminder of Browning's "Toccata of Galuppi's" with its "dear dead women," in the verses "Bocherini's Minuet," lamenting "the dancers buried long ago." With "Jessie, letting down

* With Pipe and Book. A Collection of College Verse. Chosen by Joseph Le Roy Harrison. Providence: Preston & Rounds Company.

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the bars," we are brought home with the cattle direct to the feet of Jean Ingelow. Even the librettist of De Koven's *Robin Hood* will not feel himself neglected if he happens to read "The Song of the Jolly Fat Friar."

These traces of special influence are not noted with derogatory intention. It would be strange indeed if they were not apparent. The strangeness is that there is practically no suggestion of Kipling, of all contemporaries the man one would most expect to see reflected here. What might not be done on the day after a great football game by the undergraduate saturated with Kipling? Where, too, is the distinctly humorous element in college verse? Surely it has not ceased to exist, and surely it gives voice to a phase of undergraduate life worth remembering.

In the verses from the women's colleges one unpleasant spectacle presents itself more than once—that of a girl writing in the character of a masculine lover. This is certainly less what the world desires of rhymestresses than lullabies, of which, be it said to the credit of higher feminine education, there is at least one capital specimen, taken from the *Wellesley Magazine*. But there are other things than lullabies for young women to write, and in the verses which call for a lightness of fancy and touch, the young men may well look to their laurels. Take, for example,

THE LITTLE BLIND BEGGAR.

At the gate of the World where the travel flows,
And the folk stream by full-tide,
A little blind Beggar sits in the sun
And shoots afar and wide.

He fits the arrow and twangs the bow,
And low in his throat laughs he,
For well he knows he will hit his mark
Though never a face he see.

And never his stock of arrows fails,
For the pain of the wound is sweet,
And the stricken folk bring the arrows back
To pile at the Beggar's feet.

And he fits the arrows and twangs the bow,
And laughs till his fingers shake,
For well he knows he can never miss,
But somewhere a heart must ache.

And they who are struck, they keep still tongue,
But they carry the arrows back,
And they who are spared, they sound abroad
The song of the pains they lack.

But still or singing, and grave or gay,
Through the gate of the World they go,
And the little blind Beggar sits in the sun,
And laughs as he lays them low.

J. D. DASKAM.

Smith College Monthly.

The young men cannot be accused of writing lullabies, yet one could wish to find them dealing more constantly with themes of less remote experience than Arcady and the folk thereof. To be sure, there are many suggestions of "affairs" with "other fellows' sisters," and these, no doubt, are vitally real for a time to the participants. Their importance, however, impresses one less strongly than the winning simplicity of these last verses to be quoted:

SINCE AGNES DIED.

They say the brook makes music soft
As ever in its pebbly bed,
That the leaves still whisper sweet aloft
In springtime when the robins wed.
Well, yes, they may—I cannot say—
Since Agnes died.

They say the sunshine still is fair,
That the summer air is still as sweet,
When soft the breeze sighs everywhere
In autumn, ere the long days fleet.
Perhaps 'tis so—I do not know—
Since Agnes died.

They say that gladness is not dead,
That the future smiles, and life is gay,
That joy and hope have not all fled,
That comfort has not passed away.
It may be—well, I cannot tell—
Since Agnes died.

ALBERT ELLSWORTH THOMAS.

Brown Magazine.

Most of the contributors to *With Pipe and Book* will probably become tolerable business men, lawyers, mothers, and what not besides poets. Yet they need not follow Tennyson's example, and define all their youthful rhymes as "early rot;" for, after all, they are not likely to become Tennysons. What they have done has been to provide Mr. Harrison with the material for making a book which not only has many agreeable pages, but also illustrates clearly various phases of college thought, and shows that the undergraduate is equipped with considerable technical skill, ready to be applied, perchance, in due season to maturer themes. It is the fashion of the alumnus to say of nearly all college performances, excepting ath-

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letics, "We did those things better when I was in college." If he reads this volume candidly, perhaps he will speak with less confidence of the superiority of his contemporaries in verse-making.

THE DECORATION OF HOUSES.*

It is said by Vasari that Brunelleschi's chief desire was to bring back good architecture, the good orders, in place of the barbarous style which had effaced them. This effacement of the good by the barbarous, and, following the barbarous, a revival of the good-by a return to past forms, past ideals, are part of a law of ebb and flow everywhere visible in art. In every science the condition of progress is a continuous straining forward; in art and its allied branches this condition is often reversed: to advance may be to look backward. In analysing the latter proposition the first cause occurring in explanation is that of the loss, or at least the dulling, of the sense of simplicity. In the best Greek architecture, for instance, a small quantity of exquisite ornament is surrounded by plainness, making both doubly beautiful; in French Renaissance architecture, every surface is covered, leaving no spot on which the eye can rest, so that the whole becomes immoderate, confused, bewildering. This sense of the value of plainness is characteristic of every great age of art; in every period of decline exaggeration, pretentiousness, display, are dominant.

In no branch of art has a period of decline been more distinctly marked than in the decoration of houses during the last eighty years. The traditions of centuries, the ultimate tests of excellence—moderation, fitness, proportion—have become obscured, and what was once interior architecture has degenerated into mere upholstery. Indeed, so completely have these traditions been lost sight of, that for the last half century not a single work on house decoration as a branch of architecture has been published in England or in America.

It is to remedy this deficiency that *The Decoration of Houses* has been written, and the result is a work of large insight and appreciation, one that is certain to exert lasting influence in the revival of a subject generally misunderstood and mistreated.

The main theories which the book works out are simple, and may be summed up in a few words:

First. The true standpoint of interior decoration is that of *architectural proportion*, in contradistinction to the modern view, which is that of *superficial application of ornament.*

Second. Only a return to architectural principles, to the traditions and models of the past, can raise house decoration from incongruity and confusion to organic unity.

Third. Given the requirements of modern life, these models are chiefly to be found in buildings erected in Italy after the beginning of the sixteenth century, and especially in France and England after the full assimilation of the Italian influence.

Following the lines here indicated, the opening chapter, entitled "The Historical Tradition," after a brief outline of the stormy, unsettled conditions of mediæval life and the consequent impress of such conditions on both exterior and interior architecture, indicates the persistence of this feudal period, owing to the conflicts between the great nobles and the kings, both in France and in England. In Italy, however, social intercourse advanced more rapidly, and it is clearly shown that the rudimentary plan, the characteristic tendencies of our own house-planning, were developed from the mezzanine or intermediate story of the Italian Renaissance palace. Thus it may be said that Bramante is the father of the modern dwelling, but as the use of the mezzanine was not fully developed until the time of Peruzzi, the year 1500 represents an imaginary line drawn between mediæval and modern ways of living and house-planning.

Taking this as a starting-point, the process of development of house interiors is luminously traced: In Italy, from the "Massimi alle Colonne" to Palladio and to the decadence; in England, from the introduction of the Italian manner by Inigo Jones down to the Georgian models—those models which were afterward transported bodily to America and christened "colonial;" in France, throughout that long succession

* The Decoration of Houses. By Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr. With 56 full-page illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

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of artists, craftsmen, and artist-craftsmen who, from the ending of the Fronde almost to the present time, have ever remembered that the essence of a style lies not in its use of ornament, but in its handling of proportion, and of whom it may be said that whatever the hand found to do, that it did under the guidance of artistic fancy and feeling.

The broad lines being laid down, the fundamental principle—the importance of the right treatment of the component parts of an undecorated room—is fully developed. It was once thought that the effect of a room depended on the treatment of its wall-spaces and openings; now it is supposed to depend on curtains and portières, on furniture and bric-à-brac. In the best period of architecture, decoration was subordinate to architectural lines, and as the effect produced by a room depends mainly on the distribution of its openings, it becomes apparent that unless these and the surrounding wall-spaces are in right proportion there can be no harmony among the decorative processes. This factor, so fully dwelt upon by all the old decorators, from Vignola to Ware, has fallen into decay, and it is curious to note that in Eastlake's well-known *Hints on Household Taste* no mention whatever is made of doors, windows, and fireplaces.

The importance of the relations between proportion and decoration, between structure and ornament, having been strongly emphasised, each of the many rooms in a modern house is treated in turn, first from the evolutionary point of view, afterward from artistic and practical considerations. Not the least interesting part of the book is this tracing back the use of a room to its origin, showing that sometimes the present misuse is but a survival of older social conditions, or but the result of a misapprehension in regard to old customs through confusion of two essentially different types of rooms designed for essentially different phases of life.

From ball-rooms to nurseries, no part of the interior architecture of a house is omitted, the organic unities being always insisted on: the relation of a room as a whole to other rooms in the house, the relation of ornament to structure, the relation of furniture to ornament. Looking down the enfilade of the three great centuries, one is shown the incomparable ceilings of Mantegna, of Araldi, of Bérain; the perfect doors in the Ducal Palace of Mantua; the staircases of De Corny, the stair-rails of Jean Lamour and D'Ivry; the frescoes of Tiepolo and Le Riche; the carvings of Grinling Gibbons; the statues of Pajou; the mirrors of Mario dei Fiori. In these lucid pages and in the illustrations accompanying them, what rooms are held perfect, what models are in every sense worthy of admiration, all these, from a gala-room decorated by Giulio Romano to Cacialli's bath-room in the Pitti Palace, are made to demonstrate that, however splendid, however ornate, their effect is based on such harmony of line that their superficial ornament might be removed without loss to the composition.

It is for this reason that a return to the traditions and models of the past is insisted on as the true way out of the labyrinth of incongruity wherein most modern decorators are helplessly wandering. The definite first conception—that decoration must harmonise with the structural limitation—a conception that held its own throughout every change of taste until the second quarter of the present century, has been effaced by a piling up of heterogeneous ornament, a multiplication of incongruous effects, much of which is held in admiration on account of its so-called originality. In art, "originality" is almost as fatal a term as "restoration." Ignorant of the traditions of old, unskilled in legitimate artistic requirements, the average decorator stands in firm belief that to bend to the acceptance of rules, which experience of centuries has established as the best, is to preclude the exercise of individual taste and to become subservient and servile, forgetting the admirable precept of the forgotten Isaac Ware, that while "it is mean in the undertaker of a great work to copy strictly, it is dangerous to give a loose to fancy *without a perfect knowledge how far a variation may be justified.*"

It is clearly in the attempt to help on toward this "perfect knowledge" that the present book has been written.

It is not proposed to discuss at length the various features of this work, or to go into detail regarding the many subjects there treated. The purpose of this review is to differentiate *The Decoration of Houses* from the many *Suggestions on Household Taste*, and the like, most of

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which have served only to aggravate the very defects which the present book is attempting to remedy. If the distinctive underlying principle—that the true expression of interior decoration rests not in superficial application of ornament, but in architectural proportion—has been plainly indicated, it is enough, and one need only add by way of summary the comprehensive words of the Conclusion: "The relation of proportion to decoration is like that of anatomy to sculpture: underneath are the everlasting laws."

Walter Berry.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.*

An artist does not receive even poetic justice when he becomes the subject of an inartistic biography. This volume of reminiscences can hardly be called anything else, for its author has shown very little of the artist's sense of order, proportion, or craftsmanship. It were an ungracious task to dwell upon the many details of shortcoming; let it suffice to say that the reader who seeks for charm and interest in the book cannot do better than to fix his attention as closely as may be upon the personality behind it all, for that Story himself was both charming and interesting, no account of his life could fail to show.

The earlier pages of the book abound in suggestions of the stimulating background of life for youths of the best New England birth in the earlier years of the century. A letter of Colonel Higginson's, recalling the Story whom he knew at school and college, and the generous quotations from Lowell's Essay, "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," help one to see with some clearness both the boy and the town to which his father, the distinguished jurist, brought his family from Salem in 1829. Of course the stimulus of the time and place was intellectual and moral rather than artistic. Though Story was considered "too frivolous to be a lawyer," he devoted himself so much more studiously than Lowell to the profession they both felt obliged to attempt, that he made his first conspicuous appearance in authorship as the writer of several legal works. This fact alone, in the record of a man of Story's temperament, is enough to show that the good New Englander of the day could not unhesitatingly give himself over to the pursuit of an artistic bent.

The selection of Story, although an amateur, as the sculptor of his father's monument at Mount Auburn, seems to have determined his abandoning of the law. It took him abroad to study the best models of sculpture, and in 1848, contrary to the advice of friends and kinsmen, he with his wife and two young children took up a permanent abode in Italy, and an undivided devotion to art. Of the results, both in sculpture and in literature, of Story's long life of industry, the *Reminiscences* have much to say, and many good opinions, from various sources, to bring forward. Story himself used to make this amusing comment upon his dual activity: "Sculptors profess much admiration for my writings; poets amiably admit that my great talent lies in sculpture." Certainly for himself there must have been no slight satisfaction in the practice of two arts, using them, as he often did, for the treatment of the same subject. Thus he could fulfil his marble in verse, and his verse in marble. The sheer joy of working, revealed in Story's whole life, is fully set forth in such words of his as these: "I really don't know which time is my vacation—whether that which I spend in the city with my marble or that which I spend in the country with my foolscap. I love both occupations. They are both play and work, too, for me."

It was almost inevitable for one who wrought at his employments in such a spirit to be himself beloved. Story and his wife could hardly have failed to become conspicuous figures in any society, and there are many suggestions in the book of the place they took and held in Rome. Not only was the artistic importance of the sculptor's work recognised by the direct patronage of Pius IX.—who at his own expense sent specimens of Story's statuary to the London Exposition of 1862—but his apartments in the Palazzo Barberini became the meeting-place for many of the most in-

* Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story, the American Sculptor and Author. Being Incidents and Anecdotes chronologically arranged, together with an Account of his Association with Famous People and his Principal Works in Literature and Sculpture. By Mary E. Phillips. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.75.

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teresting elements of Roman society. Of Story's friendships with the Brownings, Lowell, Salvini, and many others, the intimations in Miss Phillips's book are far more fragmentary than one could wish. A complete life of Story would bring us into close contact with a large number of the men and women best worth knowing in his time.

To complete the measure of Story's artistic gifts, his biographer declares that "many have said that had he devoted such talents as he evidently possessed to the stage, he would have made a great actor." His claim to distinction as a humourist is not strengthened by attributing to him the definition of wealth, for which—if the present writer's memory is not at fault—Mr. "Tom" Appleton has previously had the credit, "A million a minute and your expenses paid." But there is no occasion to burden Story with the responsibilities of a universal genius. His native endowments easily won him a high and separate place among those who have drawn sweetness from the strength of New England. When the man is considered apart from the artist, perhaps the most significant word about him is spoken in the Italian term which was used to define him, "*Il simpatico Americano.*"

M. H.

MR. GRANT ALLEN'S THEOGONIES.*

By Religion Mr. Grant Allen understands the worship, or ritual, of supposed Divine beings; and the origin which he has in view is not transcendental, but psychological. He does not, therefore, ask whether gods there be, or if any god at all, but "by what successive steps did men come to frame for themselves the conception of a deity?" Nor will he allow that religion, as such, implies dogma, which, in general terms, he would define as tales told about the gods, or mythology. And this, again, is distinct from ethics. Religion appears, then, to be pretty much the same as *cultus deorum* in the narrow old Etruscan or Roman sense; and "in its origin the concept of a god is nothing more than that of a Dead Man, regarded as a still surviving ghost or spirit, and endowed with increased or supernatural powers and qualities." The doctrine thus formulated is very well known as belonging to the school of Euhemerus. It was taken up against the gods of the heathen by early Christian apologists, and occupies a large space in Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, by the side of a more recondite explanation which would look upon Pagan deities as evil spirits in disguise. Mr. Grant Allen now extends it, with the help of Mr. H. Spencer and much recent investigation, to Religion as a whole. But he professes to be keeping somewhat of a middle place between the "animist" and the "humanist;" nor does he deny the existence of "that profoundly animistic frame of mind which Mr. Im Thurn has so well depicted among the Indians of Guiana," or "which exists among the Samoyeds of Siberia." What he would maintain, always without dogmatising in a province so obscure, is that the ghost came before the spirit; and that the deified Dead Man was the ancestor of the great or small Nature-gods. To this law the religious development of Israel offers no exception, and "Jahweh" was probably an old Semitic chief, symbolised by the stone emblem kept in the ark, which represented his tomb.

From the foregoing it will be evident that Mr. Grant Allen is not wanting in courage. But the light which we also desiderate is spread unequally over his hundreds of curious and condensed pages. He is fertile in suggestions; we cannot quite trust his judgment; nor does he trust it himself. He merely "goes before a Grand Jury," and is willing on good grounds to change his present opinions, many of which he did not hold, or even guess at, until Mr. Frazer, who is an animist, had published his epoch-making volumes on "The Golden Bough." To these Mr. Grant Allen adds many illustrations, and a chapter of decidedly original views with regard to the origin of cultivation from "tumulus offerings." He is likewise worth reading on the subject of the "manufactured god," and "the wide survival of primitive corpse-worship down to our own times in civilised Europe." The treatment will often be thought to lose itself in unverifiable conjectures; and average Christians will not read Mr. Grant Allen with com-

* The Evolution of the Idea of God. An Inquiry into the Origins of Religions. By Grant Allen. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.00.

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fort, perhaps not in every line with patience. But the matter is one which invites, and will reward, the scrutiny of theologians, antiquaries, and mythologists. Mr. Frazer has a more admirable touch; and it must remain a question whether he is not more likely to have seen into the nature of the aboriginal, or savage, mind, than so very determined a Euhemerist as Mr. Grant Allen.

William Barry.

MR. WEYMAN'S "SHREWSBURY."*

When public taste ceases to turn down its thumb at the sanguinary shows of modern romanticism, in what manner will the chief stays of that school undertake to prolong their literary uses? Anthony Hope, it may be inferred, will return to the atmosphere of afternoon teas and dialogue in little. A. Conan Doyle will, peradventure, retrim his red lamp or write the biography of Napoleon in three volumes. Mr. Weyman, however, has no ostensible *dernier ressort*. He is mediævalistic *aut nil*. Romanticism is the parent of his fame, not an adopted mistress, as in the case of his two colleagues. The solution of his future would seem to lie in the direction of solid historical narrative, in his ability to climb from the triumphs of a Madame Tussaud into the sphere of Sir Walter Scott's *bona fide* presentations of the past. The public may be sated with the kind of novel that merely costumes nineteenth-century character in the habiliments of history, and is all wax and a weariness of meretricious gallantry; but for Ezekiels who can actually call to life the dry-bones of by-gone ages there is ever need.

It is apparently with some such serious design that Mr. Weyman has written his new novel. Far from being a realisation of his intent, *Shrewsbury* suggests the idea of an author who has dreamed of the gift of Scott's genius and waked to find G. P. R. James in his Christmas stocking. If in no abler fashion can Mr. Weyman fulfil his latter-day conscience, one is tempted to beg him to die a more picturesque death in a final sortie with his kindred romantics.

The prime offence of *Shrewsbury* is its commonplace stress—its lack of inspiration, although its architectural faults are equally a trial. This inability to master his chess-board is surprising enough in one who has hitherto shown a decided aptitude at unravelling plots. No self-respecting hero would consent to the incidental rôle of the Duke of Shrewsbury, whom the author, after a perfunctory introduction, locks in the green-room for one-third of 410 pages of crowded print. A like fate befalls a certain greasy Joan, who, in spite of keeling pots and garbage-barrel assignations, has just cause from the opening chapters to consider herself a person of importance. On the other hand, the notorious Ferguson—a rather cheap study in diabolism—fairly monopolises the boards, albeit convicted of being an unessential figure of the romance. Richard Price, of unheroic kidney, as the mouthpiece of the tale, is a necessary evil. The saving side of this pitiful scapegoat of everybody's misdemeanours is that in an intolerable maze of long-drawn mystery he alone unburdens his mind. These tallow-dip enlightenments of the story's purport condone the terrors that keep his teeth incessantly a-chatter after the ways of Wordsworth's young Harry Gill.

Shrewsbury is for the most part a servants' hall survey of England's political crises in the reign of William and Mary. There are in addition some not unpleasing studies of middle-class life in town and province with a certain smack of Fielding about them. While the reader gains some general taste of the times from the book, the novel as a whole lacks distinction and balance. The historical characterisations loom hazy and insecure. And the plot is a veritable chaos of threadbare machinations. Painstaking it is almost to a fault, and conceived with all the seriousness of an old-time three-decker of James or Ainsworth, and not unlike its models, decidedly a *conte à dormir debout!*

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

* Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

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NOVEL NOTES.

MADEMOISELLE DE BERNY. By Pauline Bradford Mackie. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

Writers of novels with plots laid in past generations seem to recognise but two classes of heroes: the dare-devil, hail-fellow-well-met sort, familiar to readers of Dumas, Scott, even Weyman, and the thoughtful, sober individual, old before his time, oftener found in the works of lesser literary lights, who seem to imagine that soberer times than ours bestowed upon youth qualifications which youth seldom has nowadays. To this latter species belongs Major Heyward, one of the central figures in this novel. An effort has evidently been made to invest the heroine, Mademoiselle de Berny, with the vivacity, and consequently vitality, which he has not; the result is merely a young woman who is pert, but scarcely more lifelike than either Heyward or the rest of the characters in the story. This is not to be wondered at, however, since historical novels such as this one are, as a rule, like Claude Lorraine's pictures, in which the landscape is everything, the figures being introduced only as a sort of ornamentation—painted, in fact, by another hand.

Being, as a sub-title indicates, "A Story of Valley Forge," it was to be expected that Washington and Lafayette would be introduced. Their appearances, though few and not essential to the plot, show them in a somewhat novel light to the reader of fiction, if not to the student of history, a fact which arouses suspicion that it was to present them, as has so often been done in like cases with Napoleon of late, that the book was written. This belief grows when we note that in the part concerning the arrest of the heroine's blind brother as a spy an opportunity for some stirring scenes is wholly neglected, and that the only real climax of a plot, which might have been made dramatic without sacrifice of probability, is dragged in as an afterthought, as it were, when the story has apparently come to an end.

As a slight, though graphic and accurate, contribution to the general acquaintance with incidents connected with the Revolution, the story has a *raison d'être*. As a novel pure and simple, however, the verdict must be that it suffers from the lack of romantic interest, which, by a strange fatality, seems to attach itself to most works of fiction drawn from a period fraught with the elements of romance. The book would be well written throughout were it not for an occasional lapse into an unintentional parody of the French language, of which a single example, "L'Austrichine" for "l'Autrichienne," will suffice. The author, or her proof-reader, has likewise evidently forgotten that excellent maxim: "When in doubt —don't" in the distribution of commas. Exception must also be taken to the cavalier manner in which the Marquis de Lafayette is made to speak to the heroine. It is unlikely that any gentleman would chide a woman, a compatriot, upon first meeting her in a strange land, but to accompany a reproof with a boast about his own wife's qualities is a piece of snobbishness of which the gallant marquis was surely never guilty.

THE ENCHANTED BURRO. By Charles F. Lummis. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

Under this title are collected twelve short stories of life in New Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia, which are crisp and clear as gems. Twelve years, the author tells us, it cost him to make them his own, but, except that we at once recognise their value, there is no more sign about them of labour than we see in the diamond, dug with pains and peril from the mines of Brazil. Mr. Lummis has toiled as the miner toils for the treasures of nature, and he gives them to us as he found them without alloy of man's device. Trusting to her touch to reveal the tie of kindred, he puts us at once among the strange natives of the older civilisation of South America, and though we have heard of them only vaguely before, and are inclined, by the suddenness of the entrance, to look about us merely as spectators in a curious show-place, we find ourselves, before we have time to marvel at what we see, cowering in terror with uncouth Indians before the enchanted mule, and rejoicing with them in the slaying of him and the exposure under his skin of the masquerading, murderous Comanche. With the faithful arriero Andres we climb the dizzy heights of the Andes, and with him feel our eyes straining in their sockets and our breath going from our panting lungs as we reach the altitudes, where the bones of mountain fever's victims mark the ascending trail. With the Peruvian Tránsita we learn to venerate the restless volcano Misti, that ever and anon crushes the old town of Arequipa, only to increase its love of the hand that smites it; with her we adjure the mountain to protect her brother from the conspirators, and with her rejoice when, in answer to her prayer, the quivering peak, by a happy "quake" in the right place, uncovers their wicked designs.

Slight as are these sketches of fact and legend, they are so vivid, so convincing, that the reader feels that his own eyes have had glimpses of scenes remote, but no longer unfamiliar. The people of America who live near the equator have become a part of his world, their legends take a place among his own romances. But it is all so abrupt, like the lightning flash at night, that when he closes the volume he feels that he has been in dreamland, as though he had sat on Prince Houssain's magic carpet and been transported from place to place by fairy hands. The enchantment would be complete but for two breaks in the charm, caused by the introduction among the stories of a couple of essays which are nether clever nor appropriate. What induced Mr. Lummis to write a dull treatise on gold production and another on the power of thought, and put them in such a collection of brilliant stories we cannot imagine. The author of *The Land of Poco Tiempo* and *Strange Corners of Our Country* was not given to vain moralising, and his latest work, bar this blemish, is his best.

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GLORIA VICTIS. By J. A. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

It is rather puzzling to know how to place this new book by the author of *Amos Judd*, yet such is its singularity, that no estimate seems possible without classification. Considered as fiction, it may be lightly dismissed as too slight for serious attention. There is but the thinnest thread of a story knotted in a confused commencement and frayed into a commonplace close. The first chapter portrays a gentlemanly thief with almost complete success, but the second chapter effaces this opening impression by the introduction of the thief's brilliant wife, who is quite as real, if less original than himself. The third chapter marks the passing of both the thief and his mate, and the reader must readjust his attention in the direction of their son. It is all singularly real. In fact, it is partially owing to the distinctively journalistic manner of the work that it fails to produce a fictional effect. Personages having little if anything to do with the story are described much as a reporter would describe the spectators at a criminal trial. The scene in which the thief's son enters upon his individual career of crime comes so close to "yellow" journalism as to make serious consideration difficult.

But looked at from another point of view than that of literature, the work becomes something entirely different. As a study in heredity it seems important and even convincing. Certainly its realisation of the character of Stephen Wadsworth is fresh, strong testimony to an established truth that can never be too deeply impressed. Stephen Wadsworth, the child of a murderous thief and a wanton virago, could not be other than he is. For his father's character and methods, so far as he could know them, his admiration was unbounded. From association with this parent and from a natural bent, Stephen had developed some clear ideas upon humanity and upon the world at large. Without defining this philosophy himself, he classified mankind into two divisions—those who possessed wit and courage, those who were honest. That the latter should be the prey of their more interesting brethren was a conclusion requiring no argument, for the honest ones—the "suckers"—he enjoyed an amiable, but distinct contempt, and he had no intention of serving in their ranks. The police, of course, were the natural enemies of progress.

It is always well for ourselves, if not always helpful to others, to remember that figs do not grow upon thistles, and so far Mr. Mitchell's illustration is important, and the efforts of the good doctor to lead Stephen's darkened soul toward the light are to be regarded with all respect. But beyond this point, at which Stephen falls under humanising influence, there is not much to claim for the work. As the child becomes a man he grows away from the author, who apparently loses his grasp of the subject, possibly finding it too large to handle. There are recurrences now and then to the leading motive almost to the end, as when Stephen nearly murders the girl he loves, in an attack of the maniacal fury inherited from his mother. All this seems logical enough, but the immediate, happy, and peaceful *dénouement* leaves one wondering what has become of the author's theory, especially as it is in this instance the sole *raison d'être*.

LORRAINE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Harper Brothers. $1.25.

Mr. Chambers's new novel has all the romantic charm which won popularity for *The Red Republic* and *The King in Yellow*, notwithstanding that he claims for it a more strictly historical character. In the note of acknowledgment to various French, English, and German authorities, he expresses the belief that "the romance separated from the facts should leave the historical basis virtually accurate." This would seem, however, to depend upon the breadth of the basis, for the average reader of history would be rather slow to accept at least one pivotal incident in this most spirited tale of the Franco-Prussian conflict. The particular point at which sticklers for truth in historical novels are likely to hesitate is no less than the parentage of the heroine herself, the charming Lorraine de Nesville. The truth (?) comes out at last through the written death-bed confession of the old Marquis de Nesville in the most delightfully melodramatic way. "I, Gilbert de Nesville, was in the forest when the empress of the French fell ill. When separated from the others she called to Morny and bade him drive for the love of Heaven! And they drove—they drove to the Trianon, and there was no one there. And there the child was born. Morny held it in his arms. He came out to the colonnade holding it in his arms and calling for a messenger. I came, and when I was close to Morny I struck him in the face, and he fell senseless. I took the child and wrapped it in my cloak. This is the truth. They dared not tell it; they dared not for fear and for shame. They said an heir had been born dead, and they mourned for their dead son. It was only a daughter. She is alive . . . and I call her Lorraine de Nesville."

It would hardly be worth while commenting upon this unusual manner of dealing with a royal infant but for the pivotal importance of the incident and the assurance conveyed by the introductory note, for, after all, historical novels are not bound by the laws that should govern histories, and Mr. Chambers's lively story is all the more entertaining because it wanders a little from fact now and then. At all events, it is alive with movement and full of honest fighting and touched with wholesome humour, although the subject affords less opportunity for the last than other works of the author have afforded. The landscape effects of this new story are especially fine, probably the best that Mr. Chambers has produced. Indeed, taking the story all in all, it seems likely to meet as warm an approval as *The Red Republic* and *The King in Yellow*.

THE COPY-MAKER. New York: New Amsterdam Book Co.

In the form of confessions to a diary the author of this little volume tries to give an idea of the triumphs and troubles that mark the upward path of a newspaper man in his profession. He starts out as a reporter for the *Daily Bread*, and ends, as all newspaper men should end, by inheriting a fortune from his uncle and quitting his profession. Yet in spite of his readiness to abandon his work, the *Copy-Maker* tries to make it appear rather attractive. He has amusing adventures, falls in with many "types," attends Bohemian dinners, where the talk is

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much better and the wine less deadly than the ordinary mortal is likely to listen to or imbibe on such occasions, and he numbers among his colleagues men who are just the right sort to make a story about, which is also unusual. There is a certain air of high spirits pervading the narrative, and the author has a bright way of telling things, which inclines us to forgive him for falling back on the threadbare expedient of a diary—that is, to forgive him except when he takes up a page or so with one of those self-conscious apostrophes to his diary which have been familiar to us time out of mind. Acquaintance with the inner life of a newspaper has not made the author cynical, although he creates a character who occasionally utters a cynical epigram, such as the following: "How long have you been married?" he queried. "I told him, and he laughed knowingly." "A woman," said he, "is like cider—sweet when new, but growing harder the longer you keep her in your house." Not very brilliant, perhaps, but as good as many which are turned out in the epigram industry. There is a slight suggestion of Barrie's style in the *Copy-Maker*, and it is evident that the author has read *My Lady Nicotine* with profit—not to imply that he is in any way an imitator. He merely reminds one of Barrie in his humorous vein. There is a realistic touch which, perhaps, goes beyond the author's intention in one place. He quotes some verses for whose character he disclaims responsibility by attributing them to a would-be poet whose work is not appreciated. The verses are so very bad that the reader's sense of the poet's dulness is probably keener than the author would have wished.

THE CONFESSION OF STEPHEN WHAPSHARE. By Emma Brooke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

Until we reached the last chapters of *The Confession of Stephen Whapshare* we were under the impression that Miss Brooke's object in writing the book had been to give us the history of the inner tragedy in the life of a husband who is misunderstood. But at the last moment we were—very unwillingly—led to understand that the whole story was to be regarded merely as a peg on which she could hang some strangely fantastic views on a mystic religion of her own creation. What these views are we are unable to state, for we are totally unfit to comprehend their significance; and it would thus be obviously unjust for us to sum them up in a few trite phrases. But the story itself we think we do understand. Stephen Whapshare was a rather ordinary man of superlatively high aspirations, who, from his youth upward, had dedicated himself to the cause of Christ and humanity. He falls in love with, is loved by, and marries a woman whose intense and narrow devoutness is his undoing. Although all the characters in the pitiable tragedy are admirably realised, it is into her picture of Stephen Whapshare's wife that Miss Brooke has put her most finished work. We recognise the type of woman at the first glance—she is true to herself right down to the bitter end. Stephen Whapshare is all for mighty deeds, for heroic, Quixotic attempts to save mankind, to turn the world upside down; his wife, full of a self centred piety, keeps him to herself, and stifles him in her own frigid narrowness. When she falls ill she has him always at her side, and he submits because, although she has ruined his life, he still loves her in a spiritless fashion, and because, with all his grand ideas, he has never had the courage to act for himself. Then the other woman, bright, cheerful, broad-minded, comes upon the scene, and he loathes himself and his existence. In a moment of fierce temptation he gives his wife an overdose of chloral in her medicine. Then at last, after years of long-drawn-out torture, he is free—but we gather that nothing comes of his freedom. *The Confession of Stephen Whapshare* is the confession of a man whose soul has been crushed out of him. Such is the story—intense, unpleasant, morbid, but skilfully written, original, and, with the exception of the final mysticism, convincing from first to last. Here and there are reminiscences of the hysterical manner and exaggerated phraseology that disfigured Miss Brooke's first book, *A Superfluous Woman*, and on the whole we hardly think that *The Confession of Stephen Whapshare* is an advance on *Life the Accuser*, but it is now abundantly evident that Miss Brooke can write with power and with charm.

YERMAH, THE DORADO. By Frona Eunice Wait. San Francisco: William Doxey.

The first impression of the book is the enormous amount of study it represents. Every page is laden with the fruits of the author's research into antiquities, gathered even from sources as remote and as elusive as the origin of symbolism in religion. It is, however, the history and the tradition of California which furnish the leading motive of the work. The story begins with the coming of the Atlantians through the Golden Gate, when black magic drove white magic out of the Lost Atlantis. This was, according to the author, on the first day of June, eleven thousand, one hundred and forty-seven years ago, and Yermah, the Dorado, was the leader of the band. The Dorado was a child of promise—that is to say, he had been set apart as the future ruler of the island of Atlantis and her outlying colonies by the Brotherhood of the White Star, and consecrated to a life of service before he was born. The Atlantians settled where San Francisco now stands, so says the author, going on to describe the city which they built on seven hills, marking the orbits and diameters of the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, as well as the map of the Pleiades and the three bright stars in the belt of Orion. "This ancient abode of the Atlantian colonists in California was laid out in circles, with a large temple in the centre, built on a hill eight hundred feet in diameter and forty feet high, near the east end of the Golden Gate Park, at the intersection of Haight and Schreider streets. From this there were twelve radiating streets intersected by four principal avenues, constructed on the cardinal points of the compass. The one to the east led to Park Hill, which was terraced up to Mount Olympus on the south, and continued on to the east temple fortress. The avenues on the south led to a long barrow or mound, three thousand, four hundred and fifty feet distant, shaped much like the typical long barrows of Great Britain. . . . There were tall, three-faced obelisks of dark red sandstone at the outside limits of the streets, while the

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inner terminals were marked by corresponding pillars of marble similarly decorated." And so on to the greatest length with minutest detail. It is, indeed, the minuteness and the profusion of detail which rather cumber the story throughout, and now and then obscure it almost out of sight. There is a beautiful priestess as well as the godlike priest, and they fall in love with each other in quite a natural and modern way, notwithstanding the fact that they are both vowed to celibacy. But it is hardly as a story that Mrs. Wait's work will claim serious attention. It must be rather by reason of its learning, its mysticism, and its poetic quality.

THE JUGGLER. By George Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

It is one of the sad things in this changeable world that there is nearly always a feeling of disappointment in meeting a friend whom we have not seen for a long time. The change may be mainly in one's self. No one stands still, and we ourselves may have gone back or gone on, but neither fact lessens in the least the sense of strangeness in what was once well known and greatly admired. Miss Murfree's work may be much the same that it was in the beginning, when the announcement of a new book from her pen was an event of unadulterated delight. The Johnsonian quality of its English can hardly be more distinctive now than it was when her earlier stories were written in what then seemed the most excellent of styles. The exquisite descriptions of scenery can scarcely be longer than when they first revealed the great, smoky mountains in misty, cloud-veiled visions of beauty. The manner, scenes, the types, and the motives are the same. What, then, can have broken the spell which the author once wove so well?

Can it have been this very sameness of style and theme? Certainly there can never be a greater subject or one of more universal and everlasting appeal than man's salvation—the central motive of this new story, as it has been of everything that Miss Murfree has written. The subject in itself can surely never cease to interest, but it is at the same time barely possible that a too monotonous presentation of it may have become wearisome. It may be that the new work seems old in its tedious repetition of the mountaineer's spiritual struggles. The reader may feel as the herders *In the Clouds* do, that the mountaineer is too long getting religion. It may be the loss of much of the sweet, wholesome humour which bubbles through the earlier books as spontaneously as springs sparkle on the mountain-side. It may be the missing of the "harnts," so successfully invoked in the other stories. It may be, indeed, because in this newest work the author descends now and then from the romance of the mountain to the commonplace of the valley, thereby risking a second defeat *Where the Battle was Fought*, for the heights are the author's *milieu*; on the level the movement of her work is as uncertain as the walk of an eagle. *The Juggler* falls below *The Prophet* as a shadow lies beside a rock. The valley scenes and the valley types show weak and unreal against the mountain background.

In making this departure, or rather this return to unsuccessful early method, the author may be held responsible for the change in the feeling with which her work is received. How far it may be chargeable to fickleness of taste in fiction must, perhaps, remain unsettled until another book be written, high up again where the thunder-heads sleep and the sunbeams awaken.

MIDDLEWAY. By Kate Whiting Patch. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

Being properly provided with a district school, a post-office, and a "grocery-store that sells dry-goods on one side," Middleway is one of those tiny New England villages that seem to have been founded for the express benefit of the short-story writers. The characters are also of the most approved conventional types. The minister, the postmistress, the old maid, the school-teacher, and the summer boarder walk in their respective beaten tracks. Each inhabitant of Middleway, of the gentler sex at least, has had or is about to have a love-affair, and Mrs. Patch, who chronicles these affairs, has a pleasant, colloquial way with her that goes far to disarm severe criticism. Though to a connoisseur in New England short stories the style of the Middleway batch is somewhat amateurish and unconvincing, yet the characters are real, and stand out clearly as individuals. Moreover, they are all warm-hearted, sweet-tempered natures, and whether this is realism or not, it forms a pleasant contrast to the snappish, backbiting class which usually dwells in the fictional New England village. Perhaps the most attractive story is that of Miss Thankful, "whose heart was as youthful as the tiny old-time pinks and heartsease that came up in her garden new every summer, but, like theirs, it was an old-fashioned youthfulness," and the lover of her girlish days, now a "thin, spiky man" who had to be done up in red flannel. The point of view vibrates from grave to gay, but is never bitter; the Middleway folk are merry, humorous, or sad, but never unkind or disagreeable.

VIVETTE; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF THE ROMANCE ASSOCIATION. By Gelett Burgess. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

The Vivette stories are a lot of sparkling, vari-coloured glass beads strung on the continuous thread of Mr. Burgess's fancy. It is quite evident that when these stories were written for *The Lark*, it was with no intention of publishing them later in book form, and on looking over the present volume we are inclined to think that the author's greatest cleverness is shown in so arranging and amending the inconsequent tales as to make them seem almost coherent. Though absolutely diverse in matter and manner, they all have the Burgess flavour of romantic nonsense, and all are alike charming and whimsical, whether presented with the bold, fearless carving of the telephone stories or the scroll-sawed work of the banquet. As a writer Gelett Burgess is uneven, moody, and spasmodic; as an author he is original, daring, and delightful. The versatility of his genius is shown in the serious and beautiful dedication to Mrs. Stevenson; in the end-papers of the volume, which map the town of Millamours, the "toy city of a thousand loves;" and in the hand-made epigrams found at the top of every page, a few of which will bear quotation:

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"Weighed and Found Vaunting," "The Power Behind the Thrown," "Art for Heart's Sake."

Vivette herself is a cross between a butterfly and a kitten or a sunbeam and a soap-bubble; a happy, irresponsible creation, without a soul or a surname. Her veracious chronicler claims that she might have been the daughter of D'Artagnan and Little Dorrit, and by the same token we suspect him of being the only living son of the great god Pan and Mother Goose. Possessed of an intense sense of the humorous and a humorous sense of the intense, Gelett Burgess stands to-day our foremost apostle of nonsensical romance, and, with a little judicious refitting, the mantle of Lewis Carroll may well rest upon his shoulders.

KING WASHINGTON. By Adelaide Skeel and William H. Brearley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

King Washington is written by two people, and though their respective work is not always discernible, yet we prefer the one who does *not* take hackneyed platitudes and work them over into commonplace epigrams, such as:

"Experience touches us and leaves her finger-marks."

"There is a subtle difference between ten minutes of happiness and ten minutes by the clock."

King Washington, on the whole, is a book of negative virtues. It is an historical romance, without a superabundance of history nor a superfluity of romance; it is not bad style or diction, nor lacking in incident. It is neither sensational nor incoherent, and yet while there is almost nothing to be said against it, there seems to be equally little to say for it. It can scarcely be called a picture of society in Revolutionary times, but it gives thumb-nail sketches of the social life of that period; and though the language of the characters has often a modern ring, yet the trifling anachronisms are doubtless offset by an excessive use of "La!" with which distinctly eighteenth-century monosyllable the young women invariably preface their remarks. The Father of his Country is represented as a noble, kind-hearted gentleman, while his haughty Lady is a bit testy at times, and apparently possessed of less sweetness and light.

The main interest of the story centres in a scheme to kidnap General Washington, and the detailed plannings and plottings, the frustration and renewal of this scheme lead up, through a tangled intrigue of apparently important incidents, which turn out to be insignificant, after all, to a startling and unexpected climax. The interwoven love-story is of a mild and inoffensive nature, and is summed up by one who is perhaps the most carefully drawn of all the characters in the book, and who says, "I have loved! I am a bad woman—I have loved a bad man. You are a good woman, but you cannot love as I do."

A BOOK OF TRUE LOVERS. By Octave Thanet. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

Although Octave Thanet never seems so thoroughly at home or so entirely happy as when she is depicting a Western gentleman with political aspirations and a standard of morality such as would make a cherubim shrink with envy, fortunately for her own fame and the pleasure of her readers, she has other themes. Some of the best of these are represented in this volume of short stories, in which, though there is nothing in the title to suggest originality, no one who knows the author's work will be surprised to find that the characters are for the most part as unlike the orthodox conception of lovers as they well could be. Miss French is an adept at showing us the pure, unworldly affection of an elderly wedded couple for one another, and in "The Strike at Glasscock's" and "The Captured Dream" she has drawn it in two entirely different, but equally idyllic phases: the semi-humorous, as in the first instance, and, in the latter, the wholly sentimental—in the best sense of the term, be it understood. In "The Dilemma of Sir Guy the Neuter" she has been less felicitous. One of her principal attributes, if not charms, is up-to-dateness, so that this story of mediæval England is ill suited to her style, which grows slow and ponderous under its enforced restraints. The action drags, and the plot, powerful in itself, loses its interest. Likewise a little foreign to the province of the author is "The Ladder of Grief," in which much is made of the mourning of a rich man for his recently deceased wife. In her happiest mood, on the other hand, is "The Judgment on Mrs. Swift," in which a match long opposed by the lover's mother is at last allowed to take place, when the proud Mrs. Swift has tasted some of the humiliations which have been the portion of the woman her son loves, and whom she has despised.

Miss French is not a great writer, nor always even an entertaining one, but there is still lacking—and likely long to lack—an abler exponent of the character and ways of the kind of people she knows well.

VIVIAN OF VIRGINIA. By Hubert Fuller. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.75.

A story which makes no pretensions to be anything else than what it is disarms criticism, and Mr. Fuller's work has besides more positive merits. It shows close and comprehensive study of the historical period selected, and the author succeeds more nearly than more ambitious writers have done in creating the desired atmosphere. The tale opens in London, whither John Vivian, a young soldier of fortune, has drifted with the recall of the British troops from Flanders. There are spirited descriptions of what he saw and did in the London of that day, but this portion of the story is very brief, because a lucky chance brings him across the sea to Virginia. "So it boasts me," says Master Vivian, "that our ship at least brought no white slaves to Virginia, and that, as we came to anchor off the little green isle, low-nestling in the arms of the river, there was not a man of us all but had his passage paid and a few crowns jingling cheerfully in his pocket." But a closer view of the new country, then under the rule of Sir William Berkeley, a governor by divine right, discloses conditions that rather daunt even as daring a spirit as this bold young soldier. However, the story does not follow historical lines very long or very far, since Master Vivian promptly falls in love with the unjust governor's lovely niece, and the tale henceforth goes mainly to prove that love was

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the same two hundred years ago that it is nowadays, and that there is no difference in its manifestation in Virginia and elsewhere throughout the world. It is true that the spirit of resistance to England's tyranny was already astir, and the author has faithfully transcribed, especially Master Bacon's part as a leader of coming mighty events. There is plenty of fighting, the whole tale resounds with the rattle of spurs and the clank of swords, but it is the graceful love-story that holds the attention from beginning to end.

THE FOURTH NAPOLEON. By Charles Benham. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.

In this novel Mr. Benham has invented what is practically a new kind of romance, but we are sorry to say that though the central idea of *The Fourth Napoleon* is daring and original in the highest degree, the book itself, apart from the fascination of novelty, is altogether a failure. We confess even to a feeling of grievous disappointment that with such an excellent plot Mr. Benham should have produced so tedious a novel. It is naturally impossible to sum up in a few lines a story which occupies six hundred very closely printed pages. It is enough to say that the fourth Napoleon is treated as an historical reality. He heads a revolution, overthrows the French republic, re-establishes the monarchy, and wins back at least a portion of Alsace-Lorraine from Germany. It seems to us that out of such material it would have been comparatively easy to weave a thrilling romance, but Mr. Benham's Napoleon is such a weak, vacillating, and utterly cowardly creature, inheriting all the viciousness of his ancestors and none of their greatness, that at no point of his career does he win our sympathy or arouse our interest. The story is, moreover, so overloaded with irrelevant detail, so hampered by the complicated histories of petty plots and insignificant intrigues, of long conversations and weary discussions on the advantages and disadvantages of Franco-Russian and a host of other alliances, that in spite of its extravagant originality, it is almost commonplace. Still, Mr. Benham certainly deserves the sincere thanks of the reading and more especially of the writing public, for he has opened up a new field for fiction. *The Fourth Napoleon* should at least serve a useful purpose by suggesting a wonderful variety of fresh plots for historical romance.

GEORGE MALCOLM. By Gabriel Setoun. New York: F. Warne & Co. $1.25.

Since his last book Mr. Setoun seems to us to have made a clear advance. He wastes less good matter here; he does not crowd his canvas with so many personages and circumstances that the result is a blur; the general effects are broader and clearer. Altogether the workmanship is better, and only a total suppression of the reflective passages—where he is too often homely without being impressive—is wanted to give rise to admiration for a story very easy and very pleasant to read. It strikes us, however, that at the outset Mr. Setoun had no story to tell. He wanted to present to us some pages from the life of a gentle-natured and intelligent, middle-class Scotch boy; and that he has done with sympathy and knowledge, giving, by the way, interesting glimpses into the religious and emotional life of Scotland. There he might have stopped; but something urged him to tell a more definite tale. Hence the appearance of the returned innocent convict, who gives his son, the young hero, something to do for the reinstatement of an injured reputation. But our interest begins to flag just at the outset of the boy's active career.

DON LUIS' WIFE. By Lillian Hinman. Boston: Lamson, Wolff & Co. $1.50.

This story purports to narrate the actual adventures of a New England girl as the wife of a wealthy resident of the Island of San Domingo. The facts have been gathered—according to the preface—from the manuscripts of an island priest. Having thus prepared the reader for some important disclosure, for some deep, far echo from the pain of living, the author meanders forthwith into aimless inanities. No meaning is apparent in the wandering effort, but the persecution of the Puritan bride by the Romanist relations of the bridegroom seems vaguely suggested. There is a wicked uncle, who may stand for the chief persecutor, although he seems in reality a harmless shadow; and there is a regulation Don Juan, so named, too, in order, doubtless, that there shall be no mistake. Indeed, as if to identify this dangerous character beyond all question, the author allows the Puritan bride to confess that she "thought his remarks rather personal, and felt slightly embarrassed." This would appear conclusive enough from the Puritan point of view, but the bride telling the story at first hand goes on to give clinching particulars. She says she writes the tragic tale at a "little, satinwood desk," and particularises that the cushion, against which she stilled her heart's tumultuous throbbing, was *red*. And then, urged apparently by that peculiar New England conscientiousness, of which so much is heard and so little is seen, she concedes to the full her own depravity. "I felt a girlish sense of enjoyment in the romantic situation." She says in describing Don Juan's devotion: "I hope the spirit of coquetry has not taken hold of my heart, like a foul weed in a fair garden; but I could not help wishing that Don Luis could have seen us." Abductions are hinted at and revolutions are threatened, but nothing actually happens, and—well it is not necessary to sip a whole gallon of gruel to know it is thin.

THE WREATH OF EVE. By Mrs. Arthur Giles. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. 50 cts.

This well-written and well-constructed story, by Mrs. Giles, is one whose perusal suggests strong dramatic possibilities if turned into a play. But viewed simply as a story it has many excellences that commend it to the novel reader, for it possesses movement, strikingly contrasted incident, much crisp and pointed dialogue, and a plot that holds the interest throughout. The narrative is the old one of the woman who does not know when she is well off, and who discovers her good fortune only after she has turned her back upon it. In *The Wreath of Eve* she luckily recovers it again, and the various transitions of her experience are set before us with insight and accuracy, and with a very pleasing literary touch.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ACROSS THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA. By J. W. Tyrell, C.E., D.L.S. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is the popular story of a scientific expedition sent to explore the "Barren Lands" between Athabasca Lake and the northern part of Hudson's Bay. It has the fascination which always clings to narratives of adventure into unknown regions, and especially into the domain of the Ice King. Compared with such enterprises as those of Nansen or Peary, this one claims but an humble place; yet the unpretentious, candid, and decidedly well-told story of the trip of these bright young Canadians shows them capable of as high heroism as the better known explorers, and before their journey's end their mettle was fully tested.

There is a variety in this narrative which those of strictly arctic expeditions lack. It leads through wonderful lakes and rivers hitherto unvisited by white men, with thrilling adventures in running unknown and perilous rapids; it tells of the lonely far north outposts of the Hudson's Bay Company; introduces us to the Indian and Eskimo natives of that terra incognita, and makes us acquainted with the hardy voyageurs and marvellously skilful canoemen; it furnishes hunting adventure with caribou, reindeer, bear, and wolves. The really perilous part of the journey came after its object had been gained and the untrodden regions had been safely passed. But the race for life down the shore of Hudson's Bay against the quick-coming arctic winter, in face of storms, ice-floes, and famine, compares in thrilling interest with more conspicuous narratives.

The Canadians take themselves seriously, as well they may. They have a mighty country, whose resources are but beginning to be appreciated. Yet to us of "the States" their ultra-British tone, outrivalling that of the inhabitants of the "tight little island," from whence their ancestors and ours came, their reverence, not only for royalty, but for the titled dignitaries, lent them chiefly for show purposes by the mother country, seems, to say the least, amusing. All this is incidentally illustrated in this narrative. After all, we have little to say. We bow down before our bosses with less reverence, but more abjectly than our northern neighbours.

AFLOAT ON THE OHIO. By Reuben Gold Thwaite. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.50.

One lays this book down with what the old-fashioned preacher would call "a realising sense" of the loss we suffer by the supremacy of the railroad. In our land of magnificent distances travel has come to mean quick time between great cities, and since the most direct route is not only quickest, but also commonly the most dreary and uninteresting, we learn to take consolation in the interior luxury of the "palace car," with its ingenious conveniences and its awe-inspiring costliness of adornment.

For those who really care for it, there are other ways, however, by which the true charm of travel may still be enjoyed. This very entertaining and, moreover, instructive little book tells of one of them. It is a narrative of a thousand-mile journey in an open skiff, from the head of navigation to the mouth of the Ohio River. The voyaging party consisted of four persons, one of them the author's wife, and another his little boy. By day they rowed or floated down stream, and by night they camped upon its shores. There is more in the book than a pleasant story of a novel summer outing. The Ohio was the great artery which carried the stream of emigration, by which, more than one hundred years ago, the settlement of the Central West was begun, and though it lacks the glamour which piled-up centuries give to such an Old-World river as the Rhine, it is scarcely less rich in associations of romantic and epoch-making history. With so competent a guide as Mr. Thwaite, all this is made most interesting; even more so is the life of the river to-day. To say nothing of the stationary and highly entertaining characters met with in the camping experiences of the party, one is surprised to hear of the literally floating population whose homes are "house-boats." These are not pleasure-seekers, but true river dwellers: fishermen, travelling showmen, and photographers, traders whose "stores" are moved from place to place according to the demands of business—all sorts of queer people, in fact. Altogether this well-told story of a unique and most picturesque journey is well worth reading from beginning to end.

JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES. Complete in Ten Volumes. Volume I., Norway, Switzerland, Athens, Venice. New York: Belford, Middlebrook & Co. $3.50.

The publication of the *Stoddard Lectures* on the convenient theory that *verba volant, scripta manent* brings one face to face with that which at one time in his æsthetic development was both a stimulus and delight, and puts one under the irksome necessity of revising a former judgment. At best, spoken differs from written discourse, and Mr. Stoddard's efforts of the past eighteen years, as here collected, are too diffuse, verbose, and anecdotal to bear comparison with the genuinely picturesque writings of other travellers. However, it is an excellent picture-book, the photographs, reproduced on heavy, glazed paper, exceeding in number even the familiar lantern-slides. One is pleased to glimpse the "Home of Desdemona," in Venice, and Byron's "Maid of Athens," though it is somewhat disappointing, on examining the text, to discover that the latter is only the presentment of a typical Grecian maiden of to-day. Other of the accompanying titles, as, for example, "One of the Many" and "A Thing of Beauty," for Swiss waterfalls, which required, if anything, definite descriptive names, illustrate the author's ineffectual reach after smartness, as does the unprovoked sermonic digression on telegraph-wires as the transmitters of the world's heartbeats, amid fragrant pines and stupendous cliffs, his rhetorical vein. But these are, perhaps, necessary incidents to printing "the identical discourses" which have popularised, and till now never perceptibly cheapened knowledge.

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PRACTICAL IDEALISM. By William De Witt Hyde. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The trail of the American "summer school" is over this terribly universal book. We can imagine the crowds of earnest young men and women who sat and drank in greedily this draught of psychology, natural science, theories of art, sociology, and ethics, when it was given at Colorado Springs, at Chicago, and at the Chautauqua Assembly. They must have felt very good and cultured at the end, and though the intellectual and sentimental syllabub is not very nutritious, it is delightfully varied and refined in flavour. But when the earnest-minded lecturer is out of sight, one grows critical. To listen to long-winded quotations from nice-minded nobodies, and from Browning and Matthew Arnold, may hypnotise us into acceptance of doubtful scientific axioms and attitudes, and shaky artistic dicta, but met with in black and white they must be challenged on every page. "The ideal arises out of a felt contrast between what we have and what we want." Such a statement represents the average unthinking person's notion of the ideal; but it is startling to find it in the mouth of a trainer of the mind. There is a tell-tale passage in which he contrasts the "pleasant and fertile fields of psychology" with the "thinner air of the more forbidding realm of logic." Fertile psychology may be, but hardly pleasant to "summer" students if tackled seriously. And though readers will find nothing that is not nice and refined and Christian in the attitude toward life, we doubt if such a mush of sentiment and pretentious theory does more than swell the heads and tickle the vanities of appreciative listeners and readers.

WELLINGTON: His Comrades and Contemporaries. By Major Arthur Griffiths. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Major Griffiths's best energies have been given to the military aspect of Wellington's career, and for a short popular sketch it could hardly be bettered from that point of view. But he is unwilling to leave his hero a great commander and nothing more. The late unpopularity of the great Duke as a man is a sore subject with him, and he writes heartily in defence of his hero's private virtues and political capacity. Here he is less successful, not that a good case might not be made out, but he deals too much in generalities, and the best story of the hero's tender-heartedness has been told of some one else. The brief accounts of Cotton, Beresford, Craufurd, Moore, and others of Wellington's companions, are fine appreciations of men whose services have too often been overshadowed by those of their great contemporary. The collection of pictures and prints in the volume is of immense interest.

RAMPOLLI: Growths from a Long-Planted Root. Being translations, new and old, chiefly from the German. Along with A Year's Diary of an Old Soul. By George Macdonald. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

"I think every man who can should help his people to inherit the earth by bringing into his own of the wealth of other tongues." So Dr. Macdonald in his preface. The translations are unusually good, not merely because they have been made by a true poet, but because they have been made with so much faithful respect to the originals. Those from Heine, except the *Nordsee*, we except from this praise, but the Novalis and Schiller songs have the real taste and grace of the original in his versions. The whole of Luther's Song-book has been translated, and the result is very interesting. The original poem, in twelve sections, corresponding to the months of the year, with its pure religious fervour, its spiritual refinement, and its frequent vagueness, is characteristic of the writer. It wants the artistic simplicity of the best of his shorter lyrics, but his admirers must feel it to be a beautiful record of religious experience.

LESSONS FROM LIFE: Animal and Human. With an introduction by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, LL.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $2.50.

This is a book that should prove valuable to any who desire a storehouse of imagery. The selections are thoroughly up to date, ranging from Lord Bacon to the late Professor Henry Drummond, and are for the most part helpful. We are glad to see the inclusion of that exquisite fancy, "The Chambered Nautilus," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is the gem of the collection. Occasionally we find a strange medley of rationalism side by side with spiritual truth. There is surely but one answer to the question whether one should do evil that good may come, and unworldliness is not necessarily confined to the few.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The recent election of a State Librarian of Kentucky by the Legislature presents some interesting illustrations of the relation between libraries and politics. There seem to have been ten young women as candidates. Each candidate's merits were set forth in eloquent and honeyed speeches by one or more Kentucky statesmen, one being introduced as "a high type of old-fashioned womanhood" and another as "one of the fairest women the State could produce." It took as many ballots to drive out of the field the less attractive candidates as it would to elect a United States Senator, and after numberless skirmishes and combinations of opposing forces the successful candidate won on the twentieth ballot. The *Courier-Journal* printed her picture before the election was made, and the comment was made that it seemed difficult to see how any man could refuse to vote for her unless he had a prettier candidate. It is to be hoped the winner has all the other qualifications for a successful State librarian, but this does not seem to have been the point at issue.

Dr. Morris Jastrow has been made Acting Librarian of the University of Pennsylvania,

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occupying the position made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Gregory B. Keen, who has become Librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Preparations are being actively carried on for the next meeting of the American Library Association, to be held at Chautauqua in July. Miss M. E. Hazeltine, Librarian of the Public Library at Jamestown, N. Y., near Chautauqua, whose persuasive eloquence added to the other attractions of the region brought about the holding of the meeting there, is chairman of the local committee, which is issuing prospectuses and statements likely to bring about a large and successful gathering.

The New York State Library Club held its midwinter meeting as usual in connection with the New York State Library Association on February 17th. All-day sessions were held at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association on Fifty-seventh Street, and the annual dinner was successfully eaten at the Sturtevant House. These yearly meetings are largely attended from New England and other points in this vicinity.

The number of State and local library clubs has become so great—some thirty or more—that any attempt to chronicle their doings is beyond the limits of this magazine. It is, however, impossible not to call attention to the second joint meeting of the Pennsylvania Library Club and the New Jersey Library Association, which is to be held at Atlantic City on March 25th and 26th. Those present at the last meeting found it so enjoyable that they planned to renew the experience. This meeting is attended by many librarians outside of the membership of these two organisations, who have learned that much is to be gained by association with Pennsylvania and New Jersey librarians.

Another important meeting of librarians which must also be noticed was that held at Evanston, Ill., on February 21st and 22d, an interstate meeting of librarians from Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. This was very largely attended, and in the five sessions held almost as much was accomplished and as many papers read as in an ordinary meeting of the National Association.

The Library Assistants' Association, organised in London in 1895, has now commenced the publication of an official organ, entitled *The Library Assistant*. Just how the library assistant is a different creature from the librarian, with different interests and needs, appears puzzling to an American, but seems to be clearly understood in England. From our standpoint a more thoroughly unwise and senseless differentiation in library work could scarcely be conceived.

A successor to Mr. Lane, of the Boston Athenæum, who was elected to the librarianship of Harvard, has been satisfactorily found in the person of Mr. Charles K. Bolton, who for a number of years has been librarian at Brookline, Mass. Mr. Bolton has had experience in the Harvard Library, and his appointment to the Athenæum will be welcomed by all who know him and the conditions there. Mr. Bolton's literary activity, together with his success as librarian, presage a useful and important future for him.

An interesting and perhaps an important undertaking has been set on foot by five of the leading libraries of the country, in co-operation. The New York Public Library, Columbia University Library, the John Crerar Library, in Chicago, the Boston Public Library, and the Harvard University Library have undertaken to index the current numbers of a large body of important serial publications, furnishing the copy to the publishing section of the American Library Association, which is printing on cards and issuing to those libraries, and to any libraries which may subscribe, these entries. A preliminary list of about one hundred and seventy-five publications has been drawn up, and the work has been going on since January 1st. The first instalments of the printed cards have already been distributed. An encouraging number of subscribers has been obtained, and the price for the cards, which will be made in the best possible manner from every standpoint, has been placed within the reach of almost any library needing them. Subscriptions may be made for the whole or part of the periodicals indexed.

The journals devoted to library interests break out now and then with new schemes for classification and notation, each more complicated and abstruse than the others. Classification in libraries is important, but perhaps no more useless expenditure, in a small way, of brain power can be imagined than much of that which is devoted to impossible and impracticable classification schemes. A new scheme of notation recently published is as interesting and lucid to read, and probably as useful in a library as a chapter in quaternions. Fortunately these plants perish in their tender youth, and do very little harm.

More pleasant to contemplate than schemes of classification is the satisfaction which the Librarian and readers of the Princeton University Library are taking in their collection of the editions of Vergil, in its home in the new library. A collection beginning with Sweynheim and Pannartz, first edition, Rome, 1469, and containing twenty other fifteenth-century editions, is a possession to be looked at with much complacency. This first edition of Vergil is one of the rarest notable books in the world.

The interest in the products of the press in the fifteenth century seems not to abate, and announcements of special catalogues of incunabula in important European libraries and localities are constantly being made. How soon the number and value of this class of books in America will justify the publication of such catalogues is questionable, but we are constantly growing in this as in other directions.

The Library of the Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., has recently received a gift of a collection of about three thousand volumes, chiefly German literature. This is said to contain a collection of books by Schiller and Lessing of unrivalled completeness. The collection of books on German literature which has been given to the New York University Library, together with such collections in German literature as those owned by the Library of Pennsylvania University, and the Goethe collection in Columbia University Library manifest the great interest in Germanic studies in this country. Large additions are being made to the

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resources of Columbia University Library in German history from gifts of money recently made.

Among recent deaths in the library world should be specially mentioned that of Giuseppe Ottino, librarian of the Biblioteca Nazionale in Turin, who died January 4th. Signor Ottino was eminent as a librarian in the service of the government libraries and as an author in library economy, but more especially in bibliography.

Another recent loss to library service is that made in the death of Mr. Samuel C. Donaldson, assistant librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, who has been associated with that institution and with other libraries for many years.

The city library of Ghent, Belgium, has recently celebrated its centenary. This library was one of the useful institutions founded on foreign soil by the French Revolution, and is now perhaps the second Belgium library in importance, which, it is said, contains about three hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK HUNTER.

Those who study old books bibliographically know that, when two or more copies of what is presumed to be the same edition of the same book are brought together and minutely compared, variations are often discovered. When printing was done on the old-fashioned hand-presses, it was a comparatively easy matter to make changes as the sheets were going through the press. And when a variation has been discovered, the question often arises as to which is the earliest. For among collectors of first editions, the earliest issue is the one most esteemed, and oftentimes the second issue, after some slight error has been corrected or other slight change has been made, is worth in the market much less than the first one.

By comparing several copies of the first edition of the first series of Lamb's *Elia* it has been discovered that there are two variations, the title-page having been reprinted. The difference of the title occurs only in the imprint. That of the first variety reads: "London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, Fleet-Street. 1823." in four lines; and that of the second, "London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, 93, Fleet Street, and 13, Waterloo Place. 1823." in five lines. Apparently, after the publication of the book the publishers opened an office in Waterloo Place, and wished to have this appear upon the title of books sold by them. But this is not the only difference between the two issues. Copies of the first series of *Elia* without a half-title have been commonly supposed among collectors to be imperfect. But the earliest issue should have no half-title, the title and the Table of Contents having been printed on the same sheet, forming Signature A, two leaves. When the title-page was reprinted a half-title was added, bearing the simple word "Elia" on the recto and the imprint "London, Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars," on the verso. This was printed on the same sheet as the new title-page, and the old Table of Contents was pasted down along the inner margin of the new title. This reprinting must have been done almost immediately, as the title of the second issue is on the identical paper used in the body of the book, and bearing the same water-mark, "John Hayes, 1821."

The only known copy of an interesting little first edition of a play by Charles Lamb was sold at Bangs's on February 16th. This little book has the following title: | Mr. H. | or | Beware a Bad Name. | A Farce in Two Acts. | As performed at the | Philadelphia Theatre. | Philadelphia, | Published by M. Carey, 122 Market Street, | A. Fagan, Printer, | 1813. | On the back of the title are the dramatis personæ of the play, as it was played in Philadelphia, Mrs. Jefferson, grandmother of the present Joseph Jefferson, taking the part of Melesinda.

The play was first presented on December 10th, 1806, at the Drury Lane Theatre. Lamb had looked forward to its production with great enthusiasm. In the summer of 1806 he wrote to his friend Manning, in China, about the farce, "The title is 'Mr. H.,' no more; how simple, how taking! A great H sprawling over the play-bill, and attracting eyes at every corner. The story is a coxcomb appearing at Bath, vastly rich—all the ladies dying for him—all bursting to know who he is—but he goes by no other name than Mr. H., a curiosity like that of the dames of Strasburg about the man with the great nose. But I won't tell you any more about it. Yes, I will; but I can't give you any idea how I've done it. I'll just tell you that after much vehement admiration, when his true name comes out, 'Hogsflesh,' all the women shun him, avoid him, and not one can be found to change her name for him—that's the idea—how flat it is here—but how whimsical in the farce; and only think how hard upon one it is that the ship is despatched to-morrow, and my triumph cannot be ascertained till the Wednesday after—but all China will ring of it by and by."

But it was not a success, as the author and his friends so fondly hoped and expected. Instead, it fell perfectly flat, and was never publicly acted on the boards again in England, although it was played as an amateur performance by C. J. Matthews, in 1822. Talfourd says that "Lamb, with his sister, sat, as he anticipated, in the front of the pit, and having joined in encoring the prologue, the brilliancy of which injured the farce, he gave way with equal pliancy to the common feeling, and hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbours." And Henry Crabb Robinson says that Lamb "was probably the loudest hisser in the house." It was received, however, with better success in America, having been performed in New York in 1807; and in 1812 it had a considerable run at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia.

It was never printed separately in England, and not at all until 1818, when it was included in his *Works*. The little copy sold at Bangs's was bound by Zaehnsdorf, and brought $98.

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The first editions of the writings of Rudyard Kipling are peculiarly attractive just now to collectors. His earliest books were printed in India, in Lahore, Allahabad, and Calcutta, in presumably small editions, and are now very scarce, and bring high prices. Collectors are anxiously awaiting an authoritative bibliography of his writings. His first publication in book form is, in printed bibliographies, we believe, stated to have been an article in *The Quartette*, published in 1885. But there are at least two earlier books than this, the existence of which are known to very few.

What now appears to have been his first book is a little pamphlet which was privately printed in Lahore in 1881. The title-page in full is as follows: | (Printed for private circulation only.) | Schoolboy Lyrics, | By | Rudyard Kipling. | Lahore. | Printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press. | 1881. | It is a little pamphlet measuring 6 1-8 by 4 1-8 inches, and comprises title and 46 pages. The poems must have been written when he was fifteen or sixteen years of age, and have not been included in any subsequent volume. The only copy known is in the possession of a New York collector, and it is in a blank white paper cover, apparently the original one.

In 1884 he published a small volume of parodies. This was also a little pamphlet, measuring 5⅞ x 4½ inches. Its title bore only "Echoes. By Two Writers," followed by a quotation from an old play. On the cover, however, appears the imprint, "Lahore: The 'Civil and Military Gazette' Press." It comprises title; index, 2 pages; and text, 72 pages, exclusive of cover. Of this only a few copies are known. The first copy to be offered publicly, we believe, is one announced to be sold by Sotheby on the 21st of March.

Besides these two undescribed and little known books there is much confusion regarding the proper placing of some other of his India printed books. Six volumes, mostly reprinted from the *Week's News*, were issued as octavo pamphlets in paper covers, forming Nos. 1 to 6 of A. H. Wheeler and Company's Indian Railway Library. These were all published in Allahabad, apparently in 1888, though they are all undated. They appeared in the following order: No. 1, "Soldiers Three;" No. 2, "Story of the Gadsbys;" No. 3, "In Black and White;" No. 4, "Under the Deodars;" No. 5, "The Phantom Rickshaw;" No. 6, "Wee Willie Winkie." "The City of Dreadful Night" appeared as No. 14 of the Library, and was printed in 1891.

Collectors at first were satisfied with these paper-covered volumes bearing the imprint "Allahabad and London." Then they came to know that editions were printed in India bearing the Allahabad imprint alone. But of Nos. 4, 5 and 6 (if not also of the others) there are two varieties, one having the second line of title printed in large, black-faced capitals and lower case, and with the words, "Reprinted in chief from the Week's News" on the verso. The other form has the second line of title in smaller Roman capitals, and there is no printed notice on the verso. There are more leaves of advertisements in the issue with the second line of title in large black-faced type. Perhaps, by communicating with some one who was in the printing-office at the time, or by examining the books of the Civil and Military Gazette Press, it might be possible to learn which was the real first edition. But if this question has been solved by any bibliographer, the result of his investigations have not been published.

We learn that an important Boston library, the collection of a Mr. Hayes, deceased, containing, among other rare items, the first, second, third, and fourth folios of Shakespeare, and the first four editions of Walton's *Complete Angler*, is to be sold at auction in New York this spring.

The veteran book-collector, Mr. William Loring Andrews, who has been printing books privately at great or less intervals for more than thirty years, has exceeded all previous efforts in his latest publication. This is an octavo volume, bound in orange-coloured cloth, with the attractive title, *New Amsterdam, New Orange, New York*, and comprises a chronologically arranged account of all known engraved views of the city from the first picture, published in 1651, to 1800. The illustrations, which consist of 5 exquisite coloured plates and 31 photogravures, are beautifully done. There are also seven sets of ornamental initial letters, head bands and tail pieces, designed and engraved by Mr. E. D. French, and printed from the original coppers. The book was printed with infinite care at the Gillis Press, and is one of the handsomest pieces of book-making ever done in this country.

One of the younger generation of book collectors, Mr. W. H. Arnold, has just rendered his "First Report." This takes the form of a privately printed volume, containing an answer to the question, "why first editions?" and some chapters of anecdote and advice addressed to the beginner in book collecting. It is enriched with numerous fac-similes, and each copy has inserted a leaf which has been torn and mended by Rivière of London, a stained leaf, one-half of which has been cleaned, and three worm-drilled leaves, one from an American book, and two, inserted in a pocket, from the first English edition of Froissart, printed by Pynson in 1525. Appended is a chapter on "bock-worms," the crawling, boring sort, being the best account so far accessible of these interesting little creatures.

The volume was printed by Mr. F. E. Hopkins at Jamaica, Long Island, on a hand-press. The paper used was in small sheets, each making but two leaves, thus leaving the upper, lower, and outer margins of the hand-made paper with its original raw edge. It is so printed that three sheets are laid one within the other after folding, thus making the signature of six leaves. This is called printing in "ternions," and was the method adopted by Caxton and other early printers in their old folios.

Only eighty-five copies of this first edition were printed, though the author promises a popular edition in 12mo, some of the illustrations and all of the supplementary matter being omitted.

L. S. Livingston.

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THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

THE DEANE SALE.

The first portion of the library of the late Charles Deane, of Cambridge, was sold by Messrs. C. F. Libbie and Company, in Boston, on March 8th, 9th, and 10th The sale was the most notable one so far this season, and the books, which were almost entirely Americana, brought good prices. Mr. Deane was primarily a student of New England history—his library was his workshop and his books his tools. He owned many rare books, but he was not a fastidious collector, and many of his books were indifferent copies, more or less cut into by the binder or with maps or leaves lacking, or otherwise imperfect. The rarer books in fine condition sold for high prices, and the second-rate Americana, local histories, genealogies, etc., brought good prices. There is no falling off of interest in Americana among collectors, and the increasing scarcity of desirable books in the market seems to be steadily elevating prices.

The library was primarily a New England library, and while it contained many books relating to other sections of the two Americas, we can only enumerate a few of the most important New England items.

The highest price realised for any one book was $1000, which sum was paid for Robert Cushman's *Sermon Preached at Plimmoth in Newv-England, December 9, 1621.* This is the earliest printed sermon preached in New England, and only some half dozen copies are known.

A copy of *A Briefe Relation of the Discovery and Plantation of New England*, 1622, some leaves damaged in the upper corner, sold for $450. This was Terry's copy, which cost Mr. Deane $145 only a few years ago. The tract is very rare.

Robert Calef's *More Wonders of the Invisible World*, 1700, relating to New England witchcraft, a good copy with the scarce "errata," sold for $80.

The Cambridge Platform, the second edition, London, 1653, a poor copy, sold for $30, and a copy of the third edition, Cambridge, 1671, cut too close at the top, sold for $80.

William Coddington's *Demonstration of True Love unto you the Rulers of the Colony of the Massachusetts*, 1674, sold for $125.

Several tracts by John Cotton were sold, the most important being a copy of the first edition of his *Milk for Babes, drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments*, 1646. This had two leaves in manuscript and was otherwise a poor copy, but it sold for $85. The only other known copy is in the British Museum. His *Bloudy Tenent Washed, and made white in the bloud of the Lambe*, 1647, sold for $46.

Dudley's *Massachusetts, or the First Planters of New England*, Boston, 1696, sold for $76.

There were nine out of eleven of the series of tracts known as the Progress of the Gospel Series, being reports of the missionaries, John Eliot and his co-labourers, to the "Society" in England. We wish we had space to give the titles in full. Only three of them sold at prices over $100. These were, *New England's First Fruits*, 1643, $190; *The Glorious Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England*, 1649, $260; and *A Further Account of the Progresse of the Gospel*, 1660, $130. Eliot's *Christian Commonwealth* sold for $135.

George Fox's *Answer to Several New Laws and Orders*, 1678, solid for $65; his *Secret Workes of a Cruel People made Manifest*, 1659, a fine uncut copy, for $103; and his *New-England Fire-Brand Quenched*, 1678, for $85.

The original Boston edition of Hubbard's *Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New-England*, 1675, with the genuine "Wine Hills" map, sold for $316, and Edward Johnson's *History of New England*, 1654, sold for $155.

The second portion of the library, containing an even greater number of desirable books, is to be sold about the end of March.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, March 1, 1898.

The publications of the past month have been considerably more numerous than those of January, although not remarkable in this respect for this time of year. In fiction particularly, there have been several works likely to have a good sale—namely, *Shrewsbury*, by Stanley J. Weyman; *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope; and *A Desert Drama*, by A. Conan Doyle. Other books worthy of mention include *The Fight for the Crown*, by W. E. Norris; *Ribstone Pippins*, by Maxwell Grey, and *The Redbridge Neighbourhood*, by Maria L. Pool. All of these are in good demand at present.

In miscellaneous subjects two works on France are noticeable: *France*, by J. E. C. Bodley, in two volumes, and *Modern France*, 1789–1895, by A. Lebon, in the Story of the Nations Series. *Birds of Village and Field*, by Florence A. Merriam, is among the month's contribution to outdoor literature, and *Four-Footed Animals*, by Mabel Osgood Wright, a companion volume to *Citizen Bird*, is announced for early publication. *How to Play Golf*, by H. J. Whigham, for which there has been a considerable advance call, is now ready, and will no doubt sell largely.

All of the popular titles selling in January continued in good demand throughout February, especially *Quo Vadis*, *Hugh Wynne*, *The Choir Invisible*, and *The Honourable Peter Stirling*; also the recent books of Hall Caine, Richard Harding Davis, Henry Seton Merriman, and F. Marion Crawford.

In His Steps, by Charles M. Sheldon, increases in popularity, and far exceeds in sale at present all other religious books. *The Ideal*

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Life, by Henry Drummond, is also in increasing demand, and bids fair to equal his other books in point of sale. Mrs. Phelps's *The Story of Jesus Christ*, *The Holy Land*, *Geography and History*, by Townsend MacCoun, and the volumes ready in the Polychrome Bible are also selling readily. The early publication of *The Twentieth Century City*, by Josiah Strong, the author of *Our Country*, will be a notable addition in this line of literature.

The call for biographies is just at present rather light, *William Shakespeare*, by George Brandes, being most in demand. Works of travel are also selling but moderately; even *Farthest North*, which has sold so largely, shows signs of falling off.

Good histories are always appreciated, and *A Student's History of the United States*, by Edward Channing, judging by its reception, will be a pronounced success.

That events of the day influence the reading public is instanced by an increased sale of Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer's *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*, and this and other works on Spain may now be expected to sell readily. Mahan's several titles on naval subjects, and books on Hawaii, particularly *Hawaii's Story, by Hawaii's Queen*, *Liliuokalana*, may be mentioned in this connection.

The annual sale of European Guides is just commencing. *Baedeker's* exceeds all others in point of sale.

The first volumes in the coming season's output of paper-bound fiction, including *Billy Hamilton*, by Archibald Clavering Gunter, have been received, but at present *Quo Vadis* is the only title selling to any considerable extent.

Trade on the whole continues but fair, library business is good, and text-books are still selling, but there seems to be a hesitancy in stocking up, the orders being for immediate wants only.

The following list of the best-selling books of the month consists, as usual, largely of fiction:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.
Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.
Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.
In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, $1.00.
The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.
The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.60.
A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.
Billy Hamilton. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25.
The Intruder. By G. D'Annunzio. $1.50.
The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
The Red-Bridge Neighbourhood. By Maria Louise Pool. $1.50.
Dariel. By R. D. Blackmore. $1.75.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 1, 1898.

The general condition of business throughout the West continues to be very satisfactory, and trade is at present in a very healthy condition. New fiction is being bought largely, country orders absorbing a great deal of it, while the demand is both lively and strong for miscellaneous books, which term includes nearly everything that is current. It is noticeable, however, that while the volume of business is fairly large, the bulk of the books sold are moderate in price, and expensive works do not figure very largely in the record of sales. It becomes more evident every day that nowadays books are bought almost entirely to be read, and not to fill so many feet of library shelving. Readers, too, are quicker to find out the merits or demerits of a book than formerly, and although popular taste is often deceived, it is usually sound, and entitled to a good deal more credit than it usually receives.

Although most books of any importance nowadays start off with large editions and an enormous demand, gradually falling off in their sales as time goes on, it happens infrequently that the sale of a book goes in contradiction of this rule, and from a small beginning will attain, step by step, to a large demand. In fact, to show, as it were, that there is no regularity in the demand for books, some of the most successful works ever published have made a very modest appearance. A notable example of this was seen recently in *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, and now it seems likely that the same firm that published this book will encounter another experience of progressive demand with *The Gadfly*, which is increasing its sale every week.

The demand for *Quo Vadis* continues at high-water mark, and this and *The Choir Invisible* are still the best selling books in the West.

February publications comprised some good selling books, the best being *Shrewsbury*, by Stanley J. Weyman, which has commenced to sell at a very lively rate. *Simon Dale*, by Anthony Hope, met with almost as much favour, while Conan Doyle's *Desert Drama*, Jokai's *Lion of Janina*, *The Whirlpool*, by George Gissing, and *The Red Bridge Neighbourhood*, by Maria Louise Pool, sold very well.

Modern France, the new volume in the Nations Series, made its appearance last month in the new and attractive binding which will hereafter distinguish the series. There will doubtless, however, be a good deal of call for the old style of binding from those who have sets of the previous volumes.

Owing to the presence in this city of the drama *A Lady of Quality*, a greatly increased call was experienced for the book upon which the play is based. Next month, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, the dramatisation of Ian Maclaren's famous stories, will appear in this city for the first time, and the demand for Dr. Watson's books will doubtless be correspondingly lively. The dramatisation of a favourite story certainly helps sales marvellously, not only in the locality where the piece is being played, but everywhere else also.

Zola's *Paris* is just received, and a good deal

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of interest is being shown in the work. It will probably have a large sale this month.

Among last year's books, which are still being widely read, are *Hugh Wynne*, *An Imperial Lover*, *Story of an Untold Love*, *Soldiers of Fortune*, and *The Christian*.

Sales of leading books last month were uncommonly large, and every one included in the following list met with remarkable success.

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2 00.

The Choir Invisible. By J L. Allen. $1.50.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25.

Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.

A Desert Drama By Conan Doyle. $1.50.

How to Play Golf. By H. J. Whighan. $1 50.

Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

A World Pilgrimage. By Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows. $2.00.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, January 24 to February 19, 1898.

The commencement of the period under notice was a busy time, the sales of educational literature forming its principal feature. What becomes of all the books appears to be as great a cause for wonder as the final resting-place of the thousands of tons of pins manufactured (and lost) each year. And yet if one looks at a school-book after the average boy has used it for a term or two, there may be some clue to the solution of the problem propounded.

At the risk of repetition, it must be stated that the 6s. novel is still a leading line, and many of these publications now in demand bid fair to occupy a niche in the great temple of English literature. It is doubtful if the proportion of these to the entire annual issue is half-a-dozen in a thousand. The favourite novel of the hour is *The King with Two Faces*, the next being *The Gadfly*, *The Tragedy of the Korosko*, and *At the Cross Roads*. Miss Braddon's new novel, *Rough Justice*, is well to the front.

General Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, and works by competent writers on this country, and the North-West Provinces especially, are being eagerly read just now. Naval and military literature, written in a popular form, such as *Deeds that Won the Empire*, is also in great request. Several books dealing with China and Korea have lately appeared and met with a fair sale.

The approach of Lent has been heralded, as usual, by the issue of many small manuals of meditations and works with somewhat depressing titles, but the total amount of the business done does not, notwithstanding the numbers sold in some instances, amount to a very large sum.

Prince Ranjitsinhji's work on Cricket is still very popular, and should continue to be so when the cricket season begins in England.

Mention must be made of Sandow's book on Strength, which has sold by thousands.

There appears to be a better demand for poetry than has been the case for some time past. As an instance, Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems* may be noted, as also *Admirals All* and Mr. Watson's *Hope of the World*. The sale of each of these points to a considerable and appreciative public for this class of writings.

There is nothing fresh to report in the magazine world. It is still a very large one, and the production of the leading monthly periodicals at their respective prices is a wonder of the century.

Among theological publications, Canon Gore's *Epistle to the Ephesians* and *The Faith of Centuries* alone appear to call for notice.

Appended, as usual, will be found a list of the most popular works (from a bookseller's point of view) of the hour. A glance at it will be sufficient to confirm what has already been said about the popularity of the 6s. novel.

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Tragedy of the Korosko. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)

At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The War of the Worlds. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett. 6s. (Macqueen.)

Rough Justice. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)

The Adventures of John Johns. By F. Carrel. 6s. (Bliss.)

The School for Saints. By J. O. Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)

The Beth Book. By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Triumph of Death. By D'Annunzio. 6s. (Heinemann.)

In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Deborah of Tod's. By Mrs. H. de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Lochinvar. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Lenten Manuals (Various).

The Friends of the Master By A. F. W. Ingram. 1s. 6d. (Wells Gardner.)

The Faith of Centuries. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

Deeds that Won the Empire. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)

Ribstone Pippins. By Maxwell Grey. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)

The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d. (J. Murray.)

Poems. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)

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More Tramps Abroad. By Mark Twain. 6s. (Chatto.)
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale and Polden.)
Rosa N. Carey's Novels. New 3s. 6d. edition. (Bentley.)
Alice in Wonderland. By L. Carroll. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between February 1, 1898, and March 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts. and $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
6. The Beth Book. By Grand. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. School for Saints. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Stokes.)
6. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Lorraine. By Chambers. $1.25. (Harper.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. With Edged Tools. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Henry Holt & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Other People's Lives. By Carey. $1.25. (Lippincott & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Old Virginia. By Fiske. $4.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. At the Cross Roads. By Montrésor. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Impressions of South Africa. By Bryce. $3.50. (Century Co.)
6. The Whirlpool. By Gissing. $1.25. (Stokes.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $6.00, $2.00, $1.00, 25 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Across the Salt Sea. By Burton. $1.50. (Stone & Co.)
6. Lion of Janina. By Jokai. $1.25. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. By Right of Sword. By Marchmont. $1.25. (New Amsterdam.)
3. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Whirlpool. By Gissing. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Dariel. By Blackmore. $1.75. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. An Imperial Lover. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes Co.)

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CINCINNATI, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts., $1.00, $2.00, and $6.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1 50. (Lippincott & Co.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. School for Saints. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)
4. The Right Side of the Car. By Lloyd. $1.00. (Badger.)
5. Lion of Janina. By Jokai. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. The Sign of the Cross. By Barrett. $1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. Cloth, $1.00, $2.00, and $6.00; paper, 25 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. In His Steps. By Sheldon. Cloth, 75 cts.; paper, 25 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. Petronilla the Sister. By Thayer. $1.25. (Neely.)
6. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. In His Steps. By Sheldon. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, 75 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. Polychrome Bible. By Haupt. $1.25 and $2.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. The Study of Children. By Warner. $1.00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Subconscious Self. By Waldstein. $1.25. (Scribner.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Sign of the Cross. By Barrett. $1.50. (Lippincott & Co.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Old Santa Fé Trail. By Inman. $3.50. (Macmillan Co.)
4. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. A Year from a Reporter's Note Book. By Davis. $1.50. (Harper & Bros.)
5. Corleone. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and 25 cts. editions. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. Outlines of Descriptive Psychology. By Ladd. Net, $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Red Bridge Neighbourhood. By Pool. $1.50. (Harper & Bros.)
4. Select Documents Illustrative of United States History. By MacDonald. Net, $2.25. (Macmillan.)
5. How to Listen to Music. By Krehbiel. Net, $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. In His Steps. By Sheldon. Paper, 25 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. Net, 55 cts. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

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4. His Grace of Osmonde. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Revolt of a Daughter. By Kirk. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. In the Permanent Way. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
5. Sack of Monte Carlo. By Frith. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)
3. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By his Son. $10.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1 50. (Century Co.)
5. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Lochinvar. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Red Bridge Neighbourhood. By Pool. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Captains Courageous. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Story of Jesus Christ. By Ward. $2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. St. Ives. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. (Holt.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. 2 vols. (Century Co.)
5. Wild Flowers of California. By Parsons and Buck. $2.00. (Doxey.)
6. Idle Hours in a Library. By Hudson. $1.25. (Doxey.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt & Co.)
3. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott Co.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
4. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Hon. Peter Sterling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
6. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Harper & Bros.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Altemus.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Mlle. de Berny. By Mackie. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolff & Co.)

TORONTO, ONT.

1. * Official Klondike Guide. By Ogilvie. 50 cts. (Rose & Sons.)
2. * A Desert Drama. By Doyle. 75 cts. and $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
3. * Simon Dale. By Hope. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Morang.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
5. † Deeds that Won the Empire. By Fitchell. 75 cts., $1.25 and $2.00. (Bell & Sons.)
6. * Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Morang.)

* Canadian copyright editions.
† Colonial Library.

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TORONTO, CANADA.

1. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Lib.)
3. Racing and Chasing. By Watson. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Lib.)
4. Story of Gladstone's Life. By McCarthy. $2.50. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
5. Spanish John. By McLennan. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)
6. Prisoners of the Sea. By Kingsley. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co., Limited.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
3. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
4. Alaska. By James. $1.50. (Sunshine Pub. Co.)
5. Old Santa Fé Trail. By Inman. $3.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Gondola Days. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are—

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman.
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
5. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford.
6. Simon Dale. By Hope.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WM. L. ALLISON CO., New York.

Meir Ezofovitch, a novel from the Polish of Eliza Orzeszko, translated by Michael Elviro Andriolli.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York.

A Prince of Mischance, by T. Gallon.
Astronomy, by Agnes M. Clerke.
A Passionate Pilgrim, by Percy White.
A Voyage of Consolation, by Sara Jeannette Duncan.
The Disaster, by Paul and Victor Marguerite, translated with an introductory memoir by Frederic Lees.

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, New York.

The Book of the Twelve Prophets, by George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D. Vol. II.
Introduction to the Study of Sociology, by J. H. W. Stuckenberg.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.

The Catholic Father, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Augustine Egger.
Passion Flowers, by Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto.

Gems of Hope, Selected and Arranged by Fanny Bates.

THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE CO., New York.

The Upanishads, translated by the Rt. Hon. F. Max Müller.

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., New York.

The Story of Evangelina Cisneros, Told by Herself, introduction by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrations by Frederic Remington, Thomas Fleming, and others.

DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY, Chicago, Ill.

Minnewaska, A Legend of Lake Mohonk, and Other Lyrical Poems, by Ina E. Wood van Norman.

DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE CO., New York.

The Science of Political Economy, by Henry George.

WILLIAM DOXEY, San Francisco.

Wild Flowers of California, by Mary Elizabeth Parsons and Margaret Warrimer Buck.

EATON & MAINS, New York.

John Wesley as a Social Reformer, by D. D. Thompson.
The Story of John Wesley, by Marianne Kirlew.

R. F. FENNO & CO., New York.

The Queerest Man Alive, by George H. Hepworth.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The Red Bridge Neighbourhood, by Maria Louise Pool.
The Sack of Monte Carlo, by Walter Frith.
The Fight for the Crown, by W. E. Norris.
The Lion of Janina, by Maurus Jokai.
Ribstone Pippins, by Maxwell Grey.
Elements of Literary Criticism, by C. F. Johnson.
The Vintage, by E. F. Benson.
The Rise of the Dutch Republic, condensed and continued by W. E. Griffis.

E. R. HERRICK & CO., New York.

How the Dutch Came to Manhattan, Penned and Pictured by Blanche McManus.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York.

Tourguéneff and His French Circle, edited and arranged by E. Halperine Kaminsky.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

The King of the Town, by Ellen Mackubin.
An Elusive Lover, by Virna Woods.
Birds of Village and Field, a Bird Book for Beginners, by Florence A. Merriam. Illustrated.
From the Other Side, Stories of Transatlantic Travel, by Henry B. Fuller.
Tales of Trails and Town, by Bret Harte.
Letters of Victor Hugo, from Exile, and after the Fall of the Empire, edited by Paul Meurice.

LAIRD & LEE, Chicago.

The Unseen Hand, by Lawrence L. Lynch.

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LAMSON, WOLFFE & Co., Boston.

Carita, a Cuban Romance, by Louis Pendleton.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

The Painter in Oil, by Burleigh Parkhurst.

Water-Colour Painting, by Grace Barton Allen.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia.

A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. XI., The Winter's Tale.

Comic History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Alexander the Great, by Charles M. Snyder. Illustrated.

Across the Everglades, a Canoe Journey of Exploration, by Hugh L. Willoughby.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., New York.

Parkman's Works, Montcalm and Wolfe and the Conspiracy of Pontiac. Champlain Edition. Illustrated. Vols. XV. and XVI.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada. Vols. II. and III.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York.

The First Part of the Tragedy of Faust in English, by Thomas E. Webb, LL.D.

Memoirs of a Highland Lady, the Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus, afterward Mrs. Smith of Baltiboys, 1797–1830, edited by Lady Strachey.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York.

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